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JUVENILIA

P O E M S

BY
GEORGE WITHER

CONTAINED IN THE COLLECTIONS OF HIS
JUVENILIA WHICH APPEARED IN
1626 AND 1633

PART III.

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY

1871



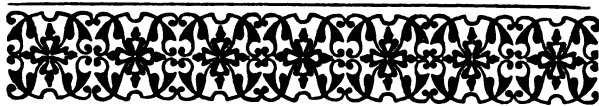
PRINTED BY CHARLES S. SIMMS,
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The Explanation of the Embleme.

This little *Embleme* here, doth represent,
The blest condition, of a man Content.
The *Place* he lyes on, is a mighty *Rocke* :
To shew, that He Contemnes, and makes a mocke
Of *Force*, or *Vnderminers*. We expresse,
What others thinke him, by his *Nakednesse*.
His *Mantle*, with *Hearts-ease* y wrought doth show,
What He, doth of his owne well-being, know.
The *Filler*, on whose *Base*, his head doth rest ;
Hath *Fortitude* and *Constancie* exprest.
The *Cornu Copia* that so neere him lyes ;
Declares, that He enough hath to suffice:
And that He can be pleasd, with what the Fields,
Or what the fruitfull Tree, by Nature yealds.
That pleasant *Prospectiue*, in which you see,
Groues, *Ryuers*, *Laundes*, and *Pallaces* there be ;
Lies farr belowe Him: and is that, in which,
The truest happy *Man*, is feldome rich.
The words, *NEC HABEO*, he doth there bestow ;
And what he meanes, doth with his finger show.
Aboue him houer *Angels*, and his *Eye*,
He fixing, on the glorious *Heauens* on high ;
(From whence a *Ray* into his brest descends)
His other word *NEC CAREO*, thither sends :
To intimate, that He can nothing need,
Whom *Angels* guard, and *God* himselfe doth feed.
By force, or slye Temptations, to preuaile
Both Temporall, and Ghostly *Foes* affaile,
His naked person: but, without a wound,
Their *Darts* are broake ; or, backe on them rebound.
So, with *NEC CURO*, Those he entertaines :
And to expresse, how highly He disdaines,
The best Contents, the World affoord him may ;
A *Globe* Terrestriall, He doth spurne away.







To any body. ·



O recreate my selfe, after some more serious Studies, I tooke occasion to exercise my Inuention in the illustration of my *Motto*; which being thus finished, my friends made me beleeeue it was worth the preferuing; and grew so importunat for *Coppies* thereof, that I could not deny them. But doubting, lest by often transcribing, it might be much lamed through the *Scribes* insufficiency (as many things of this nature are) I thought fitting, rather to exemptyfie the same, by the *Presse*, then by the *Penne*. And to that end, deliuered it ouer to some *Stationers*, to haue onely so many *Copies*, as I intended to bestow.

Yet considering that other men (to whom I meant them not) might peraduenture, come

A 2

to

to the view of those Lines. I thought it not amisse, by way of Preuention, to remoue such Cauills as may be made against mee, by those vnto whom I am vnknowne. Not, that I care to giue euery idle *Reader*, an account of my Intentions : But, to shew the *Ingenuous*, that the *Carelesnes* exprest in this *Motto*, proceeds from an vndistempered *Care*, to make ali my Actions (as neere as I can) such, as may be decent, warrantable, and becomming an honest Man : And that those, who shall foolishly seeke (from thence) to picke aduantages against me : may know, I am too well aduised to write any thing, which they shall be iustly able to interpret, either to my hinderance, or disparagement.

Let me want esteeme among all good men, if I purposed (or haue any secret desire in me) that any part of this, should be applied to any particular man ; but so as euery one ought to apply things vnto his own Conscience ; and he that beleeueth me not, I feare is guilty. My intent was, to draw the true Picture of mine own heart ; that my friends, who knew mee outwardly, might haue some representation of my inside also. And that, if they liked the forme
of

of it, they might (wherein they were defective) fashion their owne mindes thereunto. But, my principall Intention, was by recording those thoughts to confirme mine owne Resolution; and to preuent such alterations, as Time and infirmities, may worke vpon mee. And if there be no more reason inferred against me, to remoue my opinion, then I am yet apprehensive of: I am confidently perswaded, that neither Feare, nor Force shall compell me, to deny any thing which I haue affirmed in this Poem. For, I had rather bee degraded from the greatest *Title of Honour* that could be giuen me; then constrained to deny this *Motto*.

Proud Arrogance (I know) and enough too; will be layd to my charge. But those who both know me, and the necessity of this Resolution, will excuse me of it. The rest (if they mis-censure me) are part of those things, *I care not for.*

The Language is but indifferent ; for, I affected *Matter* more then *Words*. The *Method* is none at all : for, I was loath to make a business, of a recreation. And we know, he that rides abroad for his pleasure, is not tyed so

A₃ strictly

strictly to keepe *High-waies*, as hee that takes a Iourney.

If the intermixing of sleight and weighty things together, be offensive to any. Let them vnderstand, that if they well obserue it, they shall finde a serioufnesse, euen in that which they imagine least momentary. And if they had aswell obserued the conditions of men, as I haue done : they would perceiue that the greatest number (like Children which are allured to Schoole with points and Aples) must be drawne on with some friuolous expressions, or else will neuer listen to the graue precepts of Virtue ; which, when they once heare, doe many times beget a delight in them, before they be aware.

Many Dishes of meate which we affect not may be so Cookt, that we shall haue a good appetit vnto them : So, many men who take no pleasure to seeke *Vertue* in graue Treatises of Morallitie, may (perhaps) finding her vnlookt for, masked vnder the habit of a light *Poem*, grow enamord on her beauty.

The foolish *Canterbury Tale* in my *scourge* of *Vanity*, (which I am now almost ashamed to read ouer) euen that, hath bin by some prayfed
for

for a witty passage : And I haue heard diuers, seriously protest, that they haue much more feelingly bin informed, & moued to detest the Vanity of the humor there scoffed at, by that rude *Tale*, then they were by the most graue precepts of Phylosophy. And that makes me oftentimes affect some things, in regard of their vfeulnesse : which being considered according to the Method of Art, and rules of Schollership, would seeme ridiculous.

But I vse more words for my Apology then needes : If this will not giue you satisfaction, I am sorry I haue said so much ; and, if you know which way, satisfie your selues. For, how I am resolued (if you thinke it worth the taking notice of) the booke will tell you. *Farewell.*

G E O : W I T H E R.

A 4

Nec



WITHER'S Motto.

Nec habeo, nec Careo, nec Curo.

Nor Haue I, nor Want I, nor Care I.

H Ah! will they storme? why let thē; who needs care?
Or who dares frown on what the *Muses* dare,
Who when they list, can for a tempest call,
Which thunder louder then their fury shall?
And if men causelesly their power contemne,
Will more then mortall vengeance fling on them?

With thine owne trembling spirit, thou didst view
These free-borne lines; that doubtst what may ensue:
For if thou feltst the temper of my soule,
And knewst my heart, thou wouldst not feare controul.

Doe not I know, my honest thoughts are cleare
From any priuate spleene, or malice here?
Doe not I know that none will frowne at this,
But such, as haue apparant guiltinesse;
Or such as must to shame and ruine runne,
As some, once ayming at my fall haue done?

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And can I feare those Idle scar-crowes then ?
Those bugg-beare perils, those meere shades of men ?
At whose displeasure they for terror sweat,
Whose heart vpon the Worlds vaine loue is set ?

No ; when this *Motto* first, I mine did make,
To me I tooke it, not for fashions sake :
But that it might expresse me as I am ;
And keepe me mindefull to be still the same.
Which I resolute to be : For, could the eye
Of other men, within my breast espie
My Resolution, and the Cause thereof ;
They durst not at this boldnesse make a scoffe.

Shall I be fearefull of my selfe to speake ;
For doubt some other may exceptions take ?
If this Age hold ; ere long we shall goe neere
Of eu'ry word of our, to stand in feare.
And (true to one) if any should confesse
Those sinnes in publike, which his soule oppresse :
Some guilty fellow (moou'd thereat) would take it
Vnto himselfe ; and so, a libell make it.
Nay ; We shall hardly be allowd to pray
Against a crying sinne ; lest great men may
Suspect, that by a figure we intend
To point out Them : and how they doe offend.
As I haue hope to prosper ; e're I'll fall
To such a bondage, I'll aduenture all :
And make the whole world madd, to heare how I
Will fearelesse write and raile at Villanny.
But oh ! beware (gray-hayrd discretion sayes)
The Dogg fights well that out of danger playes.

For

WITHER'S MOTTO.

For now, these guilty Times so captious be
That such, as loue in speaking to be free ;
May for their freedome, to their cost be shent,
How harmelesse er'e they be, in their intent :
And such as of their future peace haue care,
Vnto the *Times* a little seruile are.

Pish ; tell not me of *Times*, or danger thus :
To doe a villany is dangerous ;
But in an honest action, my heart knowes
No more of feare, then dead-men doe of blowes.
And to be slaue to Times, is worfe to me
Then to be that, which most men feare to be.

I tell thee *Critike* ; whatfoeuer Thou,
Or any man, of me shall censure now :
They, who for ought here written doe accuse,
Or with a minde malicious, taxe my *Muse* ;
Shall nor by day awake, nor sleepe by night,
With more contentment, in their glories height ;
Then I will doe, though they should lay me where
I must in darkenes, bolts of Iron weare.
For, I am not so ignorant, but that
I partly know what things I may relate :
And what an honest man should still conceale,
I know as well, as what he may reueale.

If they be poore and base, that feare my straine :
These poore base fellowes are afraid in vaine.
I scorne to spurne a dogge, or strike a flye,
Or with such Groomes to soile my Poesie.
If great they were, and fallen ; let them know,
I doe abhor to touch a wounded foe.

If

WITHER'S MOTTO.

If on the top of honour, yet they be ;
Tis poore weake honour, if ought done by me
May blot, or shake the fame : yea, whatsoere
Their Titles cost, or they would faine appeare,
They are ignoble, and beneath me farre ;
If with these *Measures* they distempered are.
For, if they had true Greatnesse, they would know,
The spight of all the World, were farre below
The feat of Noblest Honor ; and that He,
In whom true worth, and reall Vertues be,
So well is arm'd : as that he feares no wrong
From any Tyrants hand, or Villaines tongue.
Much lesse be startled at those *Numbers* would ;
Where *Vertue's* praised, and proud *Vice* contrould,
Is any man the worse if I expresse
My *Wants*, my *Riches*, or my *Carelefsnesse* ?
Or can my honest thoughts, or my content,
Be turn'd to any mans disparagement,
If he be honest ? Nay, those men will finde,
A pleasure, in this Picture of my Minde,
Who houor Vertue : and instead of blame,
Will (as they haue done) loue me for the fame.

You are deceiu'd, if the *Bohemian* state
You thinke I touch ; or the *Palatinate* :
Or that, this ought of *Eighty-eight* containes ;
The *Powder-plot*, or any thing of *Spaines* :
That their *Ambassador* need question me,
Or bring me iustly for it on my knee.
The state of those Occurrences I know
Too well ; my Raptures that way to bestow.

Nor

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Nor neede you doubt, but any friend you haue,
May play the foole, and if he lift the knaue,
For ought here written : For it is not such
As you suppose ; nor what you feare so much.

If I had beene dispos'd to Satyrize,
Would I haue tam'd my *Numbers* in this wife ?
No ; I haue *Furies* that lye ty'de in chaines,
Bold (English-maſtiue-like) aduentrous Straines :
Who feareleſſe dare, on any *Monſter* flye,
That weares a body of Mortality.
And I had let them looſe, if I had liſt,
To play againe, the ſharpe-fangd *Satyriſt*.

That therefore, you no more miſ-title *This*,
I ſay, it is my *Motto* ; and it is.
I'le haue it ſo : For, if it pleaſe not me ;
It ſhall not be a *Satyr*, though it be.
What is't to you (or any man) if I,
This little *Poem* terme as fooliſhly,
As ſome men doe their children ? Is it not,
Mine owne *Minerua*, of my braines begot ?
For ought I know, I neuer did intrude,
To name your *Whelps* : and if you be ſo rude,
To meddle with my *Kitling* (though in ſport)
Tis odds, but ſhee'l goe neere to ſcratch you for't
Play with your *Monkey* then, and let it lye :
Or (if you be not angry) take it pray,
And read it ouer.————

———— So ; the *Critick's* gone,
Who at theſe *Numbers* carpt ; and We alone :
Procede we to the matter.————

Nec

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Nec Habeo, nec Careo, nec Curo.

*S*ome hauing seene, where I this Motto writ
Beneath my Picture; askt, what meant it.
And many in my absence, doe assay,
What by these words, they best coniecture may:
Some haue supposed, that it doth expresse,
An vnaduised, desperate Carelesnesse.
Some others doe imagine, that I meant
In little, to set foorth a great Content.
Some, on each member of the Sentence dwell:
And (first) will, what I haue not, seeme to tell:
What things I want not, they will next declare:
And then they gesse, for what I doe not care.
But that they might not from my meaning err,
I'le now become my owne Interpreter.

Some things I haue, which here I will not show;
Some things I want, which yon shall neuer know:
And sometime I (perchance) doe Carefull grow;
But we, with that, will nothing haue to doe.
If good occasion be thereof to speake;
Another time, we may the pleasure take.
That, which to treat of, I now purpose (therefor,)
Is what I neither haue, nor want, nor care for.

Nec

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Nec Habeo.

And first ; that no man else may censure me,
For Vaunting what belongeth not to me :
Heare what *I haue not* ; for, I'lle not deny
To make confession of my pouerty.

I haue not of my felfe, the powre, or grace,
To be, or not to be ; one minute-space.
I haue not strength another word to write ;
Or tell you what I purpose to indite :
Or thinke out halfe a thought, before my death,
But by the leaue of him that gaue me breath.
I haue no natiue goodnes in my soul ;
But I was ouer all, corrupt and foul :
And till another cleans'd me, *I had nought*
That was not stain'd within me : not a thought.
I haue no propper merrit ; neither will,
Or to resolute, or act, but what is ill.
I haue no meanes of safety, or content,
In ought which mine owne wisedome can inuent.
Nor haue I reason to be desperate tho :
Because for this, a remedy I know.

I haue no portion in the world like this,
That I may breath that ayre, which common is :
Nor haue I seene within this spacious *Round* ;
What I haue worth my *Ioy* or *sorrow* found.
Except it hath for these that follow binn :
The Loue of my *Redeemer*, and my sinn.

I none

WITHER'S MOTTO.

*I none of those great Priuiledges haue,
Which make the Minions of the Time, so braue.
I haue no sumptuous Pallaces, or Bowers
That ouertop my neighbours, with their Towrs.
I haue no large Demeanes, or Princely Rents,
Like those Heroes ; nor their discontents.
I haue no glories from mine Auncesters ;
For want of reall worth to bragg of theirs.
Nor haue I basenes in my pedigree ;
For it is noble, though obscure it be.*

*I haue no gold those honours to obtaine,
Which men might heretofore, by Vertue gaine,
Nor haue I witt, if wealth were giuen me ;
To thinke, bought Place or Title, honour'd me.
I (yet) haue no beliefe that they are wise,
Who for base ends, can basely temporise :
Or that it will at length be ill for me,
That I liu'd poore, to keepe my Spirit free.*

*I haue no Causes in our Pleading Courts.
Nor start I at our Chancery Reports.
No fearefull Bill hath yet affrighted me,
No Motion, Order, Iudgement, or Decree.
Nor haue I forced beene to tedious Torneys,
Betwixt my Counsellors and my Attorneys.
I haue no neede of those long-gowned warriers,
Who play at Westminster vnarm'd at Barriers :
Nor gamster for those Common-pleas am I,
Whose sport is marred, by the Chancery.*

*I haue no iuggling hand, no double tongue ;
Nor any minde to take, or doe a wrong.*

I haue

WITHER'S MOTTO.

*I haue no shifts or cunning fleights, on which
I feed my selfe, with hope of being rich.
Nor haue I one of these, to make me poore ;
Hounds, Humors, running Horfes, Haukes, or Whore.*

*I haue no pleasure in acquaintance, where
The Rules of State, and Ceremony, are
Obseru'd so seriously ; that I must daunce,
And act o're all the Complements of *France*,
And *Spaine*, and *Italy* ; before I can
Be taken, for a well-bred *Englishman* :
And euery time we meet, be forc't agen,
To put in action that most idle Sceane.
Mong these, much precious time (vnto my cost)
And much true-hearty meaning haue I lost.
Which hauing found : I doe resolute therefore,
To lose my Time, and Friendship, so no more.*

*I haue no Complements ; but what may show,
That I doe manners, and good breeding know.
For much I hate, the forced, Apish tricks,
Of those our home-disdaining Politicks :
Who to the Forraine guise are so affected,
That *English* Honesty is quite reiected :
And in the stead thereof ; they furnisht home,
With shaddowes of *Humanity* doe come.
Oh ! how iudicious in their owne esteeme,
And how compleatly, Trauelled they seeme ;
If in the place of reall kindnesse,
(Which Nature could, haue taught them to expresse)
They can with gestures, lookes, and language sweet,
Fawne like a Curtezan, on all they meet :*

B

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And vie, in humble and kind speeches ; when,
They doe most proudly, and most falsely meane.

On this ; too many falsely fet their face,
Of Courtship and of wifedome : but tis base.
For, seruile (vnto me) it doth appeare,
When we descend, to sooth and flatter, where
We want affection : yea, I hate it more,
Then to be borne a slaue ; or to be poore.
I haue no pleasure, or delight in ought,
That by dissembling, must to passe be brought.
If I dislike, I'le sooner tell them so,
Then hide my fate, beneath a friendly show.
For he, who to be iust, hath an intent,
Needs nor dissemble, nor a lye inuent.
I rather wifh to faile with honestie,
Then to preuaile in ought by treacherie.
And with this minde, I'le safer sleepe, then all
Our *Machauillian* Polititians shall.

I haue no Minde to flatter ; though I might,
Be made some Lords companion ; or a Knight.
Nor shall my Verfe for me on begging goe,
Though I might starue, vnlesse it did doe so.

I haue no Muses that will serue the turne,
At euery Triumph ; and reioyce or mourne,
Vpon a minutes warning for their hire ;
If with old *Sherry* they themselues inspire.
I am not of a temper, like to those
That can prouide an houres sad talke in *Prose*,
For any Funerall ; and then goe Dine,
And choke my grieve, with Sugar-plums and Wine.

I can-

WITHER'S MOTTO.

I cannot at the *Claret* sit and laugh,
And then halfe tipple, write an *Epitaph* ;
Or howle an *Epicædium* for each Groome,
That is, by Fraud, or Nigardize, become
A welthy Alderman : Nor, for each Gull,
That hath acquir'd, the stile of Worshipfull.
I cannot for reward adorne the Hearse,
Of some old rotten *Miser*, with my Verse :
Nor like the *Poetaasters* of the Time ;
Goe howle a dolefull *Elegie* in Ryme,
For euery Lord or Ladiship that dyes :
And then perplex their Heires, to Patronize
That muddy *Poesie*. Oh ! how I scorne,
Those Raptures, which are free, and nobly borne,
Should Fidler-like, for entertainment scrape
At strangers windowes : and goe play the Ape,
In counterfeiting Passion, when ther's none.
Or in good earnest, foolishly bemoane
(In hope of cursed bounty) their iust death ;
Who, (liuing) merrit not, a minutes breath
To keepe their *Fame* aliue, vnles to blow,
Some Trumpet which their blacke disgrace may show.

I cannot (for my life) my *Pen* compell,
Vpon the praise of any man to dwell :
Vnlesse I know, (or thinke at least) his worth,
To be the same, which I haue blazed forth.
Had I, some honest Suit ; the gaine of which,
Would make me noble, eminent, and rich :
And that to compasse it, no meanes there were
Vnlesse I basely flatter'd some great Peere ;

B 2

Would

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Would with that Suite, my ruine I might get :
If on those termes I would endeaour it.

I haue not bin to their condition borne,
Who are enclyned to respect, and scorne ;
As men in their estates, doe rise or fall :
Or rich, or poore, I *Vertue* loue in all.
And where I find it not, I doe dispise
To fawn on them ; how high so-e're they rise.
For, where proud *Greatnesse* without worth I see :
Old *Mordecai* had not a stiffer knee.

I cannot giue a *Plaudit* (I protest)
When as his Lordship thinks, he breakes a Ieast :
Vnles it moue me ; neither can I grin,
When he a causeles laughter doth begin.
I cannot sweare him, truely honourable ;
Because he once receiu'd me to his table :
And talk't, as if the *Muses* glad might be,
That he vouchsafed such a grace to me.
His slender worth, I could not blazon so,
By strange *Hyperboles*, as some would do.
Or wonder at it, as if none had bin
His equall, since King *William* first came in.
Nor can I thinke true *Vertue* euer car'd
To giue or take, (for praise) what I haue heard.

For, if we peyze them well ; what goodly grace,
Haue outward Beauties, Riches, Titles, Place,
Or such ; that we, the owners should commend,
When no true vertues, doe on these attend ?
If beautifull he be, what honor's that ?
As sayre as he, is many a Beggers brat.

If

WITHER'S MOTTO.

If we, his noble Titles would extoll ;
Those Titles, he may 'haue and be a fool.
If Seats of Iustice he hath climb'd (we say)
So Tyrants, and corrupt oppressors may.
If for a large estate his praise we tell :
A thousand Villaines, may be prais'd as well.
If he, his Princes good esteeme be in ;
Why, so hath many a bloudy Traytor bin.
And if in these things he alone excell,
Let those that list, vpon his praises dwell.
Some other worth I find, e're I haue sense
Of any praise-deferuing excellence.

I haue no friends, that once affected were,
But to my heart, they sit this day as neare,
As when I most endeard them (though they seeme,
To fall from my opinion or esteeme :)
For pretious Time, in idle would be spent ;
If I with All, should alwayes complement.
And till, my loue I may to purpose show ;
I care not wher' they thinke I loue or no.
For sure I am, if any find me chang'd ;
Their greatnes, not their meannesse me estrang'd.

I haue not priz'd mens loues, the lesse or more,
Because I saw them, either rich, or poore ;
But as their loue, and Vertues did appeare,
I such esteem'd them, whofoe're they were.

I haue no trust, or confidence in friends,
That seek to know me, meerely for their ends,
Nor haue I euer said, I loued, yet ;
Where I expected more then *Loue* for it,

B 3

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And let me faile of that where most I lou'd,
If that with greater ioy I be not mou'd
By twenty-fold, when I my kindenes show,
Then when their fauours they on me bestow.

I haue not that vile mind ; nor shall my brest
For euer, with such basenes be possest ;
As in my anger (be it ne're so iust)
To vtter ought committed to my trust
In time of friendship : though constrained so,
That want of telling it, should me vndo.
For, whosoe're hath trust reposs'd in me ;
Shall euer find me true, though false he be.

I haue no loue to *Country, Prince* or Friend ;
That can be more, or lesse, or haue an end.
For whatsoeuer state they rais'd me to ;
I would not loue them, better then I do.
Nor cann I hate them ; though on me they should
Heape all the scorne, and iniury they could.

I haue no doting humor, to affect
Where loue I finde rewarded with neglect,
I neuer was with melancholy fit
Oppressed in such stupid manner, yet,
As that vnghently to my friends I spake ;
Or heed to their contentment, did not take :
Nor haue I felt my Anger so inflam'd
But that with gentle speech it might be tam'd.

I haue no priuate cause of discontent ;
Nor grudge against the publike gouernment.
I haue no spight, or enuy in my brest,
Nor doth anothers peace disturbe my rest.

I haue

WITHER'S MOTTO.

I haue not (yet) that dunghill humour, which
Some Great-men haue ; who, so they may be rich,
Thinke all gaine sweet, and nought asfhamed are,
In vile, and rascall Suites to haue a share.
For I their basenes scorne : and euer loth'd
By wronging others, to be fed or cloth'd.
Much more, to haue my pride, or lust maintain'd,
With what, by foule oppreffion hath bene gain'd.

I haue not bene enamor'd on the *Fate*
Of men, to great aduancements fortunate.
I neuer yet a Fauorite did see
So happy, that I wished to be hee :
Nor would I, whatfoe're of me became ;
Be any other man, but who I am.
For, though I am assur'd the destiny
Of millions tendeth to felicity :
Yet, those deare secret comforts, which I finde,
Vnseene, within the closet of my minde :
Giue more assurance of true happines,
Then any outward glories can expresse.
And 'tis so hard, (what shewes foe're there be)
The inward plight of other men to see :
That my estate, with none exchange I dare,
Although my Fortunes more dispis'd were.

I haue not hitherto divulged ought,
Wherein my wordes dissented from my thought.
Nor would I faile ; if I might able be,
To make my manners, and my words agree.
I haue not bene asfhamed to confesse
My lowest Fortunes, or the kindneses,

Of

WITHER'S MOTTO,

Of pooreſt men : Nor haue I proud beene made,
By any fauour from a great Man, had
I haue not plac't ſo much of my Content,
Vpon the goods of *Fortune*, to lament
The loſſe of them ; more then may ſeemely be,
To grieue for things, which are no part of me.
For, I haue knowne the worſt of being poore ;
Yea loſt, when I to loſe haue had no more,
And though, the Coward *World* more quakes for feare
Of Pouerty, then any plagues that are :
Yet, He that mindes his End, obſerues his Ward,
The Meanes perſues, and keepes a heart prepar'd :
Dares, Scorne, and Pouerty as boldly meete ;
As others gladly, Fame, and Riches greet.
For thoſe, who on the ſtage of this proud World,
Into the pawes of *Want* and *Scorne* are hurl'd :
Are in the *Maſter-prise*, that trieth men ;
And *Vertue* fighteth her brau'ſt Combat, then.

I no Antipathy (as yet) *haue* had,
Twixt me, and any Creature, God hath made :
For if they doe not ſcratch, nor bite, nor ſting,
Snakes, Serpents, Todes, or Catts, or any thing
I can endure to touch, or looke vpon :
(So cannot eu'ry one whom I haue knowne.)

I haue no Nation on the earth abhord,
But with a *Iewe*, or *Spaniard* can accord,
As well, as with my Brother ; if I finde
He beares a Vertuous, and Heroicke minde.

Yet (I confeſſe) of all men, I moſt hate
Such, as their manners doe adulterate.

Thoſe

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Those Linfy-woolfie people, who are neither
French, English, Scotch, nor *Dutch* : but altogether
Those, I affect not ; rather wish I could,
That they were fish, or flesh, or hott, or cold :
But none among all them, worfe brooke I, then
Our meere Hispaniolized *English men*.
And if we scape their Trecheries at home,
I'll feare no mischiefes, wherefo e're I come.

I haue not fear'd who my Religion knowes :
Nor euer for preferment, made I shoves
Of what I was not. For, although I may
Through want, be forc't, to put on worfe array,
Vpon my Body ; I will euer finde,
Meanes to maintaine, a habit for my Minde,
Of Truth in graine : and weare it, in the sight
Of all the world ; in all the worlds despight.

I, their presumption, *haue not*, who dare blame,
A fault in others ; and correct the same
With grievous punishments : yet guilty be,
Of those offences in more high degree.
For, oh ! how bold, and impudent a face,
(And what vnmoued hearts of Flint and Brasse)
Haue those corrupted *Magistrates*, who dare,
Vpon the seat of Iudgment sit ; and there
Without an inward horror preach abroad,
The guilt of Sinne, and heauy wrath of God ;
(Against offenders pleading at their *Barr*)
Yet know, what plots, within their bosomes are ?
Who ; when (enthron'd for Iustice) they behold,
A reuerend *Magistrate*, both graue, and old :

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And heare how sternly, he doth aggrauate
Each little cryme, offenders perpetrate :
How much the fact he seemeth to abhorr ;
How he, a iust correction labours for ;
How he admires, and wonders that among
A people, where the Faith hath florisht long,
Such wickednes should raigne which (he hath heard)
The Heathen to commit, haue bin affeard.

Who, that obserues all this ; would thinke that He
Did but an houre before, receiue a fee,
Some Innocent (by lawe) to murder there ?
Or else, from Children fatherles to teare
Their iust Inheritance ? and that when this
Were done (as if that nought had beene amisse)
He could goe sleepe vpon a deed so foule ;
And neither thinke on mans, or Gods controule ?
I haue not a stupidity so madd,
And this presumption, I would no man hadd.

I haue no question made, but some there are,
Who, when of this my *Motto* they shall heare ;
Will haue a better stomack, to procure
That I may check, or punishment endure,
Then their owne euill manners to amend :
For that's a worke, they cannot yet intend.
And though, they many view (before their face)
Fal'ne, and each minute falling to disgrace ;
(For lesse offences farr then they commit)
Without remorse, and penitence they sit.
As if that They, (and they alone) had binne,
Without the compasse of reproofe of sinne.

I haue

WITHER'S MOTTO.

I haue no great opinion of their witt,
Nor euer saw their actions prosper, yet,
Who wedded to their owne deuises be ;
And will nor counsell heare, nor danger fee,
That is foretold them by their truest friends :
But rather, list to them, who for their ends
Doe sooth their fancies. And the best excuse,
That such men can, to hide their folly vse ;
(When all their idle proiects come to nought)
Are these words of the foole. *I had not thought.*

I haue not their delight, who pleasure take
At Natures imperfections skoffs to make.
Nor haue I bitterness against that sinne
Which thorow weakenes hath committed binn,
(For I my selfe, am to offences prone ;
And euery day commit I many a one)
But at their hatefull crymes I onely glance
That sinne of pleasure, pride, and arrogance.

I haue not so much knowledge as to call
The *Arts* in question ; neither wit so small
To waite my spirits, those things to attaine ;
Which all the world hath labour'd for in vaine.

I haue not so much beauty, to attract
The eyes of Ladies : neither haue I lackt
Of that proportion which doth well suffice
To make me gracious, in good peoples eyes.

I haue not done, so many a holy deed ;
As that of *IESVS CHRIST*, I haue no need.
And my *good-works* I hope are not so few ;
But that in me a liuing *Faith* they shew.

I haue

WITHER'S MOTTO.

I haue not found ability so much,
To carry Milstones ; yea, and were it such,
I should not greatly vaunt it : for, in this,
A scuruey pack horse farr my better is.
I loue his manly strength, that can resist
His owne desires : force passage when he list
Through all his strong affections, and subdue,
The stout attempts of that rebellious crewe.
This, were a brauer strength then *Sampson* got :
And this, I couet, but *I haue* it not.

I haue not so much heedlesnes of things,
Which appertaine vnto the Courts of Kings ;
But that from my low station, I can see
A Princes loue may oft abused be.
For many men their countrie iniure dare
At home ; where, all our eyes vpon them are.
And (of the worlds Protector) I implore,
The trust abroad, be not abused more.

I haue no Brother, but of younger age,
Nor haue I Birth-right without heritage :
And with that land, let me inherit shame ;
Vnlesse I grieue when I possesse the same.

The value of a penny *haue I not*,
That was by bribery, or extortion got.
I haue no Lands that from the Church were pild,
To bring (hereafter) ruine to my childe.
And hetherto, I thinke, I haue beene free
From Widdowes, or from Orphans cursing me.

The *Spleene*, the *Collicke*, or the *Lethargy*
Gouts, *Palsies*, *Dropsies*, or a *Lunacy*.

I (by

WITHER'S MOTTO.

I (by inheritance) *haue none* of these :
Nor raining sinne ; nor any foule disease.

I haue no debts, but such as (when I can)
I meane to pay ; nor is there any man,
(To whom I stand ingag'd by ought I borrow)
Shall losse sustaine, though I should die to morrow.
And if they should (so much my friends they be)
Their greatest losse the'le thinke the losse of me.
And well they know, I tooke not what they lent,
To wrong their loues, or to be idly spent.

Except the *Deuill*, and that curfed brood,
Which haue dependance on his Deuil-hood
I know *no* foes *I haue* ; for, if there be,
In none, more malice, then I finde in me :
The earth, that man (at this time) doth not beare
Who would not, if some iust occasions were ;
(Eu'n in his height of spleene,) my life to faue,
Aduenture with one foot, into his graue.

To make me carefull ; Children *I haue none* ;
Nor haue, I any Wife to get them on ;
Nor haue I, (yet to keepe her, had I one ;
Nor can this spoile my Marr'age being knowne.
Since I am sure, I was not borne for her,
That shall before my worth, her wealth prefer :
For, I doe set my Vertues, at a rate
As high as any prize their Riches at.
And if All count, the venture too much cost,
In keeping it my selfe there's nothing lost.
For, she I wedd, shall somewhat thinke in me
More worthy Loue, then great reuenues be.

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And if I find not one, of such a mind,
(As such indeed, are Iewels rare to find)
Ile clasped in mine owne embraces lye :
And neuer touch a woman till I dye,
For, shall a Fellow, whom (the Vfurur)
His father, by extortion did prefer
Vnto an heritage in value cleare,
Aboue foure times a thousand pounds a yeare
So worthy, or so confident become ?
(By meanes of that his goodly annuall summe,
Which may be lost to morrow) as to dare
Attempt a *Nymph* of Honor for his pheare ?
Shall he, that hath with those foure thousand pounds
A gaming vaine ; a deepe-mouth'd cry of Hounds,
Three cast of Hawkes, of Whores as many brace,
Six hunting Naggs, and fve more for the race :
(Perhaps a numerous brood of fighting-Cocks)
Phisitians, Barbers, Surgeans for the Pox ;
And twenty other humors to maintaine ;
(Beside the yeerely charges of his traine)
With this reuenue ? Most of which, or all
To morgage must be set ; perhaps to sale
To pay his creditors, and yet all faile
To keepe his crasie body from the Iaile ?
Shall this dull Foole, with his vncertaine store
(And in all honesty and Vertues poore)
Hope for a *Mistresse*, noble, rich, and faire ?
And is it likely, that I can dispaire
To be as happy, if I seeke it would ?
Who such a matchlesse fortune haue in hold ;

That

WITHER'S MOTTO.

That though the *World* my ruine plot and threat,
I can in spight of it be rich, and great ?

A silly Girle, no sooner vnderstands,
That shee is left in Portion, or in Lands ;
So large a fortune, that it doth excell
The greatest part, who neare about her dwell :
But straight begins to rate, and prize her selfe
According to the value of her pelfe.
And though to Gentry, nor good breeding born ;
Can all, that haue estates beneath her, scorn.

This witt a *Woman* hath ; and shall not I,
Who know I haue a *Wealth*, which none can buy
For all the world ; expect a nobler phere
Then futes vnto a hundred pounds a yeere ?
Shall loue of Truth, and Vertue make of me
A match no better worthy, then is He
Who knowes not what they meane, and doth possesse
In outward fortunes neither more nor lesse ?

Haue I oft heard so many fayre ones plaine
How fruitles Titles are ? how poore and vaine
They found rich greatnes, where they did not find,
True Loue, and the endowments of the mind ?
Haue sayrest Ladies often sworne to me
That if they might, but onely, *Mistresse* be
Of true affection ; they would prize it more
Then all those glories, which the most adore ?
Haue I obseru'd how hard it is to find
A constant heart ? a iust and honest mind ?
How few good natures in the world there are,
How scanty true affection is ? how rare ?

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And shall I passe as true a Heart away,
As hath conceiu'd an honest thought to day :
As if in value to no more it came,
Then would endear me to a vulgar Dame
On equall termes ? or else vndoe me with
Some old rich Croan, that hath outliu'd her teeth ?
I'll rather breake it with proud scorne ; that dead,
The wormes may rifle for my *Mayden-head*.

I haue no loue to beauties, which are gone
Much like a Rose in Iune, assoone as blowne.
Those painted *Cabinets* and nought within,
Haue little power my respect to win.
Nor haue I, yet, that stupid loue to pelfe.
As for the hope thereof, to yoke my selfe
With any female ; betwixt whom, and me,
There could not in the foule, a marriage be.
For whosoeuer ioyne without that care ;
Foolles, and accursed in their matches are :
And so are you, that either heare or view
What I auerr ; vnlesse you thinke it true.

I haue no meaning, whensoere I wed,
That my companion, shall become my head.
Nor would I (if I meant to keepe my right)
So much as say so, though that win her might,
Not though a Duchesse : for, the meanes Ile vse
To keepe my worth, though my reward I loose.
Yea, from a prison had she raised me,
Lord of her fortunes, and her Selfe to be :
I that respect, would still expect to haue,
Which might become her Husband ; not her slaue.

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And should I spouſe a Begger ; I would ſhew,
What loue, and honor, to a wife were due.

I haue not, yet, of any ſkorned binn ;
Whoſe good opinion, I haue fought to winn.
Nor haue I (when I meane to woe) a feare,
That any man, ſhall make me, willow weare.

I haue not eyes ſo excellent, to ſee
Things (as ſome men can do) before they be.
Nor purblinde fight ; which crymes farre off can mark :
Yet ſeeme, to faults, which are more neare me, dark.

I haue not cares for euery tale that's told :
Nor memory, things friuelous to hold.
I haue not their credulity that dare,
Giue credit vnto all reports they heare.
Nor haue I ſubieſt to their dulnes beene,
Who can beleeeue no more then they haue ſeene.

I haue no feeling of thoſe wrongs that be
By baſe vnworthy fellowes, offerd me :
For, my contentment ; and my glory, lyes
Aboue the pitch, their ſpight, or malice flyes.

I haue not neede enough, as yet, to ſerue ;
Nor impudence to craue, till I deſerue.
I haue no hope, the worlds eſteeme to get :
Nor could a foole, or knaue, e're brooke me yet.

I haue not villany enough, to prey
Vpon the weake : or frienſhip to betray.
Nor haue I ſo much loue to life, that I
Would ſeeke to faue it by diſhoneſty ;

I haue not Cowardiſe enough to feare,
In honeſt actions ; though my death be there :

C

Nor

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Nor heart, to perpetrate a wilfull sinne :
Though I with safety, large renowne might winne ;
And for omitting it, were fure to dye,
Ne'r to be thought on, but with infamy.

I haue not their base cruelty, who can
Infult, vpon an ouer-griued man :
Or tread on him, that at my feet doth bow.
For, I protest, no villany I know
That could be done me ; but if I perceiu'd
(Or thought) the doer, without faigning grieu'd :
I truly could forgiue him ; as if hee
Had neuer in a thought abused mee.
And if my loue to mercy, I belye
Let God deny me mercy when I dye.

I haue not that unhappinesse, to be
A Rich mans Sonne ; For he had trained me,
In some vaine path ; and I had neuer fought,
That knowledge which my pouerty hath taught ?

I haue no inclination to respect
Each vulgar complement, nor neglect
An honest shew of friendship : For, I sweare,
I rather wish, that I deceiued were ;
Then of so base a disposition be,
As to distrust, till cause were giuen me.

I haue no Constitution, to accord
To ought dishonest, sooner for a Lord,
Then for his meanest Groome ; and hopes there be
It neuer will be otherwise with me.

I haue no pollicies to make me seeme
A man well worthy of the worlds esteeme.

Nor

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Nor haue I hope, I shall hereafter grow,
To any more regard, for saying so ;

I haue no doubt, though here a flighted thing ;
But I am fauorite, to Heau'ns great King.
Nor haue I feare but all thats good in me ;
Shall in my Life, or Death, rewarded be.

But yet, *I haue not* that attain'd, for which
Those who account this nothing, thinke me rich :
Nor that, which they doe reckon worth esteeme ;
To whom the riches of the minde, doe seeme
A scornfull pouerty. But let that go,
Men cannot prize the Pearles they doe not know.
Nor haue I power to teach them : for if I,
Should here consume my gift of Poesie :
(And wholly waft my spirits, to expresse
What rich contents, a poore estate may blesse)
It were impossible, to moue the sense
Of those braue things, in their intelligence.

I haue not found, on what I may relie ;
Vnlesse it carry some Diuinitie
To make me confident : for, all the glory,
And all hopes faile ; in things meere transitory.

What man is there among vs, doth not knowe,
A thousand men, this night to bed will goe,
Of many a hundred goodly things possesse ;
That shall haue nought to morrow but a Chest,
And one poore Sheet to lie in ? What I may,
Next morning haue, I know not ; But to day,
A *Friend, Meat, Drinke*, and fitting *Clothes* to weare ;
Some *Bookes* and *Papers*, which my Iewels are ;

C 2

A

WITHER'S MOTTO.

A *Servant* and a *Horse*: all this I haue,
And when I dye, one promist me a *Graue*.
A *Graue*; that quiet closet of Content:
And I haue built my selfe a *Monument*.
But (as I liue) excepting onely this;
(Which of my wealth the *Inuentory*, is)
I haue so little; I my oath might saue:
If I should take it, that I, *nothing haue*.

Nec Careo.

And yet, what *Want I?* or who knoweth how,
I may be richer made then I am now?
Or what great *Peere*, or wealthy *Alderman*,
Bequeath, his sonne, so great a Fortune can?
I nothing want that needfull is to haue;
Sought I no more, then Nature bids me craue.
For; as we see, the smallest *Vials*, may
As full as greatest *Glasses* be; though they
Much lesse containe: So, my small portion giues
That full content to me; in which he liues,
Who most possesseth: and with larger store,
I might fill others, but my selfe, no more.
I want not Temperance, to rest content
With what the prouidence of God, hath lent;
Nor want I a sufficiency, to know;
Which way to vse it, if he more bestow.
For, as when me, one horse would easier beare,
To ride on two at once, it madnes were:

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And, as when one smal Bowle might quench my thi
To lift a Vessell, that my backe might burst
Were wondrous folly : So absurd a thing,
It were in me ; should I neglect a Spring,
(Whose plenty may a Countries want supply)
To dwell by some small *Poole* that would be dry.
If therefore, ought doe happen in the way ;
Which on a iust occasion seeke I may :
I want not resolution, to make tryall ;
Nor want I patience, if I haue deniall.

Men aske me what Preferment I haue gain'd ;
What riches, by my Studies are attain'd :
And those that fed, and fatned are with draffe
For their destruction ; please themselues to laugh
At my low Fate ; As if I nought had got
(For my enriching) cause they saw it not.
Alas ! that Mole-ey'd issue, cannot see,
What Patrimonies, are bestow'd on mee.
There is a brauer wealthines, then what ;
They, (by abundance) haue arriued at.
Had I their wealth I should not sleepe the more
Securely for it ; and, were I as poore
In outward fortunes, as men Shipwrackt are ;
I should, (of pouerty) haue no more feare,
Then if I had the Riches and the powers ;
Of all the Eafterne Kings, and Emperors.
For, grasse though trod into the earth may grow ;
And higest Cedars, haue an ouerthrow.
Yea, I haue seene, as many begger'd by
Their fathers wealth ; and much prosperity ;

C 3

As

WITHER'S MOTTO.

As haue by want mif-done. And for each one,
Whom by his riches, I aduanc't haue knowne ;
I three could reckon, who through being poore,
Haue raifd their Fortunes, and their friends the more.

To what contents, doe men moft wealthy mount,
Which I inioy not ; if their Cares we count :
My cloathing keepes me full as warme as their,
My Meates vnto my tafte, as pleafing are.
I feed enough my hunger to fuffice :
I fleep, till I my felfe, am pleasd to rife.
My Dreames as fweet, and full of quiet be :
My waking cares, as feldome trouble me.
I haue as oftentimes, a Sunny day :
And fport, and laugh, and fmg, as well as they.
I breath as wholfome, and as fweet an Ayre ;
As louing as my *Miftrefse*, and as faire.
My body is as healthy ; and I finde,
As little caufe of fickneffe, in my minde.
I am as wife, I thinke, as fome of thofe ;
And oft my felfe as foolifhly difpofe :
For, of the wifeft, I am none (as yet)-
And I haue nigh, as little haire, as wit :
Of neither, haue I ought to let to farme,
Nor fo much *want* I, as may keepe me warme.

I finde my Liuer found, my Ioynts well knit :
Youth, and good *Diet*, are my Doctours yet.
Nor on *Potatoes*, or *Eringoes* feed I ;
No Meates reftoratiue, to raife me, need I :
Nor *Amber-greece*, with other things confected,
To take away the ftinke, of Lungs infected,

I neu'r

WITHER'S MOTTO.

I neu'r in need of *Pothicary* stood,
Or any Surgeons hand to let me blood :
For since the Rod, my Tutor hurled by,
I haue not medled with *Phlebotomy*.

As good as other mens, my fenfes be ;
Each limbe I haue, as able is in me.
And whether I, as louely be, or no :
Tis ten to one, but some doe thinke me so.

The wealthiest men, no benefits possesse,
But I haue such ; or better, in their place.
As they my low condition, can contemne ;
So, I know how to fling a scorne at them.
My Fame, is yet as faire, and flies as farre,
As some mens, that with Titles laden are.
Yea, by my selfe much more I haue attain'd,
Then many, haue with helpe of others gain'd.
And my esteeme, I will not change for their,
Whose Fortunes are ten thousand more a yeare.
Nor want I so much grace, as to confesse ;
That God is Author of this happinesse.

I want not so much iudgement, as to see
There must twixt men and men, a difference be,
And I, of those in place, account doe make,
(Though they be wicked) for good orders sake.
But I could stoope to serue them at their feete,
Where old *Nobility*, and *Vertue* meet.

To finde mine owne defects, *I want not* fenfe :
Nor want I will to grieue, for my offence.
To see my Friend misdoe, *I want not* eyes ;
Nor Loue, to couer his infirmities.

C 4

I

WITHER'S MOTTO,

I want not Spirit, if I once but know
The way be iust, and noble that I goe.
My mind's as great as theirs that greatest are ;
Yet, I can make it fit the clothes I weare.
And whether I ascend, or lower fall :
I want not hope, but I preferue it shall.

I want no flanders ; neither want I braine,
To scorne the Rascall rumors, of the vaine
And giddy multitude, And (trust me) they
So farr vnable are to talke away
My resolution ; that no more it feares
The worst their ignorance, or malice dares :
Then doth the *Moone*, when doggs and birds of night,
Doe barking stand, or whooting at her light.
And if this mischiefe, no way shun I could,
But that they praise me, or dispraise me would :
I rather wish, their tongues should blast my name ;
Then be beholding to them for my fame.

I want nor witt, nor honesty enough
To keepe my hand, from such base Rascall stuffe,
As of a *Libell* : For, although I shall
Sometime let flye, at *Vice* in generall ;
I feare particulers ; Nor shall a Knaue
In my *Lines* liue, so much as shame to haue.
But in his owne corruption, dye, and rott ;
That all his memory may be forgott.

I want not so much Knowledge, as to know,
True *Wisedome*, lies not in a glorious show
Of humane Learning ; or in being able
To cite Authorities innumerable.

Nor

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Nor in a new inuention. But that man,
Who make good vse of eu'ry creature can :
And from all things, that happen well, or ill,
Contentment drawes ; (and keeps a Conscience still,
To witnesse his endeauors to be good,)
That man is wisest ; though he vnderstood
The language of no countrey but his owne,
Nor euer had the vse of Letters knowne.

To make faire shewes, of *Honesty* and *Arts* ;
Of *Knowledge* and *Religion* ; are the parts
This Age doth striue to play : but few there are,
Who truly are the same they doe appeare.
And this is that, which daily makes vs fee
So many, whom we honest thought to be,
And Wise, and learned, (while some *Sceanes* doe last)
Proue Fooles, and Knaues, before their *Act* be past.

I want not sence, of those Mens miseries ;
Who lul'd asleepe in their prosperities
Must shortly fall ; and with a heauy eye
Behold their pompe, and pleasures vanish by :
And how that *Mistresse* they so doted on
(Their proud *Vaine-glory*) will with scorne be gon.
I feele me thinkes with what a drooping heart,
They, and their ydle hopes, begin to part :
And with what mighty burthens of vnrest
Their poore distemperd soules, will be oppressd.
How much they will repent I doe foresee ;
How much confused, and asham'd they'l be,
And as I praise their doome ; eu'n so I pray,
Their shame, and forrow, worke their comfort may.

I want

WITHER'S MOTTO.

I want not much experiment, to show
That all is good God pleafeth to beftow ;
(What fhape foeuer he doth maske it in)
For all my former cares, my ioyes haue bin :
And I haue truft, that all my woes to come,
Will bring my Soule, eternall comforts home.

I doe not finde, within me, other feares ;
Then what to men, of all degrees appeares.
I haue a confcience that is cleane within ;
For, (though I guilty am of many a finne)
A kinde redeemer, I haue found, and he
His Righteoufnes imputeth vnto me.

The Greateft, haue no Greatnes, more then I,
In bearing out a Want, or Mifery.
I can afwell, to paffion fet a bound :
I brooke afwell the smarting of a wound.
Afwell endure I, to be hunger-bit ;
Afwell can wrestle, with an ague-fit.
My eyes can wake as long as their I'me fure ;
And as much cold, or heat I can endure.
Yea, let my deareft friends excufed be,
From heaping fcorne, or iniuries on me ;
(Come all the world) and I my heart can make,
To brooke as much, before it fhinke, or breake
As theirs, that doe the nobleft Titles were ;
And flight as much their frown that might'ft are.
For, if in me at any time appeare,
A bashfulnes (which fome mistitle, feare)
It is in doubt, leaft I through folly may
Some things vnfitting me ; or doe, or fay :

But

WITHER'S MOTTO.

But not that I am fearefull to be fhent ;
For dread of Men, or feare of punifhment.

And yet, *no faults I want ; nor want* in me,
Affections which in other men there be.
Afmuch I hate an inciuality ;
Afmuch am taken with a Courtefie ;
Afmuch abhor I, brutifh Vanities ;
Afmuch allow I, Chriftian Liberties ;
Afoone an iniury, I can perceiue ;
And with as free a heart, I can forgiue.
My hand, in Anger, I as well can ftay ;
And I dare ftroke as ftout a man as they ;
And when I know, that I amiffe haue done ;
I am as much afhamed as any one.

If my afflictions, more then others be :
I haue more comforts, to keepe heart in me.
I haue a *Faith* will carry me on high :
Vntill it lift me to *Eternity*.
I haue a *Hope*, that neither want, nor fpight,
Nor grim Aduerfity, fhall ftop this flight :
But that vndaunted, I my courfe fhall hold,
Though twenty thoufand Deuils croffe me fhould.

Yet (I confefle) in this my Pilgrimage,
I like fome Infant am, of tender age.
For, as the Childe, who from his Father hath
Stray'd in fome Groue, through many a crooked path :
Is fometime hopeful, that he findes the way ;
And fometime doubtfull, he runs more aftray.
Sometime, with faire, and eafie paths, doth meet ;
Sometime with rougher trafts, that ftay his feet.

Here

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Here runnes, there goes, and yon amazed stayes ;
Now cries, and straight forgets his care, and playes.
Then hearing where his louing Father calls,
Makes haste ; but through a zeale il-guided, falls ;
Or runnes some other way : Vntill that *He*,
(Whose loue is more, then his endeaours be)
To seeke this *Wanderer* foorth, himselfe doth come,
And take him, in his armes, and beare him home.

So, in this Life, this Groue of ignorance ;
As to my homeward, I my selfe aduance ;
Sometime aright, and sometime wrong I goe ;
Sometime, my pace is speedy, sometime flow ;
Sometime I stagger, and sometime I fall :
Sometime I sing, sometime for helpe I call.
One while, my wayes are pleafant vnto me ;
Another while, as full of Cares they be :
Now, I haue Courage, and doe nothing feare,
Anon, my Spirits halfe deiefted are.
I doubt, and hope, and doubt, and hope againe ;
And many a change of Passions I sustaine,
In this my Iourney : So, that now and then,
I loft may seeme (perhaps) to other men.
Yea, to my selfe a while, when sinnes impure,
Doe my *Redeemers* loue, from me obscure.
But (whatfoe're betide) I know full well,
My Father (who aboue the Cloudes doe dwell)
An eye vpon his wandring Childe dorch cast :
And He, will fetch me, to my home at last.
For, of Gods loue, a Witnesse want not I ;
And whom He loues, He loues eternally.

I haue

WITHER'S MOTTO.

I haue within my breast, a little Heart,
Which seemes to be composed, of a part,
Of all my Friends: For, (truely) whensoever
They suffer any thing, I feele it there.
And they no sooner a Complaint doe make,
But presently, it falls to pant, and ake.

I haue a Loue, that is as strong as *Fate*,
And such, as cannot be impayr'd by Hate.
And (whatsoever the successe may proue)
I want not yet, the comforts of my Loue.

These, are the *Jewels* that doe make me rich;
These, while I doe possesse, *I want not* much:
And I so happy am, that still I beare,
These Riches with me: and so safe they are,
That Pyrats, Robbers, no deuice of man,
Or Tyrants powre, depriue me of them can.
And were I naked, forced to exile;
More Treasure, I should carry from this *Ile*;
Then should be sold; though for it I might gaine,
The wealth of all *America* and *Spaine*.
For, this makes sweet my life; and when I dye,
Will bring the sleepe of Death on quietly.
Yea, such as greatest pompe, in life time haue;
Shall finde no warmer lodging, in their Graue.

Besides; *I want not* many thinges they need,
Who Me in outward Fortunes doe exceed.
I want no Guard, or Coate of Musket prooffe;
My Innocence, is guardian strong enough.
I want no Title; for, to be the Sonne,
Of the *Almighty*; is a glorious one:

I want

WITHER'S MOTTO.

I want no Followers : for, through Faith I see
A troupe of Angels, still attending me.

Through want of Friendship, *need I not* repine,
For God, and Goodmen, are still friends of mine.
And when I iourney to the *North*, the *East*,
The pleasant *South*, or to the fertile *West* ;
I cannot want, for profferd Courtesies,
As farre as our *Great-Britaines* Empire lies.
In euery *Shire*, and Corner of the Land,
To welcome me, doe Houfes open stand,
Of best esteeme : And Strangers to my face,
Haue thought me worth the Feasting, & more grace
Then I will boast of : lest you may suspect,
That I those glories (which I scorne) affect.
Of my acquaintance were a thousand glad,
And fought it, though nor wealth, nor Place I had,
For their aduantage, And, if some more high,
(Who on the multitudes of friends relye)
Had but a Fortune equall vnto me,
Their troupe of Followers would as slender be :
And those mong whom, they now esteeme haue won,
Would scarcely thinke them, worth the looking on.

I want no Office ; for (though none be voyde)
A Chistian findes, he may be still employd.
I want no Pleasures, for I pleasures make,
What euer God is pleas'd, I vndertake.
Companions *want I not*, For know, that I,
Am one, of that renown'd *Societie* :
Which by the *Name* wee carry, first was knowne,
At *Antioch*, so many yeares agone.

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And greatest Kings, themselves haue happy thought
That to this noble *Order*, they were brought.

I want not Armes, to fit me for the Field ;
My *Prayers*, are my Sword ; my *Faith*, my Shield ;
By which, (how ere you prize them) I haue got,
Vnwounded, thorow twenty thousand Shot.
And with these Armes, I Heauen thinke to skale,
Though Hell the Ditch were, and more high the Wall.

A thousand other Priuiledges more,
I doe possesse ; in which the world is poore.
Yea, I so long could reckon, you would grant,
That though I nothing haue ; *I nothing want*.

And did the *King*, but know how rich I were ;
I durst to pawne my Fortunes, he would sweare,
That were he not the *King* ; I had beene *Hee*.
Whom he (of all men) would haue wisht to be.

Nec Curo.

Then, to vouchsafe me yet more fauour here ;
He that supplies my *Want*, hath tooke my *Care*.
And when to barre me ought, he sees it fit,
He doth infuse a Minde to sleight at it.

Why, if He all thinges needfull doth bestow,
Should I for what I haue not, carefull grow ?
Low place I keepe ; yet to a *Greatnesse* borne,
Which doth the Worlds affected *Greatnesse* scorne :
I doe disdain her glories and contemne,
Those muddy spirits that delight in them.

I care

WITHER'S MOTTO.

*I care for no mans Countenance, or grace,
Vnlesse hee be as good, as great in place.
For no mans spight, or enuy doe I care ;
For none haue spight at me, that honest are.
I care not for that baser wealth, in which
Vice may become, aswell as Vertue rich.
I care not for their friendship, who haue spent,
Loues best expressions, in meere Complement :
Nor for those Fauors (though a Queenes they were)
In which I thought another had a share.*

*I care not for their Prayse, who doe not show,
That in their liues which they in wordes allow.
A rush I care not who condemneth me ;
That fees not what, my Soules intentions bee.
I care not though to all men knowne it were,
Both whom I loue or hate ; For none I feare.
I care not though some Courtiers still preferre,
The Parasite, and smooth tongu'd Flatterer,
Before my bold truth-speaking Lines, And here,
If these should anger them, I doe not care.*

*I care not for that goodly Precious Stone ;
Which Chymists haue so fondly doted on.
Nor would I giue a rotten Chip, that I
Were of the Rosy-Crosse, Fraternity :
For, I the world too well haue vnderstood,
As to be gull'd with such a Brother-hood.*

*I care for no more knowledge, then to know :
What I to God, and to my Neighbour owe.
For outward Beauties I doe nothing care,
So I within, may faire to God appeare :*

No

WITHER'S MOTTO.

No other liberty *I care* to winne,
But to be wholly free-ed from my sinne.
Nor more Abilitie (whilst I haue breath)
Then strength to beare my Crosses to my death.
Nor can the Earth afford a happineffe
That shall be greater then this *Carelesnesse*.

For such a *Life* I soone should *Careles* grow,
In which I had not leasure more to know.
Nor care I, in a knowledge paines to take,
Which doth not those, who get it, wiser make :
Nor for that *Wisdome*, doe I greatly *care* ;
Which would not make me somewhat honefter.
Nor for that morall *Honestie*, that shall
Refuse to ioyne Religion, therewithall.
Nor for that zealous-seeming *Piety*,
Which wanteth loue and morrall Honesty.
Nor for their *Loues*, whose base affections be,
More for their lust, then for ought good in me.
Nor, for ought *good* within me should I care,
But that, they sprinklings of Gods goodnesse are.

For many Bookes *I care not* ; and my store
Might now suffice me, though I had no more,
Then Gods two *Testaments*, and therewithall
That mighty *Volumne*, which the *World* we call.
For, these well lookt on, well in minde preferu'd ;
The present Ages passages obseru'd :
My priuate Actions, seriously oreview'd,
My thoughts recal'd, and what of them ensu'd :
Are Bookes, which better farre, instruct me can,
Then all the other Paper-workes of Man ;

D

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And some of These, I may be reading to,
Where e're I come, or whatfoe're I do.

I care not though a sort of ydle *Guls*,
(With lauish tongues, and euer-empty skulls)
Doe let my better-temperd Labours lye ;
And since, I Termely, make not *Pamphlets* fly,
Say I am ydle, and doe nothing now.
As if that I were bound, to let Them know,
What I were doing ; Or to cast away
My breath, and Studies, on such fooles as They.
I much disdaine it : For, these Blockes be Those,
That vse to read my *Verse* like ragged *Prose* ;
And such as (so their Bookes be new,) ne're care
Of what esteeme, nor of what vse they are.

I care not, though a vaine and spungy crew,
Of shallow *Critickes*, in each *Tauerne* spew
Their drunken censures on my Poesie ;
Vntill among their Cupps, they sprawling lye.
These poore, betatterd *Rimers*, (now and then)
With *Wine* and *Impudence* inspired, can
Some fustian language vtter, which doth seeme
(Among their base admirers) worth esteeme.
But those base yuie-Poets, neuer knew ;
Which way, a sprightly, honest Rapture flew :
Nor can they relish, any straine of wit,
But, what was in some drunken fury, writ.

Those needy *Poetasters* ; to preferr
Their nasty stuffe, to some dull *Stationer* ;
With impudence extoll it : and will tell him,
The very Title of their booke, shall sell him,

As

WITHER'S MOTTO.

As many thousands of them (wholly told)
As euer of my *Satyrs*, haue beene fold.
Yet, e're a twelue-month by the walls it lies ;
Or to the Kitchin, or the Pastry hies.
Sometime, that these mens Rymes may heeded be ;
They giue (forfooth) a secret Ierke at me.
But so obscurely, that no man may know,
Who there was meant, vntill they tell them so.
For fearing me, They dare not to be plaine ;
And yet my vengeance they suspect in vaine :
For, I can keepe my way, and carelesse be ;
Though twenty snarling *Curres* doe barke at me.
And while my Fame, those fooles doe murmur at ;
(And vex themselues) with laughing, I am fat.

I am not much inquisitiue, to know,
For what braue Action our last Fleet did go.
What men abroad performe, or what at home ;
Who shall be *Emperour*, or *Pope* of *Rome* :
What newes from *France*, or *Spaine*, or *Turkey* are ;
Whether of Merchandize, of Peace or Warre.
Whether *Mogul* the *Sophy*, *Prestor-Iohn*,
The Duke of *China*, or the Ile *Japan*,
The mightier be : for, things impertinent
To my particular, or my Content
I little heede ; (though much thereof I know)
Nor care I whether it be true or no.
Not for because, I carelesse am become,
Of the neglected State of Christendome.
But, cause (I am assur'd) what euer shall
Vnto the *Church*, or *Common-wealth* befall ;

D 2

Through

WITHER'S MOTTO.

(Through *Sathans* spight, or humane Trechery,
Or, our relying on weake *Polecy*)
Gods promise to his glory shall preuaile :
Yea, when the fond attempts of men doe fayle,
And they lye smoaking, in th'infernall Pit ;
Then *Truth* and *Vertue*, shall in Glory sit.
Those, who in loue to things that wicked are ;
And those, who thorough Cowardize and feare,
Became the damned Instruments, whereby
To set vp *Vice* and *falsehood's* Tyranny ;
Eu'n those shall perish, by their owne offence :
And they who loued *Truth*, and *Innocence* ;
Out of oppression shall aduance their head :
And on the ruines of those *Tyrants* tread.
Oh ! let that *Truth*, and *Innocence*, in me
For euer vndefil'd preferued be :
And let me liue no more ; if then *I care*,
How many miseries I liue to beare.
For, well I know, I should not weigh how great,
The perrils are, that my destruction threat.
Nor chaynes, nor doungeons should my soule affright,
Nor grimme Apparitions of the Night :
Though men from Hell could of the Deuill borrow,
Those vgly Prospects, to augment my sorrow.
But proue me guilty ; and my Conscience than
Inflicts more smart, then bloody Tortures can.
And none (I thinke) of me could viler deeme ;
Then I my selfe, vnto my selfe should feeme.
If good, and honest my endeauors be,
What day they were begun ne're troubles me.

I care

WITHER'S MOTTO.

I care not whether it be calme, or blow,
Or raine, or shine, or freeze, or haile, or snow :
Nor whether it be *Autumne*, or the *Spring* ;
Or whether, first I heare the Cuckow sing,
Or first the Nightingale : *nor doe I care*
Whether my dreames, of *Flowers*, or *Weddings* are.
What Beast doth crosse me, *care I not* at all ;
Nor how the Goblet, or the Salt doth fall ;
Nor what aspect the *Planets* please to show ;
Nor how the Diall, or the Clocke doth goe.

I doe not care to be inquisitiue,
How many weekes, or months, I haue to liue.
For, how is't like, that I should better grow,
When I my Time, shall tweluemonth longer know ;
If I dare act, a Villany, and yet,
Know I may die, whilst I am doing it ?

Let them, whose braines are sicke of that disease,
Be slaues vnto an *Ephemerides*.
Search *Constellations*, and themselues apply ;
To finde the *Fate* of their *Natiuity*.
I'll seeke within me ; and if there I find,
Those *Stars*, that should giue light vnto my mind,
Rise fayre and timely in me, and affect,
Each other with a naturall aspect.
If in coniunction, there perceiue I may
True *Vertue*, and *Religion* euery day ;
And walke, according to that influence,
Which is deriued vnto me from thence :
I feare no Fortunes, whatfoe're they be,
Nor care I, what my *Starrs* doe threaten me.

D 3

For

WITHER'S MOTTO.

For He, who to that State can once attaine ;
Aboue the power of all the Starres doth raigne.
And he, that gaines a knowledge wherewithall,
He is prepar'd for whatfoe're may fall :
In my Conceit is farre a happier man ;
Then fuch, as but foretell misfortunes can.

I start not at a *Fryers* prophecy,
Or those with which we *Merlin* doe bely.
Nor am I frighted, with the sad relation,
Of any neare-approaching Alteration.
For things haue euer changd, and euer shall ;
Vntill there be a change run ouer All.
And he that beares an honest heart about him,
Neeedes neuer feare, what changes be without him.

The *Easterne* Kingdomes, had their times to florish ;
The *Grecian* Empire rising, saw them perish ;
That fell, and then the *Roman* Pride began ;
Now scourged by the race of *Ottoman*.
And if the course of things a round must run ;
Till they haue ending, where they first begun,
What is't to me ? who peradueuture must,
Ere that befall ; lye, moulthr'd into dust.

What if *America's* large Tract of ground,
And all those Iles adioyning, lately found ?
(Which we more truly may a *Desert* call,
Then any of the worlds more ciuill Pale.)
What then ? if there the Wildernesse doe lye,
To which the *Woman*, and her *Sonne* must flye,
To scape the *Dragons* fury ; and there bide,
Till *Europes* thanklesse *Nations* (full of pride,

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And all abhominations) scourged are,
With barbarisme ; as their neighbours were ?
If thus God please to doe ; and make our sinne
The cause of bringing other *Peoples* in,
His *Church* to be (as once he pleased was,
The *Gentiles* calling should be brought to passe,
The better, by the *Jewish* vnbeliefe.)
Why, should his pleasure be my care, or griefe ?
Oh ! let his *Name* and *Church* more glorious grow ;
Although my ruine, helpe to make it so.

So I, my duty in my place haue done,
I care not greatly, what succeed thereon :
For sure I am, if I can pleased be,
With what God wills ; all shall be well for me.

I hate, to haue a thought o're-serious spent,
In things meere triuiall, or indifferent.
When I am hungry, so I get a dish,
I care not, whether it be flesh or fish ;
Or any thing, so wholsome foode it be :
Nor care I, whether you doe carue to me,
The head, the tayle, the wing, the legge, or none ;
For, all I like, and all can let alone.
I care not, at your Table, where I sit ;
Nor should I thinke I were disgrac't in it,
(So much as you) if I should thence in skoffe,
To feed among your Groomes, be turned off.
For I am sure that no affront can blot,
His Reputation, that deserues it not.

To be o're-curious, I doe not professe ;
Nor ener Car'd I, for vncleanlinesse.

D 4

For

WITHER'S MOTTO.

For I ne're loued that Pnylofophy,
Which taught men to be rude and flouently.

I care not what yonn weares, or You, or He,
Nor of what fashion my next Clothes shall be.
Yet to be finguler in Antique fashions,
I hold as vaine, as Apish imitations,
Of each phantaftique garb our Gallants weare :
For fome, as fondly proud conceited are,
To know, that the beholder, taketh note.
How they ftill keepe, their Grandfires ruffet Coate :
As is the proudeft Lady, when that ſhe
Hath all the fashions, that laft extant be.

I care for no more Credit, then will ſerue,
The honor of the *Vertuous* to preferue :
For, if the ſhowes of honeſty in me,
To others Vertues, would no blemish be ;
(Nor make them deemed Hypocrites) if I
Should falſly be accuſd of Villany.
Sure, whether I were innocent, or no ;
I ſhould not thinke the World, worth telling ſo.
Becaufe, to moſt men, nothing bad doth ſeeme,
Nor nothing vertuous ; but as vnto them,
Occaſion makes it good, or ill appeare.
Yea, fouleſt Crimes, while they vnpuniſht are :
Or bring in profit, no diſgrace are thought ;
And trueſt Vertues poore, are ſet at naught.

I care for no more Pleaſures then will make,
The Way which I intend to vndertake,
So paſſible ; that my vnwealdy load
Of fraileties, incident to fleſh and blood

Discourage

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Discourage not my willing soule from that,
Which she on good aduice, hath aymed at.

I care for no more Time then will amount,
To doe my worke, and make vp my account.
I care for no more Money, then will pay
The reckoning, and the charges of the day.
And if I need not now, I will not borrow,
For feare of wants, that I may haue to morrow.

What Kings, and States-men meane ; *I doe not care ;*
Nor will I iudge, what their intentions are :
For, priuate censures, helpe not any way ;
But iniure them, in their proceedings may.
Yet, Princes (by experience) we haue seene,
By those they loue, haue greatly wronged beene.
Their too much trust, doth often danger breed,
And Serpents in their Royall bosoms feed.
For, all the fauours, guifts, and places, which
Should honour them ; doe but these men enrich.
With those, they further their owne priuate end :
Their faction strengthen, gratifie their friends :
Gaine new Associates, daily to their parts,
And from their Soueraigne, steale away the hearts,
Of such as are about them ; For those be
Their Creatures ; and but rarely, thanks hath He,
Because the Grants of *Pension*, and of *Place* ;
Are taken as Their fauors, not *His* grace.

And (which is yet a greater wickednesse)
When these, the loyall Subiects doe oppresse,
And grinde the faces of the poore, aliue ;
They'le doe it, by the Kings Prerogatiue.

They

WITHER'S MOTTO.

They make *Him* Patron of their Villany ;
And when *Hee* thinkes, they serue Him Faithfully,
Secure him in their Loues, and all things do,
According both to *Law* and Conscience to.
By Vertue of his *Name*, they perpetrate
A world of Mischiefs : They abuse the State ;
His truer-hearted Seruants, they displace ;
Bring their debauched Followers, into grace ;
His Coffers rob ; yea, (worser farre they vse *Him*)
The true affections of his people loose Him :
And make those hearts (which did in him beleue,
All matchlesse Vertues) to suspect, and grieve.

Now, (by that Loyalty I owe my Prince)
This, of all Treason, is the Quintessence.
A Treason so abhorred, that to Me,
No Treachery could halfe so odious be.
Not though my death they plotted ; for more deare,
My honor, and my Friends affections are
Then twenty Kingdomes and ten thousand liues.
And, whosoever, Me of that depriues :
I finde it would, a great deale harder be,
To moue my heart to pardon ; then if hee
Conspired had, (when I leaft thought the same)
To root out my posterity, and *Name*.

Who next in *Court* shall fall, *I doe not care* :
For, my delights, in no mans ruines are.
Nor meane I, to depend on any, so,
That his disgrace shall be my ouerthrow.

I care as little, who shall next arise ;
For none of my Ambition, that way lyes.

Those

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Those rising *Starres*, would neuer deigne to shine,
On any good endeauor : yet, of mine.
Nor can I thinke, there shall hereafter be,
A man amongst them, that will fauour Me.
For, I a *Scourge* doe carry, which doth feare them ;
And loue, to much *Plaine-dealing*, to be neare them.

If my experience teach me any thing.
I care not old *Antiquities* to bring ;
But can aswell belieue it to be so,
As if'twere writ, three thousand yeeres ago.
And where I finde, good ground for my assent ;
I'll not be halter'd, to a *President*.

If men speake reason, tis all one to me,
Whether their *Tenent*, *Aristotles* be ;
Or some *Barbarians*, who scarce heard of yet ;
So much as with what *Names*, the *Arts* we fit.
Or whether, for an *Author* you infer,
Some *Foole*, or some renown'd *Philosopher*.

In my *Religion*, I dare entertaine,
No fancies, hatched in mine owne weake braine ;
Nor priuate *Spirits* : But, am ruled by
The *Scriptures* ; and that *Church* Authority,
Which with the Auncient *Faith* doth best agree ;
But new opinions, will not downe with me.
When I would learne, I neuer greatly care,
So *Truth* they teach me ; who my Teachers were.
In points of *Faith*, I looke not on the *Man* ;
Nor *Beza*, *Caluin*, neither *Luther* can
More things, without iust prooffe perfwade me to,
Then any honest Parish-Clarke can do.

The

WITHER'S MOTTO.

The auncient *Fathers*, (where consent I find)
Doe make me, without doubting, of their mind.
But, where in his opinion any *One*
Of these great *Pillars*, I shall find alone ;
(Except in questions which indifferent are,
And such as till his Time, vnmooued were)
I shun his Doctrines ; For, this swayeth me,
No man alone, in points of Faith can be.
Old *Ambrose, Austine, Hierome, Chrysostome,*
Or any *Father* ; if his Reuerence come,
To moue my free assent to any thing,
Which *Reason* warrants not (vnlesse he bring,
The sacred word of God to giue me for it)
I prize not this opinion ; but abhor it.
Nay ; I no faction gainst the *Truth* would follow,
Although Diuine *Paul*, and Great *Apollo*,
Did leade me ; if that possible it were,
That they should haue permitted bin to erre.
And whilst that I am in the right, I care not
How wise, or learned, Them, you thinke, that are not.

I care not who did heare me, if I said,
That He who for a place of Iustice paid
A golden Inn-come, was no honest Man,
Nor he that sold it : for I proue it can ;
And will maintaine it, that so long, as Those,
And *Church-preferments*, we to sale expose ;
Nor *Common-wealth*, nor *Church* shall euer be,
From hatefull Bribery, or damn'd Schisme, free.

I may be blam'd, perhaps, for speaking this ;
But much *I care not* : for the *Truth it is.*

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And were I certaine, that to blaze the fame,
Would set those things, (that are amisse) in frame.
Shame be my end but I would undertake it,
Though I were fure to perish when I spake it.

I care not for *Preferments* which are sold,
And bought (by men of common worth) for gold.
For, he is nobler who can those contemn,
Then most of such, as seeke esteeme in them.

I doe not for those ayrie Titles *care*,
Which fooles, and knaues, as well as I may weare.
Or that my *Name* (when e're it shall be writ)
Should be obscur'd with twenty after it.
For could I set my minde on vulgar *Fame* ;
I would not thinke it hard, to make my *Name*,
Mine owne *Name*, purchase me as true renown ;
As to be cald, by some old ruin'd Town.

I loue my *Country*, yet *I doe not care*,
In what Dominions my abidings are :
For, any Region on the Earth shall be
(On good occasion) native Soile to me.

I care not though there be a muddy crew,
Whose blockishnes, (because it neuer knew
The ground of this my *Carelesnes*) will smile,
As if they thought I rauced, all this while.
For, those the *Prouerb* faith, *That liue in Hell*
Can ne'r conceiue what'tis in Heauen to dwell.

I care not for those Places, whereunto
Bad men doe fooner clime, then *Good men* do :
And from whose euer-goggling station, all
May at the pleasure of another, fall,

But

WITHER'S MOTTO.

But oh ! How carelesse euery way, am I,
Of their base mindes, who liuing decently
Vpon their owne Demeanes ; there fearelesse might
Enioy the day, from morning vntill night,
In sweet contentments : rendring prayse to *Him*,
Who gaue this blessings, and this rest to them ;
That free from Cares, and Enuiies of the Court,
They honor'd in their Neighbours good report ;
Might twenty pleasures, that Kings know not, trie ;
And keepe a quiet *Conscience*, till they die ?

Oh God ! how madd are they, who thus may do !
Yet, that poore happinesse to reach vnto,
Which is but painted ; will those Blessings shun,
And bribe, and woo and sweat to be vndone ?
How dull are they ? Who, when they home may keepe,
And there, vpon their owne soft pillowes sleepe,
In deare security ; would roame about,
Vncertaine hopes, or pleasures to finde out ?
Yea, straine themselues a slippery Place to buy,
With hazarding, their states to beggery ?
With giuing vp, their Liberties, their Fame ?
With their aduenturing on perpetuall shame :
With prostituting *Neeces*, *Daughters*, *Wiues* ;
By putting into Ieopardy their liues ?
By selling of their *Country*, and the sale
Of *Iustice*, or *Religion* ; Soule and All ?
Still dreaming on Content ; although they may
Behold, by new examples, eu'ry day
That those hopes faile ; and faile them not alone,
In such vaine things as they presumed on :

But

WITHER'S MOTTO.

But bring them also (many-times) those cares,
Those sad distractions, those dispaire, and feares ;
That all their glorious gilding, cannot hide
Those wofull Ruines, on their inner-side.
But, ten to one, at length they doe depart ;
With losse, with shame, and with a broken heart.

I care not for this Humor, but I had,
Far rather lye in *Bedlem*, chain'd and mad ;
Then be, with these mens frantique mood possest :
For, there they doe lesse harme, and haue more rest.

I care not when there comes a *Parliament* :
For I am no Proiecter, who inuent
New *Monopolies*, or such *Suites*, as Those,
Who, wickedly pretending goodly shewes,
Abuses to reforme ; engender more :
And farre lesse tollerable, then before.
Abusing *Prince*, and *State*, and *Common-weale* ;
Their (iust deserued) beggeries to heale :
Or, that their ill-got profit, may aduance,
To some Great Place, their Pride, and Ignorance.
Nor by Extortion, nor through Bribery,
To any Seat of Iustice, climb'd am I ;
Nor liue I so, as that I need *to care*,
Though my proceedings, should be question'd There.
And some there be, would giue their Coat away ;
That they, could this, as confidently say.

I care for no such thriuing Pollicy,
As makes a foole, of Morrall Honesty.
For, such occasions happen now, and than :
That He prooues Wise, that proues an Honest man.

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And howsoer'e our *Proiect-mongers* deeme,
Of such mens Fortunes, and of them esteeme ;
(How big soe're they looke ; how brane soe're,
Among their base Admirers they appeare :
Though ne're so trimme, in others feathers dight :
Though clad with Title of a Lord, or Knight ;
And by a hundred thousand croucht vnto)
Those gaudy Vpstarts, no more prize, I doe,
Then poorest *Kennel-rakers* ; yea, they are
Things, which I count, so little worth my care ;
That (as I loue faire *Vertue*) I protest,
Among all honest men the begger'lest,
And most betatter'd Pefant, in mine eye,
Is Nobler, and more full of Maieftie ;
Then all that braue-bespangl'd Rabblement,
Compofd of Pride, of Shifts, and Complement.

Let great and courtly Pers'nages delight,
In some dull *gesture*, or a *Parasite* ;
Or in their dry *Buffoone*, that gracefully,
Can sing them bawdy songs, and sweare, and lye ;
And let their *Masterstiership* (if so they please)
Still fauour more, the flauerings of These,
Then my free *Numbers*. For, I care no more,
To be approued, or esteemed, for
A witty *Make-sport* ; then an *Ape* to be.
And whosoever takes delight in me,
For any quality that doth affect
His *Senses* better, then his *Intellect* ;
I care not for his loue. My dogge doth so ;
He loues, as farre as sensuall loue can go.

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And if how well he lou'd me, I did weigh,
Deserues (perhaps) as much respect, as they.
I haue a *Soule*, and must, beloued be
For that, which makes a louely *Soule* in me ;
Or else, their Loues, so little *care* I for,
That them, and their affections I abhorr.

I care not, though some Fellowes, whose desert
Might raise them, to the Pillory, the Cart,
The Stocks, the Branding-Irre, or the Whipp,
(With such-like due Preferment) those doe skipp ;
And by their blacke endeauours purchase can,
The Priuiledges of a Noble-man.
And be as confident, in what they doe :
As if by Vertue they were rais'd thereto.
For, as true Vertue hath a confidence,
So, Vice, and Villaines, haue their impudence.
And manly Resolution, both are thought,
Till both are to an equall triall brought ;
But vicious Impudence, then proues a mocke :
And Vertuous Constancy, endures the Shoke.

Though such vnworthy *Groomes*, who t'other day,
Were but their Maisters *Panders* to puruey
The fuell of their Lust ; and had no more,
But the Reuertion of their meat, their Whore,
And their old cloathes to bragg of. Though that these ;
(The foes to Vertue, and the Times disease)
Haue now, to couer o're their knau'ry,
Got on the Robes, of Wealth, and Brau'ry ;
And dare behaue their Rogueships sawcily,
In prefence of our old Nobility :

E

As

WITHER'S MOTTO.

As if they had beene borne to act a part,
In the contempt of Honor, and Defart.
Though all this be ; and though it often hath
Discouragd many a One, in *Vertues* Path)
I am the same, and *Care not* : For, I know,
Those *Butter-flies*, haue but a Time to shew
Their painted wings ; that when a storme is neare,
Our habits, which for any weather are,
May shew more glorious, whilst they shrinking lye,
In some old creuis, and there starue and dye.

Those Dues, which vnto *Vertue* doe belong,
He that despiseth, offers *Vertue* wrong.
So, he that followes *Vertue* for rewards ;
And more the Credit, then the Act regards ;
(Or such esteeme as others seeke, doth misse)
Himselfe imagines, worthier then He is.
If therefore, I can tread the way I ought,
I care not how ignoble, I be thought :
Nor for those Honors doe I care a fly,
Which any man can giue me, or deny :
For what I reckon worth aspiring to,
Is got and kept, whe'r others will or no.
And all the world can neuer raise a man
To such braue heights, as his owne *Vertues* can.

I care not for that Gentry, which doth lye
In nothing but a Coat of Heraldry.
One *Vertue* more I rather wish I had ;
Then all the Heralds to my *Armes* could add :
Yea, I had rather, that by my industry
I could acquire some one good quality.

Then

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Then through the *Families*, that noblest be
From fifty Kings to draw my Pedigree.

Of *Nations*, or of *Countries*, I nought care,
To be commander ; my Ambitions are,
To haue the Rule, and Soueraignty of things
Which doe command great Emperors, and Kings.
Thofe ftrong, and mighty Paſſions, wherewithall
Great Monarch's haue bin foild, and brought in thrall,
I hope to trample on. And whilſt that They
Force but my body (If I diſobey)
I rule that Spirit ; which, would they conſtraine,
Beyond my will ; They ſhould attempt in vaine.
Yea, whilſt they bounded within Limits here,
On ſome few Mortals onely domineer,
Thofe Titles, and that Crowne, I doe purſue ;
Which ſhall the Deuils to my power ſubdue.

I care not for that *Valour*, which is got
By furious Choller, or the *Sherry-pot*.
Nor (if my Cauſe be ill) to heare men ſay,
I fought it out, eu'n when my bowels lay
Beneath my feete. A deſperatenefſe it is,
And there is nothing worthy praiſe in this ;
For I haue ſeene (and you may ſee it to)
That any Maſtiue dogg as much will do.
He valiant is, who knowes the diſeſteeme,
The vulger haue, of ſuch as Cowards ſeeme.
And yet dares ſeeme one, rather then beſtow
Againſt an honeſt cauſe, or word, or blow :
Though, elſe he fear'd no more, to fight, or die ;
Then you to ſtrike a dogg, or kill a flie.

E 2

Yea,

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Yea, him I honour, who new wakt from sleeping,
Findes all his Spirits so their temper keeping ;
As that he would not start, though by him there,
Grim Death, and Hell, and all the Deuils were.

I care not for a Coward, for to me,
No Beasts on Earth, more truely hatefull be ;
Since all the Villanies that can be thought
Throughout the World, and altogether brought
To make one Villaine ; can make nothing more,
Then he that is a Coward, was before.
And he that is so can be nothing lesse
Then the perfection of all wickednesse.
In him no manly Vertues dwelling are ;
Nor any shewes thereof, except, for feare.
In no braue resolution is he strong,
Nor dares he bide in any goodnesse long.
For, if one threatning from his foe there come,
His vowed Resolution starts he from.
And cares not what destruction others haue,
So he may gaine but hope, himselfe to faue.
The man that hath a fearefull heart, is sure
Of that disease that neuer findes a cure.
For take and arme him through in euery place,
Build round about him twenty walls of Brasse.
Girt him with Trenches, whose deepe bottoms lye
Twice lower, then three times the *Alpes* are hye.
Prouide (those Trenches, and those walls to ward)
A million of old Souldiers for his gard ;
All honest men and sworne : His beauer will
Breake in (despight of all) and shake him still.

To

WITHER'S MOTTO.

To scape this feare ; his Guard he would betray,
Make cruelly his dearest friend away ;
Act, any base, or any wicked thing,
Be Traytor to his Countrey, or his King ;
For-sweare his God, and in some fright goe nigh
To Hang himselfe, to scape the feare to dye.
And for these reasons, *I shall neuer Care,*
To reckon them for friends, that Cowards are.

I care not for large Fortunes ; For I find,
Great wants, best trie the Greatnesse of the minde.
And though I must confesse, such Times there be
In which the common wish, hath place in me.
Yet, when I search my heart, and what content
My God vouchsafe me hath ; I count my Rent
To be aboue, a thousand pounds a yeare,
More then it can vnto the World appeare.
And with more wealth, I lesse content might finde,
If I with Riches, had some rich-mans minde.
A dainty Pallate would consume in cheere,
(More then I doe) a hundred pounds a yeare,
And leaue me worse suffised then I am.
Had I an inclination, much to game ;
A thousand Markes, would annually away,
And yet I want my full content at Play.
If I in Hawks or Doggs had much delight ;
Twelue hundred Crownes it yearely waft me might ;
And yet, not halfe that pleasure bring me to,
Which, from one *Line* of This, receiue I do.
If I to braue Apparell were inclind ;
Fiue *Students* Pensions, I should yearly spend,

E 3

Yet

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Yet not be pleas'd so well, with what I weare
As now I am ; Nor take so little Care.
I much for Physicke might be forc't to giue ;
And yet a thousand fold lesse healthy liue.
To keepe my Right, the Law my goods might waft ;
And with vexation, tire me out at last.

These, and (no doubt) with these, full many a thing
To make me lesse Content, more wealth might bring
Yet more employ me to ; for, few I see
Who Owners of the greatest Fortunes be :
But they haue still, as they more Riches gaine,
More State, more lusts, and troubles to maintaine
With their Reuennues. That the whole Account,
Of their great seeming Blisse, doth scarce amount,
To halfe of my content. And can I lesse
Esteeme this rare-acquired happinesse,
Then I, a thousand pound in rent would prize ?
Since with lesse trouble, it doth more suffice ?
No ; for, as when the March is swift and long,
And men haue foes to meet, both fierce and strong ;
That Souldier in the Conflict best doth fare
Who getteth Armes of prooffe, that lightest are :
So ; I, who with a little, doe enioy
As much my Pleasure and Content, as they
Whom, farre more wealth and businesse doth molest ;
Account my Fortune, and estate the best.
Gods fauour in it, I extoll the more :
And great possessions, much lesse *care* I for.

I care not so I still my selfe may be,
What others are, or who takes place of me.

I care

WITHER'S MOTTO.

I care not for the Times vniust, neglect ;
Nor fear their frownes, nor praise their vaine respect.
For, to my selfe, my worth doth neuer seeme ;
Or more, or lesse, for other mens esteeme.

The *Turke*, the *Deuill*, *Antichrist*, and all
The Rable of that Body-myfticall,
I care not for ; And I should sorry be,
If I should giue them cause to care for me.

What Christians ought not to be carefull for,
What the *Eternall Essence* doth abhorr,
I hate as I am able ; And for ought
Which God approues not ; when I spend a thought.
I truly wish that from my eyes might raine,
A shower of Teares, to buy it backe againe.

I care not for their Kin, who blush to see,
Those of their blood, who are in meane degree.
For, that bewrayes vnworthines ; and shoves,
How they by Chance, and not by Vertue rose.
To say, *My Lord my Cousen*, cann to me
(In my opinion) no such honour be ;
(If he from Vertues precepts goe astray,)
As when *my honest Kinsman*, I can say.
And they are Fooles, who, when they raised are ;
Faine their beginnings, nobler then they were.
Yea, they doe rob themselues of truest Fame,
With some false honor to belye their Name.
For, such as to the highest Titles rise,
From poore beginnings, haue more tongues & eies,
To honour and obserue them (farre) then all
That doe succeed them, euer boast, of shall.

E 4

For,

WITHER'S MOTTO.

For, being nothing more then they were borne,
Men heed them not, (vnlesse they merit sorne)
For some vnworthinesse. And then, perchance,
As their Forefathers meannesse, did aduance
His praise the higher ; so, their greatnesse shall,
Make greater both their Infamy, and Fall.

It is mens glory therefore, not a blot,
When they the start, of all their Names haue got ;
And it was worthlesse Enuy, first begun,
That false opinion, which so farre hath run.
Which well they know, whose Vertues honor winn,
And shame not to confesse, their poorest Kinn.
For, whensoever they doe looke on *Those*,
To God they praises giue, and thus suppose :
Loe ; when the hand of Heauen, aduanced *Us*,
Aboue our brethren, to be lifted thus ;
He let them stay behind, for markes to show,
From whence we came, and whither we may goe.

To haue the Minde of those, *I doe not care*,
Who both so shamelesse, and so foolish are ;
That to acquire some poore esteeme, where they
Were neuer heard of, vntill yesterday,
(And neuer shall perhaps, be thought on more)
Can Prodigally, there, consume their store :
And stand vpon their points, of honor so ;
As if their Credit, had an ouerthrow,
Without Redemption ; If in ought they misse,
Wherein th'accomplish *Gallant* punctuall is.
Yet basely, eu'ry Quallitie despise ;
In which true Wisedome, and true honor lies.

If

WITHER'S MOTTO.

If you, and one of those, should dine to day,
Twere three to one, but He for all would pay :
If but your Seruant light him to the doore,
He will reward him ; If but he, and's whore,
Carocht a Furlong are ; the Coachman may,
For sennight after, let his Horfes play.
And yet, this fellow, whom abroad you shall
Perceiue so noble, and so liberall,
(To gaine a dayes, perhaps, but one howres fame)
Mong those that hardly, will enquire his Name.
At home (where euery good, and euery ill,
Remaines to honour, or to shame him still)
Neglects Humanity. Yea, where he liues,
And needs most loue ; all cause of hatred giues.
To poll, to racke, to ruine, and oppresse,
The poore, the Widow, and the fatherlesse.
To shift, to lye, to couzen, and delay,
The Lab'rer and the Creditor of pay,
Are there his practises. And yet this Asse,
Would for a man of worth, and honour passe.
The Deuill he shall assoone : and, I will write,
The Story of his being Conuertite.

I care not for the Worlds vaine blast of Fame,
Nor doe I greatly feare the Trump of shame :
For, whatsoeuer good, or ill is done,
The rumor of it in a weeke is gone.
One thing put out another ; And men sorrow,
To day, perhaps, for what they ioy to morrow.
And it is likely, that e're night they may,
Condemne the Man, they prayfed yesterday ;

Hang

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Hang him next morning, and be sorry then ;
Because he cannot be aliue agen.

But, grant the fame of things had larger date :
Alas ! what glory is it, if men prate
In some three Parishes of that we doe,
When three great Kingdomes, are but Mole-hils to,
The earthe's Circumference ? And scarce one man
Of twenty Millions, know our actions can ?
Beleeue me ; it is worth so little thought,
(If the offence to others were not ought)
What mens opinions, or their speeches be ;
That were there not, a better cause in me,
Which moou'd to *Vertue*) *I would neuer care*,
Whether, my Actions, good or euill were.

Though still vnheeded, of the World, I spend,
My Time, and Studies, to the noblest end ;
One hayre, *I care not*. For, I find reward,
Beyond the Worlds requitall, or regard.
And since all men, some things erroneous doe ;
And must in Iustice, somewhat suffer to.
In part of my correction, This, I take ;
And that I fauourd am, account doe make.

I care not, though, there eu'ry houre, should bee
Some outward discontent to busie me.
And, as I would not too much Tryall haue ;
So, too much, carnall peace I doe not craue.
The one, might giue my Faith a dangerous blow ;
The other would peruert my life, I know.
For, few loue *Vertue* in Aduerfity ;
But fewer hold it, in Prosperitie.

Vaine

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Vaine *Hopes* (when I had nought, but hopes alone)
Haue made me erre : Then whither had I gone,
(If I, the full possession had attain'd)
When, but meere Hopes, my heart to folly train'd ?
Smooth *Wayes*, would make me wanton ; And my
Must lye, where Labor, Industry, and Force, (course
Must worke me Passage : or, I shall not keepe,
My *Soule* from dull Securities, dead-sleepe.
But, outward Discontentments make me flye,
Farre higher, then the Worlds *Contents* doe lye.

I neither for their pompe, or glory care :
Who by the loue of *Vice* aduanced are.
Faire *Vertue* is the louely Nymph I serue ;
Her *Will* I follow, Her *Commands* obserue ;
Yea (though the purblind world perceiue not wher)
The best of all Her *Fauours* I doe weare.
And, when great *Vices*, with faire bayted hookes,
Large promises of fauour tempting lookes,
And twenty wiles, hath woo'd me to betray,
That noble *Mistresse* ; I haue turn'd away :
And flung defiance both at Them and Theirs,
In spight of all their gaudy *Seruiters*.

In which braue daring, I oppos'd haue bin,
By mighty Tyrants ; and was plunged in,
More wants then thrice my fortunes would haue
When our *Heroes* did, or feare, or scorne, (borne.
To lend me succour, (yea, in that weake age
When I but newly entred on the Stage,
Of this proud world) So that, vnlesse the King
Had nobly pleas'd, to heare the *Muses* sing,

My

WITHER'S MOTTO.

My bold *Appologie* ; Till now, might I
Haue struggling bin, beneath their Tyranny.
But all those threatning *Comets*, I haue seene
Blaze, till their glories quite extinct haue beene.
And I, that cruelt, and lost was thought to bee ;
Liue yet, to pittie Those, that spighted Me :
Enioying Hopes which so well grounded are,
That, what may follow, I nor feare, *nor care*.
Yet those I know there be, who doe expect,
What length my Hopes shall haue, and what effect.
With enuious eyes awayting eu'ry day
When all my confidence shall slip away.
And, make me glad, through those base paths to fly ;
Which they haue trod, to raise their Fortunes by.

They flout to heare, that I doe Conscience make,
What Place I sue for, or what Course I take.
They laugh to see me spend, my youthfull time,
In serious *Studies* ; and to teach my *Rime*
The *Straines of Vertue* ; whilst I might, perchance,
By Lines of Rybaldry, my selfe aduance
To place of fauour. They make scoffes, to heare
The praise of Honesty ; as if it were,
For none but vulgar mindes. And since they liue
In braue prosperity ; they doe beleue
It shall continue : And account of Me,
As One scarce worthy, of their scorne to be.

All this is *Truth* ; yea, trust me, *care I not* ;
Nor loue I *Vertue*, ought the worse a iott.
For, I oft said, that I should liue, to see
My *Way*, farre safer, then their Courses be.

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And I haue seene, nor one, nor two, nor ten,
But (in few yeares) great numbers of those men,
From goodly brauery, to raggs decline ;
And waite vpon as poore a *Fate* as mine.

Yea those whom but a day or two before,
Were (in their owne vaine hopes) a great deale more
Then any of our Auncient *Baronage* :
(And such, as many Wifemen of this age
Haue wisht to be the men) eu'n those, haue I
Seene hurled downe to shame, and beggery,
In one twelue houres : and grow so miserable,
That they became, the scornfull, hatefull fable
Of all the Kingdome. And ther's none so base,
But thought himselfe, a man in better case.

This, makes me pleased with my owne estate,
And fearefull to desire anothers Fate.
This makes me *Careles* of the worlds proud scorne,
And of those glories, whereto such are borne.
And, if to haue me, still kept meane and poore,
To Gods great Glory, shall ought add the more :
Or if to haue disgraces heapt on me ;
(For others, in their way to Blisse) may be
Of more Aduantage, then to see me thriue
In outward Fortunes, or more prized liue :
I care not though I neuer see that day,
Which with one pinns-worth more enrich me may.

Yea, by the eternall *Deity* I vow ;
Who knowes I lie not, who doth heare me now.
Whose dreadfull Maiesty is all I feare,
Of whose great *Spirit*, These, the sparcklings are,

I

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And who will make me, such proud daring, rue ;
If this my *Protestation* be vntrue.

So I may still retaine that inward Peace,
That loue and taste, of the eternall Blisse,
Those matchlesse Comforts, and those braue desires,
Those sweet Contentments, and immortall Fyres,
Which at this instant doe inflame my brest ;
(And are too excellent to be exprest.)

I doe not care a Rush, though I were borne,
Vnto the greatest Pouerty, and scorne :
That (since God first infus'd it, with his breath)
Poore Flesh and bloud, did euer grone beneath.
Excepting onely, such a load it were,
As no *Humanity* was made to beare.

Yea, let me keepe these Thoughts ; and let be hurld,
Vpon my backe, the spight of all the world,
Let me haue neither drinke, nor bread to eate,
Nor Cloathes to weare, but those for which I sweate.
Let me become vnto my foes a slaue ;
Or, causelesse here, the markes of Iustice, haue ;
For some great Villany, that I nere thought,
Let my best actions, be against me brought.
That small repute, and that poore little Fame,
Which I haue got ; let men vnto my shame
Hereafter turne. Let me become the fable,
A talke of Fooles. Let me be miserable,
In all mens eyes, and yet let no man spare,
(Though that would make my happy,) halfe a teare.
Nay, (which is More vnufferable farre,
Then all the miseries yet spoken are)

Let

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Let that deere *Friend*, whose loue is more to me,
Then all those drops of Crymson liquor be,
That warme my heart, (and for whose onely good ;
I could the brunt, of all this Care, haue stood)
Let him forsake me. Let that prized Friend,
Be cruell to ; and when distrest. I send
To seeke his Comfort, let him looke on me,
With bitter scorne, and so hard-hearted be ;
As that (although he know me innocent,
And how those Miseries I vnderwent,
In loue to him) He, yet deny me should,
One gentle looke, though that suffice me could.
And (truely grieu'd, to make me) bring in place,
My well knowne Foe, to scorne me, to my face.

Let this befall me ; and with this, beside,
Let Me, be for the faulty friend belide.
Let my Religion and my Honestie ;
Be counted till my death Hypocrysie.
And, when I die, let till the generall *Dooome*,
My *Name*, each houre into question come,
For *Sinnes* I neuer did. And if to this,
You ought can add, which yet more grieuous is,
Let that befall me to ; So that, in Me,
Those comforts may encrease, that springing be,
To helpe me beare it. Let that Grace descend,
Of which I now, some portion apprehend :
And then, as I already (here-tofore)
(Vpon my *Makers* strength, relying) swore,
So, now I sweare againe. If ought it could,
Gods glory further, that I suffer should :

Those

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Those Miseries recited ; *I nor care,*
How soone they ceazd me, nor how long they were :
For, He can make them Pleasures, and I know ;
As long as he inflicts them, will doe so.

Nor vnto this Assurance am I come,
By any *Apothegmes*, gathered from
Our old, and much admir'd *Phylosophers*.
My Sayings are mine owne as well as theirs ;
For, whatfoe're account, of them is made,
I haue as good experience of them had,
Yea, when I die (though now they sleighted be)
The *Times* to come, for Them, shall honour me :
And praise that *Minde* of mine, which now perchance,
Shall be reputed foolish Arrogance.

Oh ! that my *Lines* were able to expresse,
The Cause, and Ground, of this my *Carelesnesse*.
That, I might shew you, what braue things they be,
Which at this instant are a fire in me.

Fooles may deride me, and suppose, that This
(No more) but some vaine-glorious *Humor* is ;
Or such like idle *Motion*, as may rise,
From furious, and distemper'd *Fantacies*.
But, let their thoughts be free ; I know the Flame
That is within me, and from whence it came ;
Such Things haue fill'd me, that I feele my braine,
Wax giddy, those high Raptures to containe.
They raise my Spirits, which now whirling be ;
As if they meant to take their leaue of Me.
And could these *Straines of Contemplation*, stay
To lift me higher still, but halfe a day :

By

WITHER'S MOTTO.

By that Time, they would mount to such a height,
That all my *Cares* would haue an end to Night,

But oh / I feele, the fumes of flesh and blood,
To clogg those Spirits in me, and like mudd,
They fincke againe. More dimly burne my fires ;
To Her low pitch, my *Muse* againe retires :
And as her heavenly flames extinguisht be,
The more I find my Cares to burthen Me.

Yet, I belieue, I was enlightned so,
That neuer shall my Spirit stoope so low
To let the seruile thoughts, and dunghill cares,
Of common Minds, entrap me in their snares.

For, still I value not, those things of nought,
For which the greatest part, take greatest thought.
Much for the world *I care not* ; and (confesse)
Desire I doe, my care for it, were lesse.

I doe not care, (for ought they me could harme)
If with more mischiefes, this last Age did swarme ;
Yea, such poore *Joy* I haue, or *Care* to see
The best Contents these Times can promise Me :
And that small *fear* of any Plague at all,
(Or Miseries) which on this Age may fall.

That, but for Charity, *I did not care*
If all those comming stormes which some doe feare,
Were now descending down : For Hell can make,
No vproare, which my peaceful thoughts may shake.
I founded haue my Hopes, on him that hath
A shelter for me, in the Day of wrath.
And I haue trust, I shall (without a maze,)
Looke vp, when all burnes round me, in a blaze.

F

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And if to haue theſe Thoughts, & this Mind known
Shall ſpread Gods praife no further then mine own :
Or, if *This* ſhall, no more inſtructive be,
To others ; then it glory is to Me :
Here let it periſh, and be hurled by,
Into Obliuion euerlaſtingly.
For, with this *Minde*, I can be pleaſd, (as much)
Though none but I my ſelfe, did know it ſuch.
And, He that hath contentment *needs not Care* ;
What other mens opinions of it, are.
I care not though for many griefes to come,
To liue a hundred yeeres, it were my *Doo*me.
Nor care I, though I ſummond be, away ;
At Night, to *Morrow-morning*, or to *Day*.
I care not whether *This*, you read or no ;
Nor whether you beleue it, if you doe.
I care not, whether any Man ſuppoſe
All *This* from Iudgement, or from Raſhnes flowes.
Nor Meane I, to take *Care* what any Man,
Will thinke thereof : Or Comment on it can.
I care not who ſhall fondly Cenſure it ;
Becauſe it was not, with more *Method* writ :
Or fram'd in imitation, of the *Straine*,
In Some deepe *Grecian* or old *Romane* vaine.
Yea, though that all men liuing, ſhould deſpiſe,
Theſe Thoughts in Me, to heede, or Patronize :
I vow, *I care not*. And I vow, no leſſe ;
I care not who diſlikes this *Careleſſneſſe*.
My *Minde's* my Kingdome ; and I will permit
No others *Will*, to haue the rule of it.

For,

WITHER'S MOTTO.

For, I am free ; and no mans power (I know)
Did make me thus, nor shall vnmake me now.
But, through a Spirit, none can quench in me :
This *Mind* I got, and this, my *Mind* shall be.

To Enuy.

Now looke vpon Me, Enuy, if thou dare,
Dart all thy Malice, shoot me eu'ry where :
Try all the wayes thou canst, to make me feele,
The cruell sharpenes of thy poy's'ned steele.
For, I am Enuy-proofe, and scorne I do ;
The worst, thy cancred spight, can vrge thee to.
This Word, I care not, is so strong a Charme,
That He, who speakes it truely, feares no harme,
Which thy accursed Rancor, harbor may ;
Or, his peruersest Fortunes, on him lay.
Goe, hatefull Fury ; Hagge, goe, hide thou then,
Thy snakie head, in thy abhorred Den.
And since thou canst not haue thy will of Me :
There ; Damned Fiend, thine owne Tormentresse be,
Thy forked stings, vpon thy body turne ;
With Hellish flames, thy scorched entrailes burne ;
From thy leane Carcasse, thy blacke finnewes teare,
With thine owne Venome burst, and perish there.

Nec Habeo, nec Careo. nec Curo.

F 2

An

*An Epigram, written by the Author on his
owne Picture ; where, this Motto
was inscribed.*

Thus, other Loues, haue set my shadow forth ;
To fill a Roome, with *Names* of greater worth :
And *Me*, among the rest, they set to show.
Yet, what I am, I pray mistake not, tho.

Imagine me, nor *Earle*, nor *Lorl*d, nor *Knight* ;
Nor any new aduanced *Fauorite*.

For, you would sweare, if *This* well pictur'd me ;
That, such a One I ne'r were like to be.

No child of purblind *Fortun's* was I borne ;
For all that issue, holdeth *Me* in scorne.

Yet, *He* that made *Me*, hath assur'd *Me* to,
Fortune can make no such ; nor such vndo.

And bids me, in no Fauours take delight ;
But what I shall acquire, in *Her* despight.

Which *Mind*, in Raggs, I rather wish to beare ;
Then rise through basenes, brauest Robes to weare.

Part of my *Outside*, hath the Picture shown ;

Part of my *Inside*, by these *lines* is known :

And t'is no matter of a rush to me,

How *This*, or *That* ; shall now esteemed be.

F I N I S.

FAIRE-VIRTVE,
THE
MISTRESSE
OF
PHILARETE.

Written by
GEO: WITHER.

Catul. Carm. xv.

—— *nihil veremur*

*Istos, qui in platea, modo huc, modo illac
In re pretereunt sua occupati.*

LONDON,
Printed for *Iohn Grismand.*
C10.10C.XXII.

TO THE READER.

ing lightnesse of fuch a *Subiect*, might somewhat disparage, the more ferious *Studies*, which he hath since vndertaken.

Yet, doubting (this being got out of his Custodie) some imperfector *Coppies* might hereafter be scattered abroad in writing, or, be vnknowne to him, imprinted: He was pleased (vpon my importunities) to condescend that it might be published, without his *Name*. And his words were thefe.

„ When (faid he) I first compofed it, I well liked thereof; and it well enough became my „ yeares: but now, I neither like, nor diflike it.
„ That (therefore) it fhould be diuulged, I defire „ not: and whether it be, or whether (if it happen fo) it bee approoued or no, *I care not*. For „ this I am fure of: howfoeuer it be valued; it is „ worth as much as I prize it at: likely it is alfo „ to be as beneficial to the World, as the World „ hath been to me; and will be more then thofe „ who like it not, euer deferued at my hands.

Thefe were his fpeeches: And (if you looked for a *Prologue*; thus much he wifhed me to tell you, in ftead thereof: becaufe (as he fayd) hee himfelfe had fomewhat elfe to doe. Yet, (to acknowledge the truth) I was fo earneft with

TO THE READER.

with him, that, as busie as he would seeme to be, I got him to write this *Epistle* for me : And haue therunto set my *Name*. Which, he wished me to confesse : Partly, to auoid the occasion of belying my Inuention ; and partly, because hee thought some of you would suppose so much.

I entreated him, to explaine his meaning, in certaine obscure passages. But, he told me, how that were to take away the employment of his *Interpreters* : Whereas, he would purposely, leaue somewhat remaining doubtfull, to see what Sir POLITICKE WOVLDBEE, and his Companions could picke out of it.

I desired him also, to set downe, to what good purposes, this *Poeme* would serue. But his Reply was : How, that would bee well enough found out, in the perusing, by all such as had honest vnderstandings : and they who are not so prouided ; hee hopes will not read it. More, I could not get from him.

Whether therefore, this MISTRESSE OF PHIL'ARETE, bee really a *Woman*, shaddowed vnder the name of VIRTVE : or VIRTVE onely, whose louelineffe is re-

A 4 presented

TO THE READER.

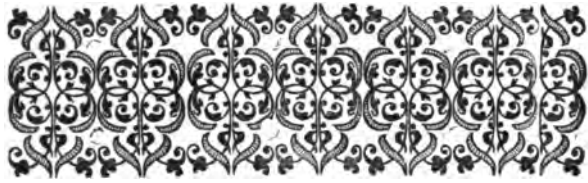
presented by the Beautie of an excellent *Woman*: Or, whether it meane both together; I cannot tell you. But, thus much I dare promise for your money: that, heere, you shall find familiarly exprest, both such *Beauties* as young men, are most intangled withall; and and the excellency also of such, as are most worthy their affection. That, seeing both impartially set forth, by him that was capable of both, they might the better settle their love on the best.

Heereby also, those *Women*, who desire to be truly beloved, may know what makes them, so to be. And, seeke to acquire those accomplishments of the *Mind*, which may endear them, when the sweetest Features of a beautifull Face, shall be converted into Deformities. And, here is described, that Louelineffe of theirs, which is the principall object of wanton affection, to no worse end: but, that those, who would neuer have lookt on this *Poeme* (if *Virtue* and *Goodnesse*, had beene therein, no otherwise represented, then as they are objects of the Soule) might, where they expected the satisfaction of their sensuality onely; meet with that also, which would insinuate

TO THE READER.

nuate into them, an apprehension of more reasonable, and most excellent perfections. Yea, whereas, the common opinion of *Youth* hath been; that, onely old men, and such as are unable, or past delighting in a bodily loveliness, are those who are best capable of the *Mindes* perfections: And, that they doe therefore so much preferre them before the other; because their Age, or stupiditie hath depriued them of being sensible what pleasures they yeelde. Though, this be the vulgar error; yet, here it shal appeare, that he, who was able to conceiue the most excellent pleasingnesse, which could be apprehended in a Corporall *Beautie*; found it (euen when he was most enamour'd with it) far short of that vnexpressible sweetnes, which he discouered in a virtuous and well-tempered Disposition. And if this bee not worth your money, keepe it.

JOHN MARRIOT.



PHILARETE TO
HIS MISTRESSE.

*H**Aile*, thou fairest of all Creatures,
Vpon whom the Sun doth shine :
Modell of all rarest Features,
And perfections most diuine.
Thrice *All-haile* : And bleffed be,
Those, that loue, and honour thee.

Of thy worth, this rurall Storie,
Thy vnworthy Swaine hath pend :
And, to thy ne're-ending glory,
These plaine *Numbers* doth commend.
Which, ensuing Times shall warble,
When 'tis lost, that's writ in Marble.
Though

Though thy praise, and high deseruings
Cannot all, be here exprest :
Yet, my loue, and true-obseruings,
Someway, ought to be profest.
And, where greatest loue we see,
Higheft things attempted be.

By thy *Beautie*, I haue gained,
To behold, the best perfections :
By thy *Loue*, I haue obtained,
To enioy the best affections.
And my tongue, to sing thy praise ;
Loue, and *Beautie*, thus doth raise.

What, although in rusticke shaddowes,
I, a Shepheards breeding had ?
And, confined to these Meadowes ;
So, in home-spunn Ruffet clad ?
Such as I, haue now and then,
Dar'd as much, as greater men.
Though

Though a stranger to the *Muses*,
Young, obscured, and despis'd :
Yet, such *Art*, thy Loue infuses,
That, I thus, haue Poetiz'd.

Read ; and be content to see,
Thy admyred Powre in me.

And, oh grant, thou *Sweetest Beautie*,
(Wherewith euer Earth was grac't)
That this Trophée of my Dutie,
May with Fauour be imbrac't :
And disdaine not, in these *Rymes*,
To be sung, to after-Times.

Let those doters on *Apollo*,
That adore the *Muses*, so,
(And, like Geese, each other follow)
See, what Loue alone, can doe.
For, in *Loue-layes*; Groue, and Field;
Nor to Schools, nor Courts wil yeeld.
On

On this Glasse, of thy perfection,
If that any *Women* pry ;
Let them thereby take direction,
To adorne themselues thereby.
And, if ought amisse they view,
Let them dresse themselues anew.

Young-men, shall by this, acquainted
With the truest *Beauties* grow :
So the Counterfeit, or painted,
They may shun, whē them they know.
But, the *Way*, all will not find :
For, some eyes haue, yet are blind.

Thee, entirely, I haue loued,
So, thy *Sweetnesse*, on me wrought ;
Yet, thy *Beautie* neuer mooued,
Ill temptations, in my thought.
But, still did thy *Beauties* Ray ;
Sun-like, driue those Foggs away.
Those

Thofe, that MISTRESSES are named,
And for that, fufpected be ;
Shall not need to be afhamed,
If they patterne take by thee.
Neither fhall their SERVANTS feare,
Fauours, openly to weare.

Thou, to no man fauour daineft,
But whats fitting to beftow ;
Neither, Seruants entertaineft,
That can euer wanton grow.
For, the more they looke on thee ;
Their *Defires* ftill bettered be.

This, thy *Picture*, therefore, fhew I
Naked vnto euery eye.
Yet, no feare of *Riuall* know I,
Neither touch of *Ieloufie*.
For, the more make loue to thee ;
I, the more fhall pleased be.

I

I, am no *Italian* Louer ,
That will mewee thee in a Iayle ;
But, thy Beautie I discouer,
English-like, without a vaile.
If, thou mayst be wonne away ;
Winne and weare thee, he that may.

Yet, in this, thou mayst beleewe me ;
(So indifferent though I feeme)
Death with tortures, would not grieve
More, then losse of thy esteeme. (me,
For, if VIRTVE me forsake ;
All, a scorne of me will make.

Then, as I on Thee relying,
Doe no changing, feare in Thee :
So, by my defects supplying,
From all changing, keepe thou me.
That, vnmatched we may prooue
Thou, for *Beautie* ; I, for *Loue*.
Then

Then, while their Loues, are forgotten,
Who to Pride, and Lust were slaues ;
And, their *Mistresses* quite rotten,
Lye vnthought on, in their graues.
Kings and Queens (in their despight)
Shall, to mind vs, take delight.

FAIRE-



FAIRE-VIRTV E:

O R,

THE MISTRESSE OF

P H I L ' A R E T E .

*T*Wo prettie Rills doe meet, and meeting make
Within one vally, a large filuer lake:
About whose bankes the fertile mountaines stood,
In ages passed brauely crownd with wood;
Which lending Cold-sweet-shadowes, gaue it grace,
To be accounted Cynthia's Bathing place.
And from her father Neptunes brackish Court,
Faire Thetis thither often would resort,
Attended by the Fishes of the Sea,
Which in those sweeter waters came to plea.
There, would the daughter of the Sea-God dine;
And thither came the Land-Nymphs euery Eue,
To wait vpon her: bringing for her browes,
Rich garlands of sweet flowres, and Beechy boughs.

B

For,

OF PHILARETE.

*For, pleasant was that Poole; and neere it, then,
Was neither rotten Mersh, nor boggy Fen.
It was nor ouergrowne with boystrous Sedge,
Nor grew there rudely then along the edge,
A bending Willow, nor a prickly Bush,
Nor broadleafd Flag, nor Reed, nor knotty Rush.
But here, wel order'd was a groue with Bowers :
There grassy-plots set round about with Flowers.
Here, you might (through the water) see the land,
Appeare, strowd o're with white or yellow sand.
Yonn, deeper was it; and the wind by whiffes.
Would make it rise, and wash the little cliffes,
On which, oft pluming sate (vnfrighted than)
The gagling Wildgoose, and the snow-white Swan:
Withall those flockes of Fowles, which to this day,
Vpon those quiet waters breed, and play.*

*For, though those excellences wanting be,
Which once it had; it is the same, that we
By Transposition name the Ford of Arle.
And out of which along a Chalky Marle)
That Riuer trils, whose waters wash the Fort,
In which braue Arthur kept his royall Court.
North-east (not far frō this great Poole) there lies
A tract of Beechy mountaines, that arise
With leasurely-ascending to such height,
As from their tops the warlike Ile of Wight.*

You

OF PHILARETE.

*You in the Oceans bosome may espie,
Though neere two hundred furlongs thence it lie.
The pleasant way, as vp those hils you clime,
Is strewed o're, with Mariarome, and Thymc.
Which growes vnset. The hedge-rows do not want
The Cowslip, violet, Primrose, nor a plant,
That freshly sents: as Birch both greene and tall;
Low Sallowes, on whose bloomings Bees doe fall.
Faire Woodbinds which, about the hedges twine;
Smooth Priuet, and the sharpestweete Eglantine.
With many moe, whose leaues and blossomes faire,
The Earth addorne, and oft perfumes the ayre.*

*When you vnto the higheft doe attaine;
An intermixture both of Wood and Plaine,
You shall behold: which (though aloft it lye)
Hath downes for sheepe, and fields for husbandry.
So much (at least) as little needeth more,
If not enough to marchandize their store.*

*In euery Rowe hath Nature planted there,
Some banquet, for the hungry passenger.
For here, the Hasle-nut and Filbird growes;
There Bulloes, and little further Sloes
On this hand, standeth a faire weilding-tree;
On that, large thickets of blacke Cherries be.
The shrubbie fields, are Raspice-Orchards there,
The new fel'd woods, like Strabery-gardens are:*

B 2

And

THE MISTRESSE

*And, had the King of Riwers blest those hills
With some small number of such prettie Rills
As flow elfewhere, Arcadia had not seene
A sweeter plot of Earth then this had beene.*

*For what offence this Place was scanted so
Of springing waters, no record doth show :
Nor haue they old tradition left, that tels ;
But till this day, at fiftie fathome Wels
The Shepherds drink. And strange it was to heare
Of any Swaine that euer liued there,
Who either in a Pastorall-Ode had skill,
Or knew to set his fingers to a quill.
For, rude they were who there inhabited,
And to a dull contentment being bred,
They no such art esteem'd, nor tooke much heed
Of any thing, the world without them did.*

*Eu'n there ; and in the least frequented place
Of all these mountaines, is a little space
Of pleasant ground hemd in with dropping trees,
And those so thicke, that Phœbus scarcely sees
The earth they grow on once in all the yeere,
Nor what is done among the shaddowes there.
Along those louely pathes (where neuer came
Report of Pan, or of Apollo's name,
Nor rumour of the Muses till of late) (Fate
Some Nymphs were wandring: and by chance, or
Vpon*

OF PHILARETE.

*Vpon a Laund ariued, where they met
The little flocke of Pastor Philaret.
They, were a troupe of Beauties knowne well nigh
Through all the Plaines of happy Britany.
A Shepherds lad was he, obscure and young,
Who (being first that euer there had sung)
In homely Verse, expressed Countrey loues;
And onely told them to the Beechy groues:
As if to sound his name he neuer ment,
Beyond the compasse that his Sheep-walke went.*

*They saw not him; nor them perceiued he:
For, in the branches of a Maple-tree
He shrouded sate, and taught the hollow hill
To Eccho forth the Musique of his quill:
Whose tatling voice redoubled so the sound,
That where he was conceald, they quickly found.
And there, they heard him sing a Madrigall;
That soone betrayd his cunning to them all.*

*Full rude it was no doubt, but such a Song,
Those rusticke, and obscured shades among,
Was neuer heard (they say) by any eare;
Vntill his Muses had inspir'd him there.
Though meane and plain, his Country habit seemd,
Yet by his Song the Ladies rightly deemd;
That either he had trauailed abroad,
Where Swaines of better knowledge make abode:*

B 3

Or

THE MISTRESSE

*Or else, that some braue Nimph who vs'd that
 Had dained to inrich him, with her loue. (Groue,
 Approaching nearer, therefore, to this Swaine,
 They him saluted; and he, them againe :
 In such good fashion, as well seemd to be
 According to their state and his degree.
 Which greetings, being passed; and much chat,
 Concerning him, the place, with this and that;
 He, to an Arbor doth those beauties bring;
 Where, he them prayes to sit, they him to sing :
 And to expresse that vntaught Country Art,
 In setting forth the Mistresse of his hart;
 Which they oreheard him practise, when vnseene,
 He thought no eare had witnesse of it beene.*

*At first (as much vnable) he refusd;
 And seemed willing to haue beene excusde,
 From such a taske. For, trust me Nimphs (quoth
 I would not purposely vnciuill be, he)
 Nor churlish in denying what you craue;
 But, as I hope Great Pan my flocke will saue,
 I rather wish, that I might heard of none,
 Enioy my Musick, by my selfe alone :
 Or, that the murmers of some little Flood
 (Ioynd with the friendly Ecchoes of the wood)
 Might be th'impartiall Vmpires of my wit,
 Then vent it, where the world might heare of it.
 And*

OF PHILARETE.

*And doubtlesse, I had sung lesse loud while-ere,
Had I but thought of any such so neere.
Not that I either wish obscurifide,
Her matchlesse Beanty; or desire to hide
Her sweet perfections. For, by Loue I sweare,
The utmost happinesse I ayme at here,
It but to compasse worth enough to raise
A high-built Trophee equall with her praise.*

*Which (fairest Ladies) I shall hope in vaine:
For, I was meanly bred on yonder Plaine.
And, though I can well prooue my Blood to be
Deriu'd from no ignoble Stems to me:
Yet Fate and Time them so obscur'd and crost,
That with their Fortunes their esteeme is lost.
And whatsoere repute I striue to win,
Now, from my selfe alone, it must begin.
For, I haue nor estate, nor friends, nor fame,
To purchase either credit to my name,
Or gaine a good Opinion; though I doe
Ascend the height I shall aspire vnto.*

*If any of those virtues yet I haue,
Which honour to my Predecessors gaue,
Ther's all that's left me. And though some con-
Such needy Iewels; yet it was for them, (temne
My Faire-one did my humble suit affect,
And dayned my aduenturous loue respect.*

B 4

And

THE MISTRESSE

*And by their helpe, I passage hope to make
Through such poore things as I dare undertake.*

*But, you may say; what goodly thing alas!
Can my despised meannesse bring to passe?
Or what great Monument of honour raise
To Virtue, in these Vice abounding dayes?
In which (a thousand times) more honor finds,
Ignoble gotten meanes, then noble minds?
Indeed, the world affoordeth small reward
For honest minds; and therefore her regard
I seeke not after: neither doe I care,
If I haue blisse, how others thinke I fare.
For, so my thoughts haue rest, it yrkes not me,
Though none but I, doe know how blest they be.
Heretherefore, in these groues and hidden plaines,
I pleased sit alone; and many straines
I carroll to my selfe, these hills among:
Where no man comes to interrupt my Song.
Whereas, if my rude layes make knowne I should,
Beyond their home; perhaps, some Carpers would
(Because they haue not heard from whence we be)
Traduce, abuse, and scoffe both them and me.
For, if our great and learned Shepheards (who
Are grac't with wit, and fame, and fauours to,)
With much adoe, escape vncensurd may;
What hopes haue I to passe vnscot I pray,
Who*

OF PHILARETE.

*Who yet unto the Muses am unknowne?
And liue vnhonoured, heere among mine owne?*

*A gadding humour seldome taketh me,
To range out further then yonn mountaines be:
Nor hath applausiue Rumour borne my name
Vpon the spreading wings of sounding Fame.
Nor can I thinke (faire Nymphs) that you resort
For other purpose, then to make a sport
At that simplicitie which shall appeare
Among the rude vntutor'd Shepheards here.*

*I know that you my Noble Mistresse weene
At best, a homely Milk-maid on the Greene;
Or some such Country Lasse, as tasked stayes
At seruile labour untill Holy dayes.
For, poore mens vertues so neglected grow,
And are now prized at a rate so low,
As tis impossible, You should bee brought,
To let it with beleefe possesse your thought,
That any Nymph whose loue might worthy be;
Would daigne to cast respectiue eyes on me.*

*You see I liue, possessing none of those
Gay things, with which the world enamored grows.
To woo a Courtly Beautie, I haue neither
Rings, Bracelets, Jewels, nor a Scarfe, nor Feather.
I vse no double dyed Cloth to weare;
No Scrip embroydered richly doe I beare:*

No

THE MISTRESSE

*No silken Belt, nor Sheephooke layd with pearles,
To win me fauour from the Shepherds Girles.
No place of office, or Command I keepe,
But this my little Flocke of homely sheepe.
And in a word; the summe of all my pelfe
Is this; I am the Master of my selfe.*

*No doubt; in Courts of Princes you hauebeene,
And all the pleasures of the Palace seene.
There, you beheld braue Courtly passages,
Betweene Heroës and their Mistresses.
You, there perhaps (in presence of the King)
Haue heard his learned Bards and Poets sing.
And what contentment then, can wood, or field,
To please your curious vnderstandings yeeld?
I know, you walked hither, but to prooue,
What silly Shepheards doe conceine of loue:
Or to make triall how our simplenesse
Can passions force, or Beauties power expresse:
And when you are departed, you will ioy,
To laugh, or descant on the Shepheards boy.*

*But yet (I vow) if all the Art I had
Could any more esteeme, or glory add
To her vnmatched worth; I would not weigh
What you intended. Prethee lad, quoth they,
Distrustfull of our Courtisie doe not seeme.
Her Noblenesse can neuer want esteeme;*

Nor

OF PHILARETE.

*Nor thy concealed Measures be disgrac't,
Though in a meaner person they were plac't:
If thy too modestly referu'd Quill,
But reach that height, which we suppose it will.*

*Thy meannesse or obscurenesse cannot wrong,
The Nymph thou shalt eternize in thy Song.
For, as it higher reares thy glory, that
A noble Mistresse thou hast aymed at:
So, more unto her honour it will prooue,
That whilst deceauing shaddowes others moue,
Her constant eyes, could passe vn moued by,
The subtile times bewitching brauery;
And those obscured virtues loue in thee,
That with despised meannesse clouded be.
Now then, for her sweet sake, whose Beautious eye,
Hath filled thy soule with heauenly Poesie,
Sing in her praise some new inspired straine:
And, if within our power there shall remaine,
A fauour to be done may pleasure thee:
Aske, and obtaine it, whatsoere it be.*

*Faire Ladies, quoth the lad, such words as those,
Compell me can: and, therewithall he rose;
Return'd them thanks, obeisance made, and than,
Downe sate againe, and thus to sing began.*

You

YOV, that at a blush can tell,
 Where the best perfections dwell ;
 And the substance can coniecture,
 By a shaddow, or a Picture :
 Come, and try, if you by this ;
 Know my *Mistresse*, who she is.

For, though I am farre vnable
 Here to match *Apelles* table,
 Or draw *Zeuxes*, cunning Lines,
 Who, so painted *Bacchus* Vines,
 That the hungry Byrds did muster,
 Round the counterfeited Cluster.
 Though, I vaunt not to inherit,
Petrarchs, yet vnequal'd spirit ;
 Nor to quaffe the sacred *Well*,
 Halfe so deepe as *Astrophill* :
 Though, the much commended *Celia*,
 Louely *Laura*, *Stella*, *Delia*,
 (Who in former times excell'd)
 Liue in Lines vnparaled ;
 Making vs beleeue 'twere much,
 Earth should yeeld another such.

Yet, affisted but by Nature,
 I assay to paint a Creature

Whofe

THE MISTRESSE

Whose rare worth, in future yeares,
Shall be prayfd, as much as theirs.
Nor let any thinke amisse,
That I haue presumed this :
For, a gentle *Nymph* is shee,
And hath often honor'd me.
Shees, a noble sparke of light,
In each part so exquisit,
Had she in times passed beene,
They had made her, beauties Queene.

Then, shall cowardly despaire,
Let the most vnblemisht *faire*,
For default of some poore Art
(Which her fauour may impart)
And the sweetest Beauty fade,
That was euer borne or made?
Shall, of all the *faire ones*, shee
Onely so vnhappy be ;
As to liue in such a Time,
In so rude, so dull a Clime,
Where no spirit can ascend
High enough, to apprehend
Her vnprized excellence,
Which lies hid from common sense?
Neuer shall a staine so vile,
Blemish this, our *Poets Ile*.

I

THE MISTRESSE

I my felfe, will rather runne,
And feeke out for *Helicon*.
I, will wash, and make me cleane,
In the waues of *Hyppocrene* :
And in fpight of Fortunes barres,
Climbe the *Hill* that braues the starres.
Where, if I can get no *Muse*
That will any skill infuse,
(Or my iust attempt prefer)
I will make a *Muse* of *Her* :
Whose kind heat shall soone distill,
Art, into my ruder quill.
By her fauour, I will gaine
Helpe, to reach so rare a *Straine* :
That the learned *Hils* shall wonder,
How the vntaught vallies vnder,
Met with Raptures so diuine,
Without knowledge of the NINE.
I, that am a Shepherds *Swaine*,
Piping on the lowly plaine,
And no other Musique can,
Then what learn'd I haue of *Pan*.
I, who neuer fung the *Layes*,
That deserue *Apollo's* bayes,
Hope not onely, here to frame,
Measures, which shall keepe *Her* name,
From

THE MISTRESSE

From the spight of waſting Times ;
But (enſhrin'd in ſacred Rimes)
Place her, where her forme diuine,
Shall to after ages ſhine :
And without reſpect of Odds,
Vye renowne with *Demy-Gods*.

Then, whilſt of her praife I ſing,
Harken *Vally*, *Groue* and *Spring*;
Liſten to me ſacred *Fountaines*,
Solitarie *Rocks*, and *Mountaines* :
Satyres, and you wanton *Elues*,
That doe nightly ſport your ſelues.
Shepheards, you that on the Reede,
Whiſtle while your lambes doe feed :
Aged *Woods*, and *Floods*, that know,
What hath beene long times agoe.
Your more ſerious *Notes* among,
Heare, how I can in my *Song*,
Set a *Nimphs* perfection forth :
And, when you haue heard her worth ;
Say, if ſuch another *Laffe*,
Euer knowne to mortall was.

Liſten *Lordlings* ; you that moſt,
Of your outward honors boalt.
And you *Gallants* ; that thinke ſcorne,
We to lowly fortunes borne,

Should

THE MISTRESSE

Should attaine to any graces,
Where, you looke for fweet embraces.

See ; if all those vanities,
Whereon your affection lies.
Or the Titles, or the power,
By your Fathers virtues your,
Can your *Mistresses* enshrine,
In such state, as I will mine :
Who am forced, to importune
Fauours, in despight of *Fortune*.

Beauties listen ; chiefly you,
That yet know not *Virtues* due.
You, that thinke there are no sports,
Nor no honours but in *Courts*.
(Though of thousands there liues not
Two, but dye and are forgot :)
See, if any *Palace* yeelds
Ought more glorious, then the *Fields*.
And consider well, if we
May not as high-flying be
In our thoughts, as you that sing
In the Chambers of a King.
See ; if our contented minds,
Whom *Ambition* neuer blinds :
(We, that clad in home-spun gray,
On our owne sweet Meadows play)

Cannot

OF PHILARETE.

Cannot honour (if we please)
Where we list as well as these.
Or as well of worth approue ;
Or with equall passions loue.
See, if beauties may not touch
Our soone-louing hearts as much :
Or our seruices effect
Fauours, with as true respect
In your good conceits to rife,
As our painted Butterflies.

And you *Fairest* giue her roome,
When your Sexes pride doth come :
For that Subiect of my song,
I inuoke these Groues among,
To be witnesse of the Layes,
Which I carroll in her praise.
And because shee soone will see,
If my *Measures* faultie be ;
Whilst I chaunt them, let each *Rime*
Keepe a well proportioned time :
And with straines that are diuine,
Meet her thoughts in euery line.
Let each accent there, present
To her Soule a new content ;
And, with rauishings so ceaze her,
She may feele the height of pleasure.

C

You

THE MISTRESSE

You enchanting *spells*, that lye,
Lurking in sweet *Poesie* :
(And to none else will appeare,
But to those that worthy are) .
Make *Her* know there is a power
Ruling in these *Charmes* of your ;
That transcends (a thousand heights)
Ordinary mens delights :
And can leaue within her brest,
Pleasures, not to be exprest.
Let her linger, on each straine,
As if shee would heare't againe ;
And were loth to part from thence,
Till shee had the quintessence,
Out of each conceit shee meets,
And had stord her, with those sweets.

Make her, by your Art to see :
I, that am her Swaine, was he,
Vnto whom all beauties here,
Were alike, and equall deare.
That I could of freedome boast,
And of fauours with the most :
Yet, now (nothing more affecting)
Sing of *Her*, the rest neglecting.

Make her heart, with full Compassion,
Iudge the merit of true passion ;

And

OF PHILARETE.

And, as much my loue prefer,
As I strive to honor *Her*.

Lastly ; you, that will (I know)
Heare me, wh'ere you should or no.
You, that seeke to turne all Flowers,
By your breathes infectious powers,
Into such ranke lothsome weedes,
As your dunghill nature breeds.
Let your hearts be chaste, or here
Come not, till you purge them cleare.
Marke ; and marke then, what is worst :
For, what ere it seeme at first ;
If you bring a modest minde,
You shall nought immodest finde.

But, if any too severe,
Happ to lend a partiall eare ;
Or, out of his blindness yawne,
Such a word, as *Oh prophane* :
Let him know thus much from me,
If here's ought prophane, tis he ;
Who applies these excellences,
Onely to the touch of senses :
And, dimmed sighted, cannot see,
Where the foule of this, may bee.

Yet, that no offence may grow,
Tis their choice, to stay, or goe.

C 2

Or,

THE MISTRESSE

Or, if any for despight,
Rather comes, then for delight :
For his prefence Ile not pray,
Nor his abfence : come he may.
Critticks fhall admitted be,
Though I know theile carpe at me.
For I neither feare nor care,
What in this, their cenfures are.

If the *Verfe* heere vfed, be
Their diflike ; it liketh me.
If my Methode they deride,
Let them know, *Loue is not tide*
In his free Difcourfe, to chufe
Such ftriēt rules as Arts-men vfe.
Thefe may prate of Loue ; but they,
Know him not : for Hee will play
From the matter, now and then,
Off and on, and off agen.

If this Prologue tedious feeme,
Or the reft too long they deeme :
Let them know, my loue they win,
Though they goe ere I begin,
Iuft as if they fhould attend me,
Till the laft, and there commend me.
For, I will for no mans pleafure
Change a Syllable or meafure :

Since

OF PHILARETE.

Neither for their praises adde
Ought to mend what they thinke bad :
Since it neuer was my fashion,
To make worke of Recreation.

Pedants shall not tye my straines,
To our Antique *Poets* vaines ;
As if we, in latter dayes,
Knew to loue, but not to praise.
Being borne as free as these,
I will sing, as I shall please ;
Who, as well new paths may run,
As the best before haue done.
I disdain to make my Song,
For their pleasures short or long.
If I please Ile end it here :
If I list Ile sing this yeere.
And, though none regard of it,
By my selfe I pleas'd can fit,
And, with that contentment cheare me,
As if halfe the world did heare me.

But because I am assured,
All are either so coniured,
As they will my Song attend,
With the patience of a friend ;
Or (at least) take note, that I
Care not much : now willingly

C 3

I

THE MISTRESSE

I these goodly Colours lay,
Wind, nor Raine, shall weare away.
But retaine their purest glasse,
When the Statues made of brasse,
For some Princes more renowne,
Shall be wholly ouerthrowne :
Or (consum'd with cankred rust)
Lie neglected in the dust.

And my Reason giues direction,
(When I sing of such perfection)
First, those beauties to declare,
Which (though hers) without her are.
To aduance her fame, I find,
Those are of a triple kind.
Priuiledges she hath store,
At her birth, since, and before.
From before her birth, the fame,
Shee of high discents may claime ;
(Whose wel-gotten honors, may
Her deseruing more display)
For, from heauenly race shee springs,
And from high and mightie Kings.

At her birth ; shee was by *Fate*
In those *Parents* fortunate,
Whose estates and virtues stood,
Answerable to their Blood.

Then

OF PHILARETE.

Then, the *Nation*, *Time*, and *Place*,
To the rest may adde some grace.
For the *People*, with the *Clime*,
And the fashions of the time ;
(In all which she hath been blest,
By enioying them at best)
Doe not onely mend the features,
But oft times make better natures.
Whereas, those who hap not so,
Both deform'd, and ruder grow.

In these Climes, and latter dayes,
To deserue sweet Beauties praise,
(Where so many females dwell,
That each seemeth to excell)
In more glory twenty fold,
Then it was in dayes of old,
When our ordinary *Faire ones*
Might haue been esteemed rare ones ;
And haue made a subiect fit,
For their brauest *Poets* wit.
Little Rush-lights, or a sparke,
Shineth fairely in the darke :
And, to him occasion giues
That from sight of lesser liues
To adore it : yet the Ray
Of one Torch will take away

C 4

All

THE MISTRESSE

All the light of twentie more,
That shin'd very well before.
So, those pettie Beauties, which
Made the times before vs rich ;
Though but sparkles seemd a flame,
Which hath been increast by Fame,
And their true affections, who
Better neuer liu'd to know.
Whereas, her if they had seene,
Shee had fure adored beene,
And taught Ages past, to sing
Sweeter in their Sonneting.

Such a *Ray*, so cleare, so bright,
Had out-shined all the light,
Of a thousand such as theirs,
Who were then esteemed Starres ;
And would haue enlightned, neere
Halfe the worlds wide *Hemisphere*.
Shee is fairest, that may passe
For a faire one, where the Lasse
Trips it on the Countrie greene,
That may equall *Spartas* Queene.
Where (in euery street you see)
Throngs of *Nymphs* and Ladies be,
That are faire enough to moue
Angels ; and enamour *Ioue*.

Shee

OF PHILARETE.

Shee must matchlesse features bring
That now mooues a *Muse* to sing,
When as one small *Prouince* may
Shew more Beauties in a day,
Then the halfe of *Europe* could,
Breed them in an age of old.
Such is shee, and such a lot
Hath her rare perfection got.

Since her birth ; to make the coulour
Of so true a Beautie fuller ;
And to giue a better grace
To that sweetnesse in the face :
Shee, hath all the furthrance had,
Noble educations add.
And not onely knoweth all,
Which our Ladies, Courtship call,
With those knowledges, that doe
Grace her fex, and fute thereto :
But shee hath attained to find,
(What is rare with womankind)
Excellencies, whereby she
May in foule delighted be ;
And reape more contentment, than
One of twentie thousand can.

By this meanes, hath better'd bin,
All without her, and within.

For,

OF PHILARETE.

For, it hath by adding Arts,
To addorne her natieue parts,
Raifed to a noble flame,
(Which shall lighten forth her fame)
Thofe deare sparkes of facred fire,
Which the *Muses* did inspire
At her birth : that ſhe compleat,
Might with them befit a feat.

But, perhaps I doe amiſe,
To inſiſt ſo long on this.
Theſe, are ſuperficiall things ;
And but ſlender ſhaddowings,
To the worke I haue in hand.
Neither can you vnderſtand,
What her excellence may be,
Till *her ſelfe* deſcrib'd you ſee.
Nor can mine, or any penn,
Paint her halfe ſo louely then,
As ſhe is indeed. For, here
Might thoſe *Deities* appeare,
Which young *Paris* view'd, at will,
Naked, vpon *Ida* hill ;
That I from thoſe three might take,
All their beauties One to make
(Thoſe, no queſtion well compact,
Would haue made vp one exact)

Some-

OF PHILARETE.

Something yet, we misse of might,
To expresse her sweetnesse right,
Iuno's maiestie would fit ;
Venus beauty, *Pallas* wit :
Might haue brought to patterne hers,
In some shew'd particulers.
But, they neuer can expresse,
Her whole frame or worthinesse :
With those excellences, which
Make both foule, and body rich.

Pallas sometimes was vntoward,
Venus wanton, *Iuno* froward :
Yea, all three infected were,
With such faults as women are.
And, though falsly *Deif'd*,
Fraileties had, which shee'le deride.

By *her selfe*, must therefore she,
Or by nothing pattern'd, be.
And I hope to paynt her so,
By *her selfe* ; that you shall know,
I haue seru'd no common *Dame*,
Of meane worth, or vulgar fame,
But a *Nymph* that's fairer than,
Pen, or Pencill, portrait can.
And to morrow if you stray,
Backe againe this vncoth way :

I

THE MISTRESSE

I my fimple art will fhew :
But, the time preuents me now.
For, except at yonder glade,
All the Laund is vnder fhade.
That, before thefe Ewes be told,
Thofe my Weathers in the fold,
Ten young Wainlings driuen downe
To the well beneath the Towne ;
And my Lambkins changed from
Brome leaze, to the Mead at home :
Twill be farre in night : and fo,
I fhall make my father woe
For my ftay, and be in feare
Some what is mifchanced here.
On your way, Ile therefore bring you,
And a Song or two Ile fing you,
Such as I (halfe in defpaire)
Made when firft I woo'd my *Faire* :
Whereunto my Boy fhall play,
That my voyce affift, it may.

Come

OF PHILARETE.

Come my Muse, if thou disdain,
All my comforts are bereft me ;
No delight doth now remaine,
I nor friend, nor flocke haue left me,
They are scattered on the plaine.

(Men, alas) are too seuer,
And make scoffes at Louers Fortunes ;
Women, hearted like the Beare,
That regards not who importunes,
But, doth all in pieces teare.

If I should my sorrowes show
Vnto Riuers, Springs, or Fountaines,
They are sencelesse of my woe ;
So are groues, and rockes, and mountaines.
Then, oh whither shall I goe ?

Meanes of harbour me to shield
From dispaire ; Ah, know you any ?
For, nor Citie, Grange, nor Field
(Though they lend content to many)
Vnto me, can comfort yeeld.

I haue wept and fighed to,
For compassion to make triall :
Yea, done all that words can doe,
Yet haue nothing but denyall.
What way is there then to wooe ?

Shall

THE MISTRESSE

*Shall I sweare, protest, and vow?
So haue I done most extreamely.
Should I die? I know not how.
For, from all attempts vnseemely,
Loue, and Virtue, keepes me now.*

*I haue heard that Time preuailes;
But I feare mee tis a fable.
Time, and all endeauour failes;
To beare more, my heart's vnable,
Yet none careth what it ayles.*

*Lines, to some haue op't the dore,
And got entrance for affection.
Words well spoken, much implore
By the Gestures good direction:
But a Looke doth ten times more.*

*Tis the Eye that onely reades,
To the heart, loues deepest Lectures.
By a moouing looke it pleads,
More then common sence coniectures:
And, a way to pittie leades.*

*This, I knowing did obserue,
(both by Words, & Looks complayning)
Yet, for pittie I may starue:
There's no hope of my obtaining;
Till I better can deserue.*

Yea,

OF PHILARETE.

*Yea, and he that thinkes to winne
By desert, may bee deceiued.
For, they who haue worthiest bin,
Of their right haue beene bereaued,
And a Groome admitted in.*

*Wherefore Muse, to thee I call;
Thou (since nothing else auailles me)
Must redeeme mee from my thrall.
If thy sweet enchauntment failes me,
Then adue, loue, life, and all.*

2.

T*ell me my hart, what Thoughts these pantings moue?
My Thoughts of LOUE.
What Flames are these, that set thee so on fire?
Flames of DESIRE.
What Meanes hast thou, contentments floure to crop?
No Meanes but HOPE.
Yet let vs feed on Hope, and Hope the best.
For, they amid their griefes are something blest; (scope,
Whose Thoughts, & Flames, & Meanes, haue such free
They may at once, both LOVE, DESIRE, and HOPE.*

*But say; what Fruit will loue at last obtaine?
Fruitleffe DISDAINE.
What will those Hopes proue, which yet seeme so faire?
Hopelesse DESPAIRE.
What*

THE MISTRESS

*What End shall runne those passions out of breath?
An endlesse DEATH.
Oh can there be such crueltie in Loue?
And doth my Fortune so vngentle proue,
Shee will no Fruit, nor Hope, nor End bequeath,
But cruelleſt DISDAIN,DISPAIRE,and DEATH?*

*Then what new Studie shall I now apply?
Studie to DIE.
How might I end my Care, and dye content?
Care to REPENT.
And what good Thoughts may make my end more holy?
Thinke on thy FOLLY.
Yes, so I will; and since my Fate can giue
No Hope, but euer without Hope to liue.
My Studies, Cares, and Thoughts, Ile all apply,
To weigh my FOLLY well, REPENT and DIE.*

3.

*SAD Eyes what doe you ayle
To be thus ill disposed?
Why doth your sleeping faile,
Now all mens else are closed?
Wast I, that nere did bow
In any seruile dutie;
And will you make me, now,
A slaue to Loue and Beautie?*

What

OF PHILARETE.

*What though thy Mistrresse smile,
And in her loue affects thee?
Let not her eye beguile,
I feare shee disrespects thee.
Doe not poore heart depend
On those vaine thoughts that fill thee;
Theyle faile thee in the end,
So must thy passions kill thee.*

*What hopes haue I, that shee
will hold her fauours euer;
When so few women be,
That constant can perseuer?
What ere shee doe protest,
When Fortunes doe deceiue me;
Then shee, with all the rest,
I feare, alas! will leaue me.*

*Whil'st youth, & strength remains,
With art that may commend her;
Perhaps, she nought disdaines,
Her seruant should attend her.
But, it is one to ten,
If crosses ouertake me;
Shee will not know me, then,
But scorne, and so forsake mee.*

D

Shall

THE MISTRESSE

*Shall then in earnest truth,
My carefull eyes obserue her ?
Shall I consume my youth,
And short my time to serue her ?
Shall I, beyond my strength,
Let passions torments prooue me,
To heare her say, at length,
Away, I cannot loue thee ?*

*Oh, rather let me dye,
Whil'st I thus gentle finde her ;
Twere worse then death, if I,
Should finde shee prooues vnkind.
One frowne (though but in iest)
Or one vnkindnes, fained,
Would rob me of more rest,
Then ere could be regained.*

*But, in her eyes I finde,
Such signes of pitie moouing ;
Shee cannot be vnkinde :
Nor erre, nor faile in louing.
And, on her forehead, this,
Seemes written to relieue me ;
My heart no ioy shall misse,
That Loue, or Shee, can giue me.*

Which

OF PHILARETE.

*Which if I finde, I vow,
My service shall perseuer:
The same that I am now,
I will continue euer.
No others high degree,
Nor beauntious looke shall change me.
My Loue shall constant bee,
And no estate estrange me.*

*When other noble Dames
By greater men attended;
Shall with their Liues, and Names,
Haue all their glories ended;
With fairest Queenes shall she,
Sit sharing equall glory:
And Times to come, shall be,
Delighted with our Story.*

*In spight of others hates,
More honour I will doe her,
Then those, that with Estates,
And helpes of Fortune wooe her.
Yea, that true worth I spie,
Though Monarchs stroue to grace it,
They should not reach more hie,
Then I dare hope to place it.*

D 2

And

THE MISTRESSE

*And though I neuer vaunt,
What fauours are possessed,
Much lesse content I want,
Then if they were exprest.
Let others make their mirth,
To blab each kisse, or toying;
I know no blisse on earth,
Like, secret Loue enioying.*

*And this shall be the worst,
Of all that can betide me;
If I, like some accurst,
Should finde my hopes deride me :
My Cares will not be long,
I know which way to mend them ;
Ile thinke who did the wrong,
Sigh, breake my heart, and end them.*

HAile faire *Beauties*, and againe,
Haile to all your goodly traine.
What I promisd yesterday,
If it please you, heare yee may :
For, now once begun haue I,
Sing I will, though none were by.

And

OF PHILARETE.

And, though freely on I runne,
Yet confused paths to shunne,
First, that part shalbe disclof'd,
Thats of *Elements* compos'd.
There, the two vnequall paire,
Water, Fire, Earth and *Ayre*.
(Each one futing a Complexion,)
Haue so cunning a Commixtion ;
As they, in proportion sweet,
With the rarest temper meete.
Either, in as much as needeth,
So as neither, ought exceedeth.
This pure substance, is the same,
Which the *Body* we doe name.
Were that, of immortall stuffe ;
Tis refin'd and pure enough,
To be cald a *Soule* : for sure,
Many *Soules* are not so pure.
I (that with a serious looke.
Note of this rare *Moddel* tooke)
Find, that Nature in their places,
So well couched all the *Graces*,
As the Curious eies that be,
Can nor blot, nor blemish see.

Like a Pine it groweth streight,
Reaching an approued height :

D 3

And

THE MISTRESSE

And hath all the choice perfections,
That inflame the best affections.
In the motion of each part,
Nature seemes to striue with *Art*,
Which her gestures most shall blesse,
With the guifts of Pleasingnesse.

When she sits ; me, thinkes, I see,
How all virtues fixed be,
In a frame ; whose constant mould,
Will the same vnchanged hold.
If you note her when she moues,
Cytherea drawne with doutes :
May come learne such winning motions,
As will gaine to loues deuotions,
More then all her painted wiles ;
Such as teares, or sighs, or smiles.

Some, whose bodies want true graces,
Haue sweete features in their faces :
Others, that doe misse them there,
Louely are some other where ;
And to our desires doe fitte,
In behauiour, or in witte :
Or some inward worth appearing,
To the foule, the foule endearing.
But, in her your eie may find,
All thats good in *Womankind*.

What

OF PHILARETE.

What in others we preferre,
Are but sundry parts of her :
Who, most perfect, doth present,
What might one, and all content.
Yea, he that in loue still ranges,
And each day, or howrly changes ;
(Had he iudgement but to know,
What perfection in her grow)
There would find the spring of store,
Sweare a faith, and change no more.

Neither in the totall frame,,
Is she only void of blame ;
But, each part suruei'd a funder,
Might beget both loue and wonder.
If you dare to looke so high,
Or behold such maiestie ;
Lift your wondring eies, and see,
Whether ought can better'd be.

Ther's her *Haire*, with which Loue angles,
And beholders eies intangles.
For, in those faire curled snares,
They are hampred vnawares :
And compeld to sweare a duty,
To her sweete inthrauling beauty.
In my mind, tis the most faire,
That was euer called haire,

D 4

Some-

THE MISTRESSE

Somewhat brighter then a browne,
And her *Tresses* wauing downe,
At full length, and so dispread :
Mantles her from foote to head.

If you saw her Arched Brow,
Tell me pray, what Art knowes how
To haue made it in a line,
More exact, or more diuine.
Beauty there may be discrid,
In the height of all her pride,
Tis a meanly rising plaine,
Whose pure white hath many a vaine,
Interlacing like the springs,
In the earths enamilings.
If the tale be not a toy,
Of the little winged *Boy*;
When he meanes to strike a heart,
Thence, he throwes the fatall dart :
Which of wounds still makes a paire,
One of Loue, one of Dispaire.

Round her visage : or so neare,
To a roundnes doth appeare,
That no more of length it takes,
Then what best proportion makes.

Short her *Chinne* is ; and yet so,
As it is iust long enow :

Loue-

OF PHILARETE.

Louelines, doth seeme to glory,
In that Cyrcling *Promontory*.
Pretty mouing features skip,
Twixt that hillocke and the lip :
If you note her, but the while
She is pleas'd to speake, or smile.

And her Lips (that shew no dulnes)
Full are, in the meanest fulnes :
Those, the leaues be, whose vnfoldng,
Brings sweete pleasures to beholding :
For, such pearles they doe disclose,
Both the *Indies* match not those :
Yet, are so in order placed,
As their whitenesse is more graced.
Each part is so well disposed,
And her dainty mouth composed,
So, as there is no distortion,
Misbeseemes that sweete proportion.

When her Iuorie Teeth she buries,
Twixt her two enticing cherries,
There appeares such pleasures hidden,
As might tempt what were forbidden.
If you looke againe the whiles,
She doth part those lips in smiles :
Tis as when a flash of light,
Breakes from heauen to glad the night.

Other

THE MISTRESSSE

Other parts my pencill craue,
But those lips I cannot leaue ;
For (me thinkes) I should goe,
And forsake those Cherries so.
Ther's a kind of excellence,
Holds me from departing hence.
I would tell you what it were,
But my cunning failes me there.
They are like in their discloses,
To the mornings dewie roses :
That beside the name of faire,
Cast perfumes that sweet the *Aire*.
Melting-soft her kisses be,
And had I, now, two or three ;
(More inspired, by their touch)
I had praised them twise as much.

But sweete *Muses* marke yee how,
Her faire eies doe checke me now,
That I seem'd to passe them so :
And their praises ouer goe :
And yet blame me not, that I
Would so faine haue past them by.
For, I feared to haue seene them,
Least there were some danger in them.
Yet, such gentle looks they lend,
As might make her foe, a friend ;

And

OF PHILARETE.

And by their allurings moue,
All beholders, vnto loue.
Such a power is also there,
As will keepe those thoughts in feare ;
And command enough I faw,
To hold impudence in awe.
There, may he that knowes to loue,
Read contents, which are aboue,
Their ignoble aimes, who know
Nothing, that so high doth grow.
Whilst she me beholding is,
My hart dares not thinke amisse :
For, her sight most peircing cleare,
Seemes to see, whats written there.

Those bright *Eies*, that with their light,
Often times haue blest my sight,
And in turning thence their shining,
Left me in sad darkenes pining :
Are the rarest, loueliest gray.
And do cast forth such a ray ;
As the man, that black prefers,
More would like this gray of hers.

When their matchles beames she shrouds,
Tis like *Cynthia* hid in Clouds.
If againe she shew them light,
Tis like morning after night.

And,

THE MISTRESSE

And, tis worthy well beholding,
With how many a pretty folding,
Her sweet eye-lids grace that faire,
Meanly fring'd with beaming haire :
Whereby, neatly ouerspread,
Thofe bright lamps are shaddowed.

Twixt the *Eyes*, no hollow place,
Wrinkle nor vndecent fpace,
Disproportions her in ought ;
Though by *Enuy*, faults were fought.

On thofe *Eye-browes* neuer yet,
Did difdainefull fcowling fit.
Loue and *Goodneffe* gotten thither,
Sit on equall thrones together ;
And doe throw iuft fcorne on them,
That their gouernment contemne.

Then (almost obfcur'd) appeares
Thofe her Iewell-gracing *Eares*,
Whofe owne Beauties more adorne,
Then the richeft *Pearle* that's worne
By the proudeft *Persian* Dames,
Or the beft that *Nature* frames.
There, the voice (in loues *Meanders*)
Thofe their pretty cirklings, wanders :
Whofe rare turnings will admit,
No rude fpeech to enter it.

Stretching

OF PHILARETE.

Stretching from mount *Forhead* lies,
Beauties Cape betwixt her eyes.
Which two Chryftall-passing lakes,
Loues delightfull *Isthmus* makes ;
Neither more nor lesse extending,
Then most meriteth commending.
Those, in whom that part hath beene,
Best deseruing praises seene :
Or, (surueid without affection)
Came the neereſt to perfection.
Would scarce handsome ones appeare,
If with her compar'd they were.
For, it is ſo much excellling,
That it paſſeth meanes of telling.

On the either ſide of this,
Loues moſt louely Proſpect is.
Thoſe her ſmiling *Cheekes*, whoſe colour
Comprehends true Beautie fuller,
Then the curiouſt mixtures can,
That are made by art of Man.
It is Beauties *Garden-plot*,
Where, as in a *True-loue-knot*,
So, the Snowy Lilly growes,
Mixed with the Crimſon Roſe,
That, as friends they ioyned be.
Yet, they ſeeme to diſagree,

Whe-

THE MISTRESSE

Whether of the two shall raigne ;
And the Lillies oft obtaine
Greatest sway, vnlesse a blush
Helpe the Roses at a push.
Hollow fallings, none there are ;
Ther's no wrinkle, ther's no scar :
Onely ther's a little *Mole*,
Which from *Venus* cheeke was stole.

If it were a thing in Nature,
Possible, that any Creature,
Might decaying life repaire
Onely by the helpe of Aire :
There were no such Salue for death,
As the balme of her sweet breath.
Or, if any humane power,
Might detaine the Soule an houre,
From the flesh to dust bequeathing,
It would linger on her breathing :
And be halfe in mind, that there ;
More then mortall pleasures were.
And whose fortune were so faire,
As to draw so sweet an ayre,
Would no doubt, let sleighted lie,
The perfumes of *Arabie*.
For the *English* Eglantine,
Doth through enuy of her, pine.

Violets,

THE MISTRESSSE

Violets, and Roses to ;
Feares that she will them vndoe.
And, it seemes that in her brest,
Is compos'd the *Phœnix* nest.

But, descend a while mine eye.
See, if polisht Iuory,
Or the finest fleeced flockes,
Or the whitest *Albion* Rocks ;
For comparifons may stand,
To expresse that snowy hand.
When she drawes it from her gloue,
It hath virtue to remoue,
Or disperst ; if there be ought,
Cloudeth the beholders thought.
If that palme but toucheth your,
You shall feele a secret power
Cheare your heart ; and glad it more,
Though it droopt with grieve before.

Through the vaines, disposed true
Crimfon, yeelds a Saphir hue :
Which adds grace, and more delight,
By embracing with the white.
Smooth, and moist, and soft, and tender,
Are her palmes ; the fingers flender ;
Tipt with mollified Pearle.
And if that transformed Girle,

Whose

THE MISTRESSE

Whose much cunning, made her dare,
With *Ioues* daughter to compare,
Had that hand worne ; maugre spight,
Shee had sham'd the *Goddesse* quite.
For, there is in euery part,
Nature perfecter then Art.

These, were ioyned to those Armes,
That were neuer made for harmes :
But, possesse the sweetest graces,
That may apt them for imbraces.
Like the Siluer streames they be,
Which from some high hill we see
Clipping in a goodly *Vale*,
That growes proud of such a thrall.

Neither *Alabaster* Rocks,
Pearl-strowd-shores, nor *Cotswold* flockes,
Nor the Mountaines tipt with Snow,
Nor the Milk-white Swannes of *Po*,
Can appeare so faire to me,
As her spotlesse shoulders be.
They are like some worke of state,
Couer'd with the richest plate :
And a presence haue, that strike
With deuotions, *Goddef-like*.

Twixt those shoulders (meanly spread)
To support that Globe-like head,

Rifeth

OF PHILARETE.

Rifeth vp her *Necke* ; wherein,
Beautie seemeth to beginne
To disclose it selfe, in more
Tempting manner then before.
How, therein she doth excell,
(Though I would) I cannot tell :
For, I naught on earth espie,
That I may expresse it by.

There, should Louers as in dutie,
Hange rich *Trophes* vp to Beauty.
Tis proportion'd to a height,
That is euen with delight.
Yet, it is a great deale higher,
Then to answere base desire.

Where the *Necke* hath end, begins
That smooth path, where loues close ginns
Are thicke placed to inthrall,
Such, as that way straggle shall.
There, a pleasing passage lies,
Farre beyond the sight of eies :
And much more delight containes,
Then the old *Elizian* plaines.

Whatsoever others say,
There's alone the *Milkie-way* ;
That to beauties walkes doth goe,
Which, if others came to know ;

E

In

THE MISTRESSE

In possessing their delight,
They should neuer reach the height,
Of the pleasures which I share,
Whilst that those debarred are.

Yet (vnspoken of) there rests,
Her two twinlike louely *Breasts*,
Whose round-rising, pretty panting
I would tell, but art is wanting.
Words can neuer well declare,
Her faire sweete perfections there :
For, would measures giue me leaue,
To expresse what I conceiue,
I doe know I should goe neare,
Halfe to rauish all that heare.
And, but that I learne to season,
What I apprehend with *Reason*,
It had made my *Passions* weight,
Sincke me through my owne conceit.
There I finde so large a measure,
Of an vnexpressed pleasure ;
That my heart, through strong furmize,
In a pleasing fainting lies.

He that there may rest to proue,
Softer finds those beds of loue,
Then the Cotton ripest growne ;
Or fine pillowes of such downe,

As

OF PHILARETE.

As in time of Molting, fanns,
From the breasts of filuer *Swannes*.
Those two sisters are a paire
Smoth alike, like soft, like faire ;
If together they be vewed.
Yet if they a part be shewed,
That you touch, or see, seemes smother ;
Softer, fairer, then the other.

That the Colour may delight,
So much red as makes the white,
Purer seeme, is shed among :
And then, here, and there, along,
Runnes a *Saphire-Mine*, whose blew
Shaddowd, makes so braue a shew
On those lillie mounts, as tho,
Beauties simples there did grow.
In the vale, twixt either hill,
Lies Desire in ambush still ;
And surprizeth euerie eie,
Which doth that way dare to pry.

There, is sure the twy-top *Hill*,
Where the *Poets*, learne their skill.
Thats *Parnassus* where the *Muses*,
Chast, and wife *Minerua* vles.
Her two Cherrilets are those,
Whence the pleasantst *Nectar* flowes :

E 2

And

THE MISTRESSE

And no fruits ere equall'd these,
Fetcht from the *Hesperides*.

Once, as *Cynthia's* games she Chafed,
And for Aire, left halfe vnlasd,
Her light summer-robe of greene,
(Beauties safe, but slender skreene)
Vnawares, I partly spide,
That faire Lillie field vnhid,
Which you may her Belly name ;
Yet, nor she, nor I, to blame.
For, it was but what mine eie,
Might behold with modestie.

Tis a faire and matchlesse Plaine,
Where vnknowne Delights remaine,
Tis the store-houfe wherin, Pleasure,
Hides the richest of her treasure.
Which, true Modestie (in ward)
Keepes with a continuall guard,
Of such *Virtues* ; as shee's sure,
No corruption can allure.

There they say (for mind it well)
I doe this by hearefay, tell,
Growes her *Nauell* which doth seeme,
Like some *Jewel* of esteeme :
With so wondrous cunning wrought,
That an iniury tis thought :

Such

OF PHILARETE.

Such a beauty, with the rest,
(Should vnknowne) be vnexpressed.

Some what else there is, thats hidden ;
Which to name I am forbidden :
Neither haue I euer pried,
After that should be vnspied.
Neuer shall my *Maiden-Muse*,
So her selfe, and me abuse,
As to sing what I may feare,
Will offend the Choicest eare.
Though I know, if none be by,
But true friends to Modestie ;
I might name each part at will,
And yet no mans thought be ill.

Yet, for feare loose hearers may,
Iudge amisse, if more I say :
Ile descend to shunn all blame,
To the Pillers of this Frame.
Where, though I nere aimed so high,
As her daintie youthfull Thigh ;
(Whose rare softnes, smothnes, fulnes,
Being knowne, would teach my dulnes
Such a straine, as might besit,
Some braue *Tuscan Poets* wit)
Once a fawcie bush I spide,
Plucke her filken skirts aside ;

E 3

So

THE MISTRESSE

So discovered vnto me,
All those beauties to the knee.
And, before the thornes entanglings,
Had let goe the Siluer spanglings,
I perceiud the curious knitting,
Of those ioynts were well befitting ;
Such a Noble piece of worke :
Mongst whose turnings, seem'd to lurke,
Much to entertaine the sight,
With new obiects of delight.

Then the Legge for shape as rare,
Will admit of no compare.
Streight it is ; the Anckle leane,
Full the Calfe, but in the meane :
And the slender Foote doth fit,
So each way to suit with it,
As she nothing lesse excells
Therein, then in all things els.
Yea from Head to Foote, her feature,
Shewes her an vnblemisht Creature :
In whom loue with reason, might,
Finds so matchlesse a *Delight*.
That more cannot be acquired,
Nor, a greater blisse desired.

Yet if you will rest an howre,
Vnder yonder shady bowre :

I

OF PHILARETE.

I, anon my *Muse* will raise
To a higher pitch of praise.
But a while with Raspice-berries,
Strawberries, ripe Peares, and Cherries,
(Such as these our Groues doe beare)
We will coole our palats there.
And those homely Cates among,
Now and then, a Past'rall Song,
Shall my *Lad*, here, sing, and play :
Such, as you had yesterday.

I

*A Lad whose faith will constant proue,
And neuer know an end :
Late by an ouersight in loue,
Displeas'd his dearest friend.
For which, incens'd shee did retake,
The fauours which he wore ;
And said, he neuer for her sake,
Should weare, or see them more.*

*The grieve whereof, how neere it went,
And how vnkindly tooke ;
Was figur'd by the discontent,
Appearing in his looke.*

E 4

At

THE MISTRESSE

*At first, he could not silence breake,
(So heauy sorrow lay)
But when his sighs gaue way to speake,
Thus, sadly did he say.*

*My onely Deare ; and with that speech,
Not able to sustaine,
The floods of grieffe at sorrowes breach ;
He paus'd awhile againe.
At length (nigh fainting) did expresse,
These words, with much adoe ;
Oh deare ! let not my loues exceffe.
Me, and my loue vndoe.*

*Shee, little mooued with his paine,
His much distraction eyde ;
And changing loue, into disdaine,
Thus (still vnkind) replide :
Forbeare to vrge one kindnesse more,
Vnlesse you long to see,
The good respect you had before,
At once all lost in me.*

*With that, dismaid, his suit he ceast,
And, downe his head he hung :
And, as his Reasons strength decreast,
His passion grew more strong.*

But

OF PHILARETE.

*But, seeing shee did slight his mone
(With Willow Garlands wreath'd)
He fate him downe, and all alone,
This sad complaint he breath'd.*

*Oh Heauens! Quoth he, Why doe we spend,
Endeauours thus in vaine;
Since what the Fates doe fore-intend,
They neuer change againe?
Nor Faith, nor Loue, nor true Defert,
Nor all that man can doe,
Can winne him place within her heart,
That is not borne thereto.*

*Why doe I fondly waste my youth,
In secret sighs, and teares?
Why to preferue a spotlesse truth,
Taste I, so many cares?
For, women that no worth respect,
Doe so vngentle prooue;
That some shall winne by their neglect,
What others lose with loue.*

*Those, that haue set the best at naught,
And no man could enioy;
At last, by some base Gull are caught,
And gotten with a toy.*

Yea,

THE MISTRESSE

*Yea, they that spend an ages light,
Their fauours to obtaine;
For one vnwilling ouersight,
May loose them all againe.*

*How glad, and faine, alas would I,
For her haue vnderwent,
The greatest care, ere she should trie,
The smallest discontent?
Yet she, that may my life commaund,
And doth those passions know,
Denieth me a poore demaund,
In height of all my woe.*

*Oh, if the Noblest of her time,
And best belou'd of me;
Could for so poore, so slight a crime,
So voyd of pitie be.
Sure, had it beene some common one,
Whose patience I had tride;
No wonder I had been vndone,
Or vnforgiuen di'de.*

*A thousand liues I would haue layd,
So well I once beleeu'd,
She would haue dain'd to lend me ayd,
If she had seene me greeu'd.*

But

OF PHILARETE.

*But now, I live to see the day,
Where I presumed so ;
I neither dare for pitie pray,
Nor tell her of my woe.*

*Yet, let not poore despised heart,
Her worth ought question'd be ;
Hadst thou not fayled in desert,
Shee had not failed thee.
But least perhaps, they flout thy mone,
That should esteeme thee deare ;
Goe, make it by thy selfe alone,
Where none may come to heare.*

*Still keepe thy forehead crown'd with smiles,
What passion ere thou trie ;
That none may laugh at thee the whiles,
Thou discontented lye.
And let no wrong, by change distaine
A Loue so truely faire :
But rather, neuer hope againe,
And thou shalt ne're despaire.*

O'retyr'd

THE MISTRESSE

2

O Retyr'd by cruell passions that oppresse me,
(With heart nigh broken, Time no hope would giue
Vpon my bed I laid mee downe to rest me ; me)
And gentle sleepe, I wooed to releue me.
But oh alas ! I found that on the morrow
My sleeping Ioyes, brought forth my waking Sorrow.

For loe, a dreame I had so full of pleasure,
That to possesse, what to imbrace I seemed,
Could not effect my Ioy in higher measure,
Then now it grieues mee, that I haue but dreamed.
Oh let my dreames be fighs and teares hereafter :
So, f that sleeping weepe, may wake in laughter.

Faine would I tell, how much that shaddow pleas'd me ;
But tongue and pen, want words, and art in telling.
Yet, this Ile say, to shew what horror seizd me ;
(When I was rob'd of blisse, so much excellling)
Might all my dreames be such ; oh let me neuer
Awake againe : but sleepe, and dreame for euer.

For, when I waking saw my selfe deceiu'd,
And what an inward Hell it had procured,

To

OF PHILARETE.

*To finde my selfe of all my hopes bereaued,
It brought on passions not to be endured:
And, knew I; next night had such dreames in keeping,
I'de make my eyes, forswear, for euer sleeping.*

3

Y*OU wooddy Hills, you Dales, you Groues,
You Floods, and euery Spring,
You Creatures come, whom nothing moues,
And heare a Shepheard sing.
For, to Heroës, Nymphes, and Swaines,
I long haue made my mone:
Yet, what my mournfull Verse containes,
Is vnderstood of none.*

*In Song, APOLLO gaue me skill;
Their loue, his Sisters daine.
With those, that haunt Pernaffus hill,
I friendship entertaine.
Yet, this is all in vaine to me,
So haplessely I fare,
As those things which my glory be,
My cause of ruine, are.*

For,

THE MISTRESSE

*For, Loue hath kindled in my brest,
His neuer quenched fire :
And I, who often haue exprest,
What other men desire,
(Because I could so diue into,
The depth of others mone)
Now, I my owne affliction show,
I heeded am, of none.*

*Oft haue the Nymphs of greatest worth,
Made sute my Songs to heare.
As oft (when I haue sighd forth,
Such notes as saddest were)
Alas! said they, poore gentle heart,
Who ere that Shepheard be :
But, none of them suspects my smart,
nor thinkes, it meaneth me.*

*When I haue reacht so high a straine,
Of passion in my Song ;
That they, haue seene the teares to raine
And trill my cheeke along :
Insteed of sigh, or weeping eye,
To sympathize with me ;
Oh, were he once in loue, they crie,
How mouing would he be ?*

Oh

OF PHILARETE.

*Oh pitie me, you Powers aboue,
And take my skill away :
Or, let my hearers thinke I loue,
And faine not what I say.
For, if I could disclose the smart,
Which I vnknowne doe beare ;
Each line would make them fighs impart,
And euery word, a teare.*

*Had I a Mistresse, some doe thinke,
Shée should reuealed be ;
And I would fauors weare, or drinke
Her Health vpon my Knee.
Alas poore fooles ! they ayme awry,
Their fancy flags too low :
Could they my loues rare course espie,
They would amazed grow.*

*But, let nor Nymph nor Swaine conceiue,
My tongue shall euer tell,
Who of this rest, doth mee bereaue ;
Or where I am not well.
But, if you fighting me espie,
Where rarest features be ;
Marke, where I fixe a weeping eye,
And sweare you, There is shee.*

Yet

THE MISTRESSE

*Yet, ere my eyes betray me shall,
Ile swell, and burst with paine :
And, for each drop they would let fall,
My heart shall bleed me twaine.
For, since my soule more sorrow beares,
Then common Louers know ;
I scorne, my passions should like theirs,
A common humour show.*

*Eare, neuer heard of, heretofore,
Of any Loue like mine.
Nor shall there be for euermore,
Affection so diuine.
And, that to faine it, none may try,
When I dissolu'd must be ;
The first I am, it liued by,
And die it shall, with me.*

BOY, h'a done ; for now my braine
Is inspir'd afresh againe,
And new Raptures pressing are,
To be sung in praise of her :
Whose faire *Picture* lieth nigh,
Quite vnuail'd to eu'ry eye.

No

OF PHILARETE.

No small fauour hath it beene,
That fuch Beautie might be feene :
Therefore, euer may they rue it,
Who with euill eyes fhall view it.
Yea, what ancient ftories tell,
Once to rude *Aſleon* fell,
(When with euill thoughts, he ſtood
Eyeing *Cynthia* in the Flood)
May that fatall horned curſe,
Light vpon them ; or a worſe.

But (what euer others be)
Left ſome fault be found in me,
If vnperfect this remaine ;
I will ouer-trym't againe.
Therefore, turne where we begun :
And now all is ouerrunne.
Marke, if euery thing expreſt,
Sute not ſo vnto the reſt,
As if *Nature* would prefer,
All perfections, vnto her.
Wherefore fees it ſtrange to any,
That they daily ſee ſo many,
Who were elſe moſt perfect Creatures,
In ſome one part, want true features ?
Since, from all the fair'ſt that liue,
Nature tooke the beſt, to giue

F

Her

THE MISTRESSSE

Her perfection in each part.
I, alone, except her heart ;
For, among all woman-kind.
Such as hers, is hard to find.

If you truely note her Face,
You shall find it hath a grace,
Neither wanton, nor ore serious ;
Nor too yeelding, nor imperious :
But, with such a feature blest,
It is that, which pleaseth best :
And delight's each seu'rall eye,
That affects with modesty.
Lowlineffe, hath in her looke,
Equall place with Greatnes tooke.
And, if *Beautie* (any where)
Claimes Prerogatiues, tis there.
For, at once, thus much twill doe ;
Threat, command, perswade, and wooe.

In her *Speech* there is not found,
Any harsh, vnpleasing found.
But a well befeeming power ;
Neither higher, neither lower,
Then will sute with her perfection.
Tis the Loadstone of Affection.
And, that man, whose iudging eyes,
Could well found such mysteries,

Would

OF PHILARETE.

Would in loue, make her, his choice ;
Though he did but heare her voice.
For, fuch accents, breath not, whence
Beautie keeps *Non-refidence*.
Neuer word of hers, I heare,
But tis Muficke to mine eare :
And, much more contentment brings,
Then the sweetly-touched ftrings,
Of the pleasing Lute, whose ftraines,
Rauifh hearers when it plaines.

Rais'd by her Difcourfe, I flie,
In contented thoughts fo high,
That I paffe the common meafures,
Of the dulled Senfes pleasures :
And, leaue farre below my flight,
Vulger pitches of delight.

If Shee fmile, and merry be ;
All about her, are as fhe.
For, each looker on, takes part
Of the ioy that's in her heart.

If Shee grieue, or you but fpie,
Sadneffe peeping through her eye ;
Such a grace it feemes to borrow,
That you'll fall in loue with sorrow :
And abhorre the name of Mirth,
As the hatefulft thing on earth.

F 2

Should

THE MISTRESSSE

Should I see her shed a teare,
My poore eyes would melt, I feare.
For, much more in Hers appears,
Then in other womens teares :
And her looke, did neuer faine
Sorrow, where there was no paine.

Seldome hath she beene espyde
So impatient as to chide :
For, if any see her so,
They'l in loue with anger grow.
Sigh, or speake, or smile, or talke,
Sing, or weepe, or sit, or walke,
Euery thing that shee doth doe,
Decent is, and louely too.
Each part that you shall behold,
Hath within it selfe inrold,
What you could desire to see,
(Or your heart conceiue to be)
Yet, if from that part your eye,
Mouing shall another spy :
There you see as much or more,
Then you thought to praise before.

While the eye surueyes it, you
Will imagine that her *Brow*
Hath all beautie ; when her *Cheeke*,
You behold, it is as like

To

OF PHILARETE.

To be deemed fairest too.
(So much there can Beautie doe)
Looke but thence vpon her eye,
And you wonder by and by,
How there may be any where,
So much worthy praise as there.
Yet, if you suruey her Brest,
Then as freely you'l protest,
That in them perfection is ;
Though (I know) that one poore kisse,
From her tempting Lips, would then,
Make all that forworne agen.
For, the selfe same moouing grace,
Is at once in euery place.

She, her Beautie neuer foyles,
With your oyntments, waters, oyles,
Nor no loathsome *Fucus* settles,
Mixt with *Iewish* fasting fpetles.
Faire by *Nature*, being borne,
She doth borrowed beautie scorne.
Who so kisseth her, needs feare
No vnwholefome varnish there.
For, from thence he onely sips,
The pure *Nectar*, of her lips.
And at once with these he closes,
Melting Rubies, Cherries, Roses.

F 3

Then

THE MISTRESSE

Then, in her behauour, she
Striueth but her felfe to be.
Keeping fuch a decent ftate,
As (indeed) ſhe ſeemes to hate
Precious leaſure ſhould be ſpent,
In abuſed Complement.
Though ſhe knowes what other doe,
(And can all their Courtſhip toe)
She, is not in ſo ill caſe,
As to need their borrowed grace.

Her Diſcourſes ſweetned are,
With a kind of artleſſe care,
That expreſſeth greater Art;
Then affected words impart.
So, her geſtures (being none,
But that freeneſſe which alone,
Suits the braueneſſe of her mind)
Make, her, of her felfe, to find,
Poſtures more becomming far,
Then the meere acquired, are.

If you marke, when for her pleaſure,
Shee vouchſafes to foot a *Measure*,
Though, with others ſkill, ſhe pace,
Ther's a ſweet delightfull grace,
In her felfe; which doth prefer,
Art, beyond that Art, in her.

Neither

OF PHILARETE.

Neither needs she beat her wit,
To deuise what dressings fit.
Her complexion, and her feature,
So beholding are to Nature ;
If she in the Fashions goe,
All the reason she doth fo,
Is ; because she would not erre,
In appearing singuler.
Doubtlesse, not for any thought,
That 'twill perfect her, in ought.

Many a dainty-seeming *Dame*,
Is in natiue Beauties lame.
Some, are graced by their Tyres,
As their Quoifs, their Hats, their Wyres.
One, a Ruffe doth best become ;
Falling-Bands much altreth fome.
And their fauours, oft, we see,
Changed as their dressings be.
Which, her Beautie neuer feares :
For, it graceth all she weares.
If ye note her Tyre to day,
That, doth sute her best, you'l say.
Marke, what she next morne doth weare ;
That, becomes her best, you'l fweare.
Yea, as oft as her you see ;
Such new graces, still there be :

F 4

As,

THE MISTRESSE

As, she euer feemeth grac't,
Most by that, she weareth last.
Though, it be the same wore,
But the very day before.

When she takes her Tyers about her,
(Neuer halfe so rich without her)
At the putting on of them,
You may liken euery Iem,
To those lamps, which at a play,
Are set vp to light the day.
For, their lustre addes no more,
To what *Titan* gaue before ;
Neither doth their pretty gleamings,
Hinder ought, his greater beamings.
And yet (which is strange to me)
When those costly deckings be,
Laid away ; there seemes descried,
Beauties, which those Vailes did hide.
And, she lookes, as doth the Moone,
Past some Clowd through which she shone :
Or, some *Iewell Watch*, whose Case,
Set with *Diamonds*, seemes to grace
What it doth containe within :
Till the curious worke be seene,
Then ; tis found, that costly shrining ;
Did but hinder tothers shining.

If

OF PHILARETE.

If you chance to be in place,
When her Mantle she doth grace ;
You would presently protest,
Irish dressings were the best.
If againe she lay it downe,
While you view her in a gowne :
And how those her dainty limbs,
That close-bodied garment trims.
You would sweare, and sweare agen :
She appeared loueliest then.

But, if she so truely faire,
Should vntie her shining haire,
And at length, that treasure shed ;
Ioues endured *Ganimes*,
Neither *Cythereas* Ioy,
Nor the sweet selfe-louing *Boy*,
(Who in beauty did surpasse)
Nor the fair'st that euer was :
Could, to take you prisoner bring,
Lookes so sweetly conquering.

She, excells her, whom *Appollo*,
Once with weeping eies did follow.
Or that *Nymph*, who shut in Towers,
Was beguild with golden showers ;
Yea, and She, whose loue was wont,
To swime ore the *Hellispont*.

For

THE MISTRESSE

For her sake (though in attire,
Fittest to enflame desire)
Seem'd not halfe so faire to be,
Nor so louely, as is she.
For, the man whose happy eye,
Viewes her in full Maiefty :
Knowes, she hath a power that mooues,
More then doth the Queene of Loues,
When she vseth all her power,
To inflame her Paramour.

And, sometime I doe admire,
All men burne not with desire.
Nay, I muse her seruants are not
Pleading loue ; but oh they dare not.
And, I therfore wonder, why
They doe not grow sicke, and die.

Sure they would doe so, but that
By the ordinance of *Fate*,
There is some concealed thing,
So, each gazer limiting ;
He can see no more of merit,
Then befeemes his worth, and spirit.
For, in her a *Grace* there shines,
That o're-daring thoughts confines ;
Making worthlesse men dispaire,
To be lou'd of one so faire.

Yea,

OF PHILARETE.

Yea, the *Destinies* agree,
Some good iudgments blind should be,
And not gaine the power of knowing
Those rare Beauties in her growing.
Reason doth as much imply :
For, if euery iudging eye,
(Which beholdeth her) should there,
Find what excellencies are :
All, orecome by those perfections,
Would be captiue to affections.
So, in happineffe vnbleft ;
Shée, for Louers, should not rest.
This, well heeding, thinke vpon :
And, if there be any one,
Who alloweth not the worth,
Which my *Muse* hath painted forth ;
Hold it no defect in her ;
But, that hee's ordaind to erre.
Or, if any female wight,
Should detract from this I write,
Shée, I yeeld, may shew her wit,
But disparage her no whit.
For, on earth few women be,
That from Enuies touch are free.
And, who euer, *Envy* knew,
Yeeld those honours that were due ?
Though

THE MISTRESSE

Though sometime my *Song* I raife,
To vnused heights of praife,
(And breake forth as I shall please.
Into strange *Hyperboles*)
Tis to shew, Conceit hath found,
Worth, beyond expressions bound.
Though, her breath I doe compare,
To the sweet'st perfumes that are ;
Or, her Eies that are so bright,
To the mornings cheerefull light.
Yet, I doe it not so much,
To inferre that she is such ;
As to shew, that being blest,
With what merri'ts name of best,
She appeares more faire to me,
Then all Creatures else that be.

Her true beauty leaues behind,
Apprehensions in my mind,
Of more sweetnes then all Art,
Or inuentions can impart.
Thoughts, too deepe to be exprest,
And too strong to be suppressed.
Which, oft raiseth my conceits,
To so vnbeleueed heights ;
That (I feare) some shallow braine,
Thinke my *Muses* doe but faine.

Sure

THE MISTRESSSE

Sure, he wrongs them if he doe :
For, could I haue reached to
So like Straines, as these you see ;
Had there beene no such as *She* ?
Is it possible that I,
Who scarce heard of *Poesie* ;
Should a meare *Idea* raise,
To as true a pitch of praise,
As the learned *Poets* could,
Now, or in the times of old ;
All those reall-beauties bring,
Honord by their *Sonnetting* ?
(Hauing Arts, and fauors to,
More t'encourage what they doe)
No ; if I had neuer seene,
Such a beauty ; I had beene
Piping in the Country shades,
To the homely *Dary-maides* :
For a Country Fidlers fees ;
Clouted creame, & bread and cheefe.

I no skill in *Numbers* had,
More then euery Shepheards *Lad*,
Till *She* taught me, *Straines* that were,
Pleasing to her gentle eare.
Her faire splendor, and her worth,
From obscurenes, drew me forth.

And

THE MISTRESSE

And, because I had no *Muse*,
Shee her selfe daignd to infuse
All the skill, by which I clime,
To these praifes in my *Ryme*.
Which, if she had pleasd to add,
To that Art sweet *Drayton* had,
Or that happy Swaine that shall
Sing *Britanias Pastorall*;
Or to theirs, whose *Verse* set forth
Rosalind, and *Stella's* worth;
They had doubled all their skill,
Gained on *Apollos* Hill:
And, as much more set her forth,
As I'me short of them in worth.
They, had vnto heights aspired,
Might haue iustly been admired;
And, in such braue Straines had moued,
As of all had been approued.

I, must praise her as I may;
Which I doe mine owne rude way:
Sometime setting forth her glories,
By vnheard of *Allegories*.
Thinke not, tho, my *Muse* now sings,
Meere absurd, or fained things.
If to gold I like her Haire,
Or, to Starres, her Eyes so faire:

Though

THE MISTRESSSE

Though I praise her Skin by snow,
Or, by Pearles, her double-Row :
Tis, that you might gather thence,
Her vnmatched excellence.

Eyes, as faire (for eyes) hath she
As starres faire, for starres may be.
And, each part as faire doth show,
In it kind, as white in Snow.
Tis no grace to her at all,
If her Haire I *Sunne-beames* call :
For, were there a power in Art,
So to pourtrait euery part,
All men might those beauties see,
As they doe appeare to me.
I would scorne to make compare
With the glorioust things that are.

Nought I ere saw, faire enow,
But the Haire, the haire to show.
Yet, some thinke him ouerbold,
That compares it but to Gold.
He, from Reason seemes to erre,
Who commending of his Deare,
Giues her Lips the Rubies hue,
Or by Pearles her Teeth doth shew.
But what Pearles, what Rubies can,
Seeme so louely faire, to man,

As

THE MISTRESSE

As her Lipps whom he doth loue,
When in sweete discourse they moue ?
Or her louelier Teeth the while,
She doth bleffe him with a fmile.

Starres indeed, faire Creatures be :
Yet, amongst vs, where is he,
Ioyes not more the while he lies,
Sunning in his *Mistresse* Eies,
Then in all the glimmering light,
Of a starrie winters night ?

Him to flatter, most suppose,
That preferrs before the Rose
Or the Lillies (while they grow)
Or the flakes of new-falne suow ;
Her complexion whom he loueth :
And yet, this my *Muse* approueth.
For, in such a beauty, meets
Vnexpressed mouing sweets ;
That, (the like vnto them) no man,
Euer saw but in a *Woman*.
Looke on *Moone*, on *Starrs*, on *Sunne*,
All Gods Creatures ouer-runne.
See, if all of them presents,
To your mind, such sweet contents :
Or, if you from them can take,
Ought that may a beauty make,

Shall

OF PHILARETE.

Shall one halfe so pleasing proue,
As is *Hers*, whom you doe loue.
For indeed, if there had beene
Other mortall Beauties seene,
Obiects for the loue of man,
Vaine was their creation than.
Yea, if this could well be granted,
Adam might his *Eue* haue wanted.
But a woman is the Creature,
Whose proportion with our nature
Best agrees; and whose perfections,
Sympathize with our affections:
And not onely finds our Senses,
Pleasure in their excellencies.
But our Reason also knowes,
Sweetnesse in them, that outgoes
Humane wit to comprehend,
Much more, truely, to commend.

Note, the Beautie of any Eye;
And, if ought you praise it by,
Leaue such passion in your mind,
Let my *Reasons* eye be blind.
Marke, if euer red or white,
Any where, gaue such delight,
As when they haue taken place,
In a worthy womans face.

G

He

THE MISTRESSE

He that so much hath not noted,
Will not : or is growne besotted.

Such as Louers are, conceaue,
What impressions Beauty leaue ;
And those Hearts, that fire haue took,
By a loue-enflaming looke :
Those, beleeue, what here I say ;
And, suppose not that I stray,
In a word, by setting forth
Any praise beyond true worth.

And yet, wherefore should I care,
What anothers Censures are,
Since I know her to be such,
As no praise can be too much ?
All that see her, will agree,
In the selfe same mind with me ;
If their wit be worth the hauing,
Or their Iudgement meritt crauing.
And the man that kens her not,
Speakes, at best, he knowes not what :
So, his Enuy, or good will.
Neither doth her good, nor ill.

Then, Fooles cauls I disdaine,
And, call backe my *Muse* againe,
To decipher out the rest.
For, I haue too long digrest.

This

OF PHILARETE.

This is *Shée*, in whom there meets,
All varietie of sweets.
An *Epitomie*, of all,
That on earth we Faire may call.
Nay, yet more I dare auer :
He that is possesse of her,
Shall at once all pleasure find,
That is reapt from *Woman-kind*.

Oh, what man would further range,
That in one might finde such change ?
What dull eye such worth can see,
And not sworne a Louer be ?
Or, from whence was he, could proue,
Such a Monster in his loue ;
As, in thought, to vse amisse,
Such vnequall worth as this ?
Pitie 'twere that such a Creature,
Phoenix-like, for matchlesse feature,
Should so suffer ; or be blamed,
With what now the Times are shamed.

Beautie (vnto me diuine)
Makes my honest thoughts encline,
Vnto better things, then that,
Which the Vulgar aymeth at.
And, I vow, I grieue to see,
Any Faire, and false to be :

G 2

Or

THE MISTRESSE

Or, when I sweet pleasures find,
Matcht with a defiled mind.
But (aboue all others) *Her*,
So much doth my foule prefer ;
That to Him whose ill desire,
Should fo nurse a lawlesse Fire,
As to tempt, to that, which might
Dimme her sacred Virtues light ;
I could wish that he might die
Ere he did it ; though 'twere I.

For, if *Shee* should hap to stray,
All this Beautie would away :
And not her alone vndoe,
But kill him, that prais'd her to.
But, I know her *Maker* will
Keepe her vndistained still :
That ensuing Ages may
Patterne out, by her the way
To all goodnesse. And if *Fate*
That appoints all things a Date
Heare me would ; I'de wish that She
Might for aye preferued be.
And that neither wasting Cares,
Neither all-consuming Yeares,
Might, from what she is, estrange her,
Or in mind, or body change her.

For,

OF PHILARETE.

For, oh why should enuious *Time*,
Perpetrate so vile a Crime,
As to waste, or wrong, or stain,
What shall ne're be matcht againe ?

Much I *Hope*, it shall not be :
For, if Loue deceiue not me,
To that height of Faire she growes,
Age, or Sicknesse (Beauties foes)
Cannot so much wrong it there,
But enough there will appeare,
Euer worthy to be lou'd :
And, that heart shall more be mou'd,
(Where there is a iudging eye)
With those prints it doth espie,
Of her beautie wrongd by *Time*,
Then by others, in their prime.

One aduantage shee hath more,
That adds grace to all before.
It is this ; her Beauties fame,
Hath not done her honour shame.
For, where Beautie we doe find,
Envy still is so vnkind,
That, although their *Vertues* are
Such, as passe their Beauies farre ;
Yet on *Slanders* rocks they be
Shipwrackt oftentimes, we see :

G 3

And

THE MISTRESSE

And are subiect to the wrongs,
Of a thousand spightfull tongues,
When the greatest fault they had,
Was, that some would make them bad ;
And not finding them for action,
Sought for vengeance, by detraction.

But her beauty sure no tongue,
Is so villanous to wrong.
Neuer did the Iealoust eare,
Any muttering rumor heare,
That might cause the least suspects,
Of indifferent defects.
And (which somewhat stranger is)
They, whose flanders few can misse,
(Though set on by euill will,
And habituated ill)
Nothing can of her inuent,
Whence to frame disparagement.

Which, if we respect the Crimes,
Of these loose iniurious times ;
Doth not only truly proue,
Great discretion in her loue :
And, that she hath liu'd vpriight,
In each iealouse tongues dispight.
But, it must be vnderstood,
That her priuate thoughts are good.

Yea

OF PHILARETE.

Yea, tis an apparant signe,
That her beautie is Diuine :
And, that *Angels* haue a care,
Mens polluting tongues should spare
To defile, what God hath giuen,
To be deare to Earth, and Heauen.

Tell me you that heare me now ;
Is there any one of you,
Wanteth feeling of affection ?
Or that loues not such perfection ?
Can there be so dull an eare,
As of so much worth to heare ;
And not feriously incline,
To this Saint-like friend of mine ?
If there be ; the fault doth lie,
In my artlesse *Poesy*.

For, If I could reach the Straine,
Which me thinkes I might obtaine ;
Or, but make my Measures flie,
Equall with my fantasie ;
I would not permit an eare,
To attend vnrauisht heere ;
If, but so much sence it knew,
As the blocks, that *Orpheus* drew.

Thinke on this discription, well,
And, your noblest *Ladyes* tell ;

G 4

Which

THE MISTRESSSE

Which of you (that worth can fee)
This my *Mistresse* would not be ?

You braue *English*, who haue run,
From the rising of the *Sun* :
Till in traueilling you found,
Where he doth conclude his Round.
You, that haue the beauties seene,
Which in farthest Lands haue beene ;
And surueid the faire resorts,
Of the *French* and *Spanish* Courts :
(With the best that *Fame* renownes.
In the rich *Trans-Alpine* Townes)
Doe not with our brainelesse Fry,
(That admire each nouelty)
Wrong your Countries fame in ought.
But, here freely speake your thought ;
And I durst presume youle sweare,
Shee's not matched any where.

Gallants, you that would so faine,
Nymphs and *Ladies* loues obtaine.
You, that striue to serue and please,
Fairest *Queenes* and *Empresses*.
Tell me this, and tell me right ;
If you would not (so you might)
Leaue them all dispis'd to proue,
What contents are in her loue ?

Could

OF PHILARETE.

Could your Fathers euer tell,
Of a *Nymph* did more excell ?
Or hath any storie told,
Of the like, in times of old ?
Dido was not fuch a one.
Nor the *Troians* Paragone.
Though they so much fauour found,
As to haue their honors crownd,
By the best of *Poets* penns,
Euer knowne before, or since.
For, had *Dido* beene so faire,
Old *Anchises* noble heire ;
Ioues command had difobaid :
And with her in *Carthage* staid :
Where, he would haue quite forfwore,
Seeing the *Lauinian* Shore.
Or, had *Lædas* Daughter beene,
(When she was the *Spartan* Queene)
Equall with this louely-one,
Menelaus had neuer gone,
From her sight so farre away,
As to leaue her for a pray ;
And his roome, to be posselt,
By her wanton *Phrigian* guesst.

But, leaft yet among you, some,
Thinke she may behind these, come :

Stay

THE MISTRESSE

Stay a little more, and here me :
In another straine Ile reare me.
Ile vnmaſque a beauty, now,
Which to kiſſe, the Gods may bow.
And ſo feelingly did moue,
That your ſoules ſhall fall in loue.

I haue yet, the beſt behind ;
Her moſt faire, vnequalld, *Minde*.
This, that I haue here expreſt,
Is but that, which vailes the reſt.
An incomparable ſhrine,
Of a Beauty more diuine.

Whereof, ere I farther ſpeake,
Off againe, my *Song* Ile breake.
And, if you among the Roſes,
(Which, yon quickſet hedge incloſes)
Will with plucking flowres, beguile
Tedious-ſeeming Time awhile ;
Till I ſtep to yonder Greene,
(Whence the ſheep ſo plaine are ſeen)
I, wilbe returned, ere
You an howre haue ſtayd there.
And, excuſe me now, I pray,
Though I rudely goe away.
For, Affaires I haue to doe :
Which, vnleſſe I looke into ;

I

OF PHILARETE.

I may sing out Summer here,
Like the idle Grasshopper,
And at Winter, hide my head,
Or else fast, till I am dead.

Yet if Rusticke *Past'rall Measures*,
Can ought adde vnto your pleasures ;
I will leaue you some of those,
Which, it pleas'd me to compose,
When dispairing fits were ouer ;
And I made a happy *Louer*,
Exercisd my louing passion,
In an other kind of fashon,
Then to vtter, I deuised,
When I fear'd to be despised.

Those ; shall lye in gage for me,
Till I backe returned be.
And, in writing ; here, you haue them :
Either Sing, or Read, or leaue them.

Sonnet 1.

*A*dmire not Shepheards Boy,
Why I my Pipe forbear ;
My sorrowes, and my ioy,
Beyond expression are.

Though

THE MISTRESSE

*Though others may,
In Songs display
Their passions, when they wooe :
Yet, mine doe flie,
A pitch too high,
For words to reach vnto.*

*If such weake thoughts as those,
With others fancies moue ;
Or, if my breast did close,
But common Straines of Loue :
Or passions store,
Learnd me no more,
To feele then others doe :
I'de paint my cares,
As blacke as theirs,
And teach my Lynes to wooe.*

*But oh ! thrice happy yee,
Whose meane conceit is dull ;
You from those thoughts are free,
That stuffe my breast so full :
My loues excesse,
Lets to expresse,
What Songs are vsed to :*

And

OF PHILARETE.

*And my delights,
Take such high flights,
My Ioyes will mee vndoe.*

*I haue a Loue that's faire,
Rich, Wise, and Nobly borne ;
Shee's true Perfections heire,
Holds nought but Vice in scorne.
A heart to find,
More chaste, more kind,
Our Plaines affoord no moe.
Of her degree,
No blab Ile be,
For doubt, some Prince should wooe.*

*And yet I doe not feare,
(Though shee my meannesse knowes)
The Willow Branch to weare,
No, nor the yellow hose.
For, if great Loue,
Should sue for loue,
Shee would not me forgoe :
Resort I may,
By night or day.
Which brauer, dare not doe.*

You

THE MISTRESSE

*You Gallants, borne to pelfe,
To Lands, to Titles store;
I me borne but to my Selfe,
Nor doe I care for more.*

*Adde to your earth,
Wealth, Honors, Birth,
And all you can thereto;
You cannot proue,
That height of Loue,
Which, I in meannesse doe.*

*Great Men haue helpes to gaine,
Those fauours they implore;
Which, though I winne with paine,
I finde my ioyes the more.*

*Each Clowne may rise,
And climbe the Skies,
When he hath found a Staire:
But ioy to him,
That dares to climbe,
And hath no helpe, but ayre.*

*Some say, that Loue repents,
Where Fortunes disagree;
I know the high'st contents,*

From

THE MISTRESSE

*From low beginnings be.
My loue's vnfain'd,
To her that daignd,
From Greatnesse, stoope thereto.
Shee loues, cause I,
So meane, dar'd trie,
Her better worth to wooe.*

*And yet although much ioy,
My Fortune seemes to blesse;
Tis mixt with more annoy,
Then I shall ere expresse:
For, with much paine
Did I obtaine,
The Iem Ile nere forgoe:
Which, yet I dare
Nor shew, nor weare;
And that breeds all my woe.*

*But fie, my foolish tongue,
How loosely now it goes!
First, let my Knell be rung,
Ere I doe more disclose.
Mount thoughts on high;
Cease words, for why:
My meaning to diuine:*

To

THE MISTRESSE

*To those I leaue,
That can conceiue,
So braue a Loue as mine.*

*And now, no more Ile sing,
Among my fellow Swaines :
Nor Groues, nor Hilles shall ring,
With Ecchoes of my plaines.
My Measures be,
Confus'd (you see)
And will not sute thereto :
Cause, I haue more,
Braue thoughts in store,
Then words can reach vnto.*

Sonnet. 2.

H*ence away, you Syrens, leaue me,
And vnclaspe your wanton Armes ;
Sugred words shall ne're deceiue me,
(Though thou proue a thousand Charmes)
Fie, fie, forbear ;
No common snare,
Could euer my affection chaine :
Your painted baits,
And poore deceits,
Are all bestowed on me, in vaine.*

I'me

OF PHILARETE.

*I'me no slaue, to such as you be ;
Neither shall a snowy Brest,
Wanton Eye, or Lip of Ruby,
Euer robb me, of my rest.
Goe, goe, display,
Your Beauties ray,
To some ore-soone enamour'd Swaine.
Those common wiles,
Of sighs and smiles ;
Are all bestowed on me, in vaine.*

*I haue elſewhere, vowed a dutie ;
Turne away thy tempting eyes.
Shew not me, a naked Beautie,
Those Impostures, I despise.
My Spirit lothes,
Where gawdy clothes,
And fained Othes, may loue obtaine.
I loue Her ſo,
Whoſe looke, ſweares No ;
That, all your labours will be vaine.*

*Can he prize the tainted Poſies,
Which on euery brest are worne ;
That may plucke the ſpotleſſe Roſes,
From their neuer-touched Thorne ?*

H

I can

THE MISTRESSE

*I can goe rest,
On her sweet Brest;
That is the pride of Cynthia's traine.
Then hold your tongues,
Your Mermaid Songs,
Are all bestow'd on me in vaine.*

*Hee's a foole, that basely dallies,
Where each Peasant mates with him.
Shall I haunt the thronged Vallies,
Whilst ther's noble Hills to climbe?
No, no; though Clownes
Are skar'd with frownes,
I know the best can but disdaine:
And those Ile proue;
So shall your Loue
Be all bestowed, on me in vaine.*

*Yet, I would not daigne embraces,
With the greatest-fairest Shee,
If another shar'd those graces,
Which had beene bestowed on Me.
I gaue that One,
My Loue, where none,
Shall come to robb me of my gaine.*

Your

OF PHILARETE.

*Your fickle Hearts
Makes Teares, and Arts,
And all, bestowed on me in vaine.*

*I doe scorne, to vow a Dutie,
VVhere each lustfull Lad may wooe.
Giue me Her, whose Sun-like Beautie,
Buzzards dare not soare vnto.*

*Shee, shee it is,
Affoords that Blisse;
For which, I would refuse no paine.
But such as you,
Fond fooles adue;
You seeke to captiue me in vaine.*

*Proud she seem'd in the beginning,
And disdaind my looking on:
But, that coy one in the winning,
Proues a true one being wonne.*

*VVhat ere betide,
Shee'l nere diuide,
The fauour shee to me shall daigne.
But, your fond loue,
VVill fickle proue:
And all that trust in you, are vaine.*

H 2 Therefore

THE MISTRESSE

*Therefore know, when I enioy One,
(And for loue employ my breath)
Shée I Court shall be a Coy one,
Though I winne her with my death.*

*A fauour there,
Few ayme at dare.
And if perhaps, some Louer plaine,
Shée is not wonne,
Nor I vndone,
By placing of my loue in vaine.*

*Leaue me then, you Syrens leaue me ;
Seeke no more to worke my harmes :
Craftie wiles cannot deceiue me ;
Who am prooffe against your Charmes.
You labour may,
To lead astray,
The heart, that constant shall remaine :
And I the while,
Will sit and smile,
To see you spend your time in vaine.*

Sonnet 3.

W^H*en Philomela with her straines,
The Spring had welcom'd in ;*

And

OF PHILARETE.

*And Flora, to bestrow the Plaines,
With Dayfies did begin :
My Loue, and I (on whom suspitious eyes,
Had set a thousand spies)
To cosen Argos stroue ;
And seene of none,
We got alone,
Into a shady Groue.*

*On euery Bush, the Eglantine,
with leaues perfumed hung.
The Primrose, made the hedge-rows fine,
The woods, of Musicke rung.
The Earth, the Aire, & all things did conspire
To raise contentment higher.
That, had I come to wooe :
Nor meanes of grace,
Nor time, nor place ;
Were wanting thereunto.*

*With hand in hand, alone we walkt,
And oft each other eyde :
Of Loue, and passions past, we talkt,
Which our poore hearts had tride.
Our soules, infus'd into each other were :
And, what may be her care,*

H 3

Did

THE MISTRESSE

*Did my more sorrow breed.
One mind we bore ;
One Faith we swore :
And both in one agreed.*

*Her dainty Palme, I gently prest,
And with her Lips I plaid.
My Cheeke, upon her panting Brest,
And on her Necke I laid.
And yet, we had no sence of wanton lust :
Nor, did we then mistrust,
The poyson in the sweet.
Our Bodies wrought
So close, we thought,
Because our Soules should meet.*

*With pleasant toyle, we breathles grew ;
And kist in warmer blood :
Vpon her Lips, the Hony-dew,
Like drops on Roses flood ;
And on those Flowers, plaid I the busie Bee ;
Whose sweets, were such to me,
Them could I not forgoe.
No, not to feast,
On Venus Brest ;
Whence Streames of sweetnesse flow.*

But

OF PHILARETE.

*But, kissing and embracing, we
So long together lay;
Her touches all inflamed me,
And I began to stray.
My hands, presum'd so farre, they were too bold.
My tongue, vnwisely told
How much my heart was chang'd.
And Virtue quite,
VVas put to flight,
Or, for the time estrang'd.*

*Oh! what are we, if in our strength,
VVee ouer boldly trust?
The strongest forts, will yeeld at length,
And so our Virtues must.
In Me, no force of Reason had preuaild;
If shee had also faild.
But ere I further straid,
She fighting kist,
My naked wrist;
And thus, in teares she said.*

*Sweet heart (quoth she) if in thy brest,
Those Virtues reall bee,
Which hitherto thou hast profest,
And I beleen'd in thee:*

H 4

Thy

THE MISTRESSE

*Thy Selfe, and Me, oh seeke not to abuse.
Whilst Thee I thus refuse,
In hotter flames I frie :
Yet, let vs not,
Our true loue spot,
Oh, rather let mee die.*

*For, if thy heart should fall from good,
What would become of mine ?
As strong a passion, stirres my blood,
As can distemper thine.
Yet, in my brest this rage I smother would,
Though it consume me should ;
And, my desires containe :
For, where we see,
Such breaches be,
They seldome stop againe.*

*Are we the two, that haue so long,
Each others loues imbrac't ?
And neuer did Affection wrong,
Nor thinke a thought vnchast ?
And shall, oh, shall we now, our matchlesse Ioy,
For one poore touch destroy ?*
And

OF PHILARETE.

*And all content forgoe ?
Oh no, my Deare,
Sweet heart, forbear ;
I will not loose thee so.*

*For, should we doe a deed so base,
(As it can neuer be)
I could no more haue seene thy face,
Nor wouldst thou looke on me.
I should of all our passions grow asham'd;
And blush when thou art nam'd,
Yea (though thou constant wert)
I being nought,
A iealous thought,
Would still torment my heart.*

*What goodly thing doe wee obtaine,
If I consent to thee ?
Rare ioyes we loose, and what we gaine,
But common pleasures be :
Yea, those (some say) who are to lust enclind,
Drive Loue out of the mind ;
And so much Reason misse :
That they admire,
What kind of fire,
A chaste affection is.*

No

THE MISTRESSE

*No vulgar blisse, I aymed at,
When first I heard thee wooe :
Ile neuer prize a man for that,
Which euery Groome can doe.
If that be loue; the basest men that be,
Doe loue as well as we.
Who, if we beare vs well,
Doe passe them then,
As Angels, men,
In glory doe excell.*

*Whilst thus she spake, a cruell Band
Of Passions ceazd my Soule :
And, what one seemed to command,
Another did controule.
Twixt Good, and Ill, I did diuided lie.
But, as I rais'd mine eye,
In her me thought I saw,
Those virtues shine,
Whose rayes diuine,
First gaue Desire, a Law.*

*With that, I felt the blush of shame,
Into my cheek returne ;
And Loue, did with a chaster flame,
VVithin my Bosome burne.*

My

OF PHILARETE.

*My Soule, her light of Reason had renew'd ;
And by those Beames I view'd,
How slyly Lust ensnares :
And all the fires,
Of ill Desires,
I quenched with my Teares.*

*Goe Wantons now, and flout at this,
My coldnesse, if you list ;
Vaine fooles, you neuer knew the blisse,
That doth in Loue consist.
You sigh, and weepe, and labour to enioy ;
A Shade, a Dreame, a Toy.
Poore Folly you pursue ;
And are vnblest,
Since euery beast,
In pleasure equals you.*

*You neuer tooke so rich content,
In all your wanton play,
As this to me hath pleasure lent,
That Chast she went away.
For as some finnes, which we committed haue ;
Sharpe stings behind them leaue.
Whereby*

THE MISTRESSE

*Whereby we vexed are :
So, ill suppress,
Begetteth rest,
And peace, without compare.*

*But least this Conquest slight you make,
Which on my selfe I wonne ;
Twelue labors, I will vndertake,
With Ioues victorious Sonne,
Er'e I, will such another brunt endure.
For, had Diana pure,
Thus tempted beene to sinne ;
That Queene of Night,
(With her chaste light,)
Had scarce, a Maiden binne.*

OH ! how honor'd are my *Songs*,
Grac't by your melodious tongues ?
And how pleasing doe they seeme,
Now your voices Carroll them ?
Were not, yet, that taske to doe,
Which my word inioynes me to,
I should begge of you, to heare,
What your owne inuentions were.

But,

OF PHILARETE.

But, (before I ought will craue)
What I promisd, you shall haue.
And, as I on mortall Creatures,
Cald, to view her bodies features ;
Shewing how, to make the Senses,
Apprehend her excellences.
Now ; I speake of no worse subiect,
Then a Soules, and Reasons obiect :
(And relate a Beauties glories,
Fitting heauenly *Auditories*)
Therefore, whilst I sit and sing,
Hemme me *Angels*, in a Ring.
Come ye *Spirits*, which haue eies,
That can gaze on Deities :
And vnclog'd, with bruitish senses,
Comprehend such excellences.
Or, if any mortall eare,
Would be granted leaue to heare,
(And find profit with delight,
In what now, I shall indite)
Let him first be fure, to season
A prepared hart with reason :
And, with Iudgement, drawing nigh,
Lay all fond affections by.
So, through all her vailings, He
Shall the Soule of beautie see.

But

THE MISTRESSE

But, auoid you earth-bred Wights,
Clويد with fenfuall appetites.
On bafe obiefts glut your eies,
Till your ftarueling pleaſure dies.
Feede your eares, with ſuch delights,
As may match you groſſe conceits ;
For, within your muddie braine,
Theſe, you neuer can containe.

Thinke not, you, who by the fence,
Only iudge of excellence ;
(Or doe all contentment place,
In the beauty of a face)
That theſe higher thoughts of our,
Soare ſo bafe a pitch as your.
I can giue, as well as you,
Outward Beauties all their due :
I can moſt contentments ſee,
That in loue, or women be.

Though I dote not on the features,
Of our daintieſt female creatures ;
(Nor, was ere ſo void of ſhames,
As to play their lawleſſe games)
I more prize a ſnowye Hand,
Then the gold on *Tagus* ſtrand :
And a daintie Lippe before,
All the greateſt Monarcks ſtore.

Yea

OF PHILARETE.

Yea, from these I reape as true,
And as large contents as you.

Yet, to them I am not tide.
I haue rarer sweets espide ;
(Wider prospects of true pleasure)
Then your curbed thoughts can measure.
In her Soule, my Soule descries,
Obiects, that may feede her eyes.
And the beauty of her mind,
Shewes my Reason where to finde,
All my former pleasure doubled.
Neither with such passion troubled ;
As wherewith it oft was crost :
Nor so easie to be lost.

I, that rauisht lay, wel-nigh,
By the lustre of her eye :
And, had almost sworne affection,
To the fore exprest perfection ;
As if nothing had been higher,
Whereunto I might aspire.
Now, haue found, by seeking nearer,
Inward worth ; that shining clearer ;
(By a sweet and secret mouing)
Drawes me to a dearer louing.
And, whilst I that loue conceiue,
Such impressions it doth leaue,

In

THE MISTRESSE

In the Intellectiue part ;
As, defaceth from my hart,
Eu'rie thought of those delights,
Which allure base appetits.
And, my mind so much imployes,
In contemplating, those ioyes,
Which, a purer sight, doth find,
In the beauty of her Mind :
That, I so thereon am set,
As (me thinkes) I could forget,
All her sweetest outward graces :
Though I lay in her imbraces.

But, some thinking with a smile,
What, they would haue done the while :
Now suppose my words are such,
As exceed my power too much.
For, all those, our Wantons hold,
Void of Vigor, dull, and cold :
Or (at best) but fooles, whose flame,
Makes not way vnto their shame.
Though at length with griefe they see
They the fooles doe proue to be.

These, the body so much minded,
That their Reason ouer-blinded,
By the pleasures of the Sence,
Hides from them that excellence ;

And

OF PHILARETE.

And that sweetnes, whose true worth,
I am here to blazon forth.

Tis not ; tis not, those rare graces,
That doe lurke in womens faces.
Tis not, a displayd perfection,
Youthfull eyes, nor cleare complexion ;
Nor a skin, smooth-fatten like,
Nor a daintie Rosie cheeke,
That to wantonneffe can moue,
Such as vertuously doe loue.

Beautie, rather gently drawes
Wild Desires, to Reasons Lawes ;
And oft frights men from that sin,
They had else transgressed in :
Through a sweet amazement, stroke,
From an ouer-ruling looke.

Beautie, neuer tempteth men
To lasciuiousnes ; but when
Carelesse Idlenesse hath brought
Wicked longings into thought.
Nor doth youth, or heat of blood,
Make men prooue what is not good.
Nor the strength, of which they vaunt.
Tis the strength, and power they want,
And the basenesse of the Mind,
Makes their bruit desires enclind,

I

To

THE MISTRESSE

To perſue thoſe vaine delights,
Which affect their Appetites.
And ſo blinded doe they grow,
(Who are ouertaken ſo)
As their dulnes cannot ſee,
Nor beleue that better be.
Some, haue blood as hot as their,
Whoſe affections looſeſt are ;
Bodies that require no art,
To ſupply weake *Natures* part.
Youth they haue ; and, ſure, might to,
Boaſt of what, ſome (ſhameleſſe doe)
Yet, their Minds that aime more high,
(Then thoſe baſer pleaſures lye)
Taught by *Virtue* can ſuppreſſe,
All attempts of wantonneſſe.
And ſuch powerfull motiues frame,
To extinguiſh *Paſſions* flame ;
That (by Reaſons good direction)
Quallifying looſe affection ;
Theile in midſt of Beauties fires,
Walke vnſcorcht of ill Deſires.
Yet, no ſuch, as ſtupid ſhame,
Keeps from actions worthy blame.
But, in all ſo truly Man,
That their apprehenſions can,

Prize

OF PHILARETE.

Prize the bodies vtmost worth :
And, find many pleasures forth,
In those Beauties ; more then You,
That abuse them, euer knew.

But, perhaps her outward grace,
Here discrib'd, hath tane such place,
In some ore-enamour'd breast,
And so much his hart possesse,
As He thinkes it passeth telling,
How shee may be more excellling :
Or what worth, I can prefer,
To be more admir'd in Her.
Therefore, now I will be brieve,
To preuent that misbeliefe.
And, if there be present here,
Any one, whose nicer eare :
Taskes my *Measures*, as offending,
In too seriously commending
What affects the Sense ; or may,
Iniure Virtue any way.
Let them know ; tis vnderstood,
That if they were truly good,
It could neuer breed offence,
That I shewd the excellence,
With the power of *God* and *Nature*,
In the beauty of his Creature.

I 2

They

THE MISTRESSE

They from thence would rather raise,
Cause, to meditate his praise :
And thus thinke ; *How faire must He,*
That hath made this Faire-one be !

That ; was my proposed End.
And, to make them more attend
Vnto this ; so much excelling,
As it passeth meanes of telling.

But at worst ; if any Straine,
Makes your *Memories* retaine,
Sparks of such a banefull fire,
As may kindle ill desire :
This, that followes after, shall
Not alone extinguish all ;
But, eu'n make you blush with shame,
That your thoughts were so to blame.
Yet, I know when I haue done,
(In respect of that bright *Sunne*,
Whose inestimable light
I would blazon to your sight)
These, ensuing flashes, are,
As to *Cynthia's* beames a Starre ;
Or, a petty Comets ray,
To the glorious Eye of Day.
For, what power of words or Art,
Can her worth at full impart ?

Or

OF PHILARETE.

Or, what is there, may be found,
Plac'd within the Senses bound ;
That can paint those sweets to me,
Which the Eyes of Loue doe see ?
Or the Beauties of that Mind,
Which her body hath enshrin'd.

Can I thinke, the *Guide of Heaven*,
Hath so bountifully giuen,
Outward features, cause he meant,
To haue made lesse excellent,
Her diuine part ? Or suppose,
Beautie, Goodnesse doth oppose ;
Like those fooles, who doe despaire,
To find any Good and Faire ?
Rather ; There I seeke a mind,
Most excelling, where I find
God hath to the body lent,
Most-beseeming Ornament.
But, though he that did inspire
First, the true *Promethean* fire,
In each feuerall soule did place
Equall Excellence and Grace,
As some thinke ; yet haue not they
Equall Beauties euery way.
For, they more or lesse appeare,
As the outward *Organs* are :

I 3

Following

THE MISTRESSE

Following much the temp'rature,
Of the Body, grosse or pure.
And I doe beleue it true,
That, as we the Body view :
Nearer to perfection grow ;
So, the *Soule* her felfe doth show :
Others more, and more excelling,
In her powre ; as in her dwelling.
For, that purenesse giueth way,
Better to disclose each Ray,
To the Dull conceit of man,
Then a groffer substance can.
Thus, through spotlesse *Christall*, wee
May the *Dayes* full glory see ;
When, if clearest Sunbeames passe,
Through a foule polluted glasse :
So discolleard, the'il appeare ;
As those Staines they shone through, were.

Let no *Criticke* cauilt then,
If I dare affirme agen ;
That her Minds perfections are,
Fairer then her Bodie's farr ;
And, I need not proue it by,
Axioms of Philosophy,
Since no prooffe can better be,
Then their rare effect in me.

For

OF PHILARETE.

For, while other men complaining,
Tell their *Mistresses* disdaining :
Free from care, I write a storie,
Only of her worth and glory.

While most Louers pining sit,
(Rob'd of libertie and wit)
Vassaling themselues with shame,
To some proud imperious *Dame* :
Or, in Songs their Fate bewailing,
Shew the world their faithles fayling.
I, enwreath'd with boughs of *Myrtle*,
Fare like the beloued *Turtle*.

Yea while most, are most vntoward,
Peeuish, vaine, inconstant, froward.
While their best contentments bring,
Nought but after-sorrowing.
She, those childish humors flighting,
Hath conditions so delighting,
And doth so my blisse indeauour,
As my ioy encreaseth euer.

By her actions I can see,
That her *Passions* so agree,
Vnto *Reason* ; as they erre,
Seldome, to distemper her.

Loue she can (and doth) but so,
As she will not ouerthrow,

I 4

Loues

THE MISTRESSE

Loues content by any folly,
Or, by deeds that are vnholly.
Dotingly, she nere affects ;
Neither willingly neglects
Honest loue : But meanes doth find,
With discretion to be kind.
Tis nor thundring *Phrase*, nor *Othes*,
Honors, wealth, nor painted Clothes,
That can her good liking gaine,
If no other worth remaine.

Neuer tooke her heart, delight
In your *Court-Hermaphrodite*,
Or such frothy *Gallants*, as
For the Times *Heroes* passe.
Such ; who (still in loue) doe all
Faire, and *Sweet*, and *Lady* call.
And where e're they hap to stray,
Either prate the rest away ;
Or, of all discourse to seeke,
Shuffle in at *Cent*, or *Gleeke*.

Goodnesse more delights her, than
All their Maske of Folly can.
Fond, she hateth to appeare ;
Though she hold her friend as deare,
As her part of life vnspent :
Or, the best of her content.

If

OF PHILARETE.

If the heat of youthfull fires,
Warme her blood with those desires,
Which are by the course of Nature,
Stird in euery perfect Creature :
As those *Passions* kindle, so
Doth *Heauens* grace, and *Reason* grow
Abler, to suppress in her
Those rebellions ; and they stirre,
Neuer more affection, then
One good thought allayes agen.

I could say, so chaste is shee,
As the new-blowne Roses be.
Or, the drifts of Snow, that none
Euer toucht, or lookt vpon.
But, that were not worth a Flie,
Seeing so much Chastitie,
Old *Pigmalion* Picture had :
Yea, those *Eunuchs* borne or made,
Ne're to know Desire ; might say,
Shee deseru'd no more then they.
Wheras, whilst their worth proceeds
From such wants, as they must needs,
Be vn mou'd (cause Nature fram'd
No affections to be tam'd)
Through her daintie Limbs, are spread,
Vigour, heat, and freely shed,

Life

THE MISTRESSE .

Life blood into euery vaine ;
Till they fill, and swell againe :
And no doubt they strive to force,
Way, in some forbidden Courfe.
Which, by *Grace* she still resists ;
And so Courbs within their lists,
Those Desires : that she is chaster,
Then if she had none to master.

Malice, neuer lets she in :
Neither hates she ought, but sin.
Envy, if she could admit,
Ther's no meanes to nourish it :
For, her gentle heart is pleas'd,
When she knowes anothers eas'd.
And ther's none, who euer got
That perfection, she hath not.
So, that no cause is there, why
Shee should any one enuy.

Mildly angry sheele appeare,
That the baser Rout may feare ;
Through presumption to misdoe.
Yet, she often faines that to.
But let wrong be whatsoeuer,
She giues way to *Choller*, neuer.

If she e're of *Vengeance* thought,
Twas nor life, nor blood was fought ;

But

OF PHILARETE.

But (at moſt) ſome prayer to moue,
Juſtice for abuſed Loue :
Or, that *Fate* would pay againe,
Loues neglectors with diſdaine.

If ſhe euer crau'd of *Fate*,
To obtaine a higher State ;
(Or ambitiouſly were giuen)
Sure, twas but to climbe to heauen.
Pride, is from her heart as farre,
As the *Poles* in diſtance are.
For, her worth, nor all this praiſe,
Can her humble ſpirit raiſe,
Leſſe to prize me, then before ;
Or her ſelfe, to value more.

Were ſhe *Vaine* ; ſhe might alledge,
Twere her Sexes priuiledge.
But, ſhee's ſuch ; as (doubtleſſe) no man
Knowes leſſe folly, in a woman.

To preuent a being *Idle*,
Sometime, with her curious Needle,
(Though it be her meanest glory)
Shee ſo limnes an Antique Story,
As *Minerua* (would ſhe take it)
Might her richeſt *Sample* make it.

Other while, againe, ſhe rather
Labors, with delight to gather

Know-

THE MISTRESSE

Knowledge from such learned Writs,
As are left by famous Wits.
Where, Shee chiefly seekes to know,
God; *Her selfe*; and what we owe,
To our *Neighbour*: since with these,
Come all needefull Knowledges.

Shee, with *Adam*, neuer will
Long to learne both *Good* and *Ill*;
But, her state well vnderstood,
Rests her selfe, content with *Good*.

Auarice, abhorreth shee,
As the lothfom'ft things that be :
Since she knowes it is an ill,
That doth ripeft vertue kill.
And, where ere it comes to rest,
(Though in some strict Matrons brest)
Be she ne're so seeming iust,
Ile no shewes of Goodnesse trust.
For, if you but gold can bring ;
Such, are hir'd to any thing.

If you thinke she Iealous be ;
You are wide : For, credit me,
Her strong'ft Iealousies, nought are,
Other then an honest care,
Of her friends. And, most can tell,
Who so wants that, loues not well.

Though

THE MISTRESSSE

Though some little feare she shoves,
Tis no more then loue allowes :
So the passion doe not moue her,
Till she greeue, or wrong her louer.
Shee may thinke He may doe ill ;
Though, shee'l not beleeeue he will.
Nor, can such a harmelesse thought,
Blemish true affection ought :
Rather, when as else it would,
Through security growe cold.
This her Passion, keeping measure,
Strengthens Loue, and sweetens Pleasure.

Crueltie, her soule detests ;
For, within her Bosome rests,
Noblest *Pitty* ; vsurd by,
An vnequall'd Courtesie.
And, is grieu'd at good mens moane,
As the grieve were all her owne.

Iust shee is ; so iust, that I
Know she would not wrong a Flye ;
Or, oppresse the meanest thing,
To be Mistresse to a King.

If our *Painters* would include,
Temperance, and *Fortitude*,
In one Picture ; She would fitt,
For the nonce to paterne it.

Patient

THE MISTRESSE

Patient, as the *Lambe* is she.
Harmelesse, as the *Turtles* be.
Yea, so largely stor'd, with all
Which we Mortals *Goodnesse* call ;
That, if euer *Virtue* were,
Or may be, incarnate here ;
This is she, whose praises, I
Offer to Eternitie.

Shee's no Image trimd about,
Faire within, and foule without :
But a *Jemm* that doth appeare,
Like the *Diamond*, euery where,
Sparkling rayes of Beautie forth ;
All of such vnblemisht worth,
That wert possible, your eye
Might her inmost thoughts espie,
And behold the dimmest part,
Of the lustre in her heart.
It would find that *Center* passe,
What the *Superficies* was.
And, that euery angle there,
Like a *Diamonds* inside were.

For, although that Excellence
Passe the piercingst Eye of Sence ;
By their operations we,
Guesse at things that hidden be.

So

THE MISTRESSSE

So (beyond our common reach)
Wife men can by Reason teach,
What the influences beene,
Of a *Planet*, when vnseene ;
Or the Beautie of a Starre,
That doth shine aboue vs farre.
So, by that wide-beaming Light,
Wherewith *Titan* Courts our sight,
By his clothing of the Earth ;
By the wondrous, various Birth,
Of new Creatures, yearely bred
Through his heat ; and nourished :
And by many Virtues moe
(Which our Senses reach vnto)
We conclude ; they are not all,
Which make faire that goodly *Ball*.

Though shee prize her honour more,
Then the far-fetcht precious store
Of the rich *Molucchi*, or
All the wealth was traffickt for,
Since our *Vessels*, passage knew
Vnto *Mexico*, *Peru* :
Or those spacious Kingdomes, which
Make the proud *Iberians* rich.
Tis not that vncertaine blast,
Keepes my *Mistresse* Good, or Chast.

Shee

THE MISTRESS

Shee, that but for honours fake,
Doth of ill a Conscience make ;
(More in feare what Rumour sayes,
Then in loue to vertuous wayes)
Though she seem'd more ciuill than,
You haue seene a Courtezan,
For an honor : And cries *Oh fie*,
At each shew of vanitie.
Though she censure all that be,
Not so foolish coy as shee.
Though she with the *Roman Dame*
Kill her selfe, to purchase fame.
Shee would prostitute become,
To the meanest basest Groome ;
If so closely they may doe it,
As the world should neuer know it.
So at best those women prooue,
That for honour ; virtue loue.
Giue me her, that Goodnes chuseth
For it owne fake : And refuseth
To haue greatest honors gain'd.
With her secret conscience stain'd.
Giue me her, that would be poore ;
Die disgrac't ; nay, thought a whoore ;
And each Times reproch become,
Till the generall day of Doome :

Rather

OF PHILARETE.

Rather then consent to act
Pleasing Sinne, though by the fact,
(with esteeme of vertuous) she
Might the *German Empreffe* be.
Such my *Mistresse* is; and nought
Shall haue power to change her thought.
Pleasures canot tempt her eye,
On their Bayts to glance awry.
For their good she still esteemes,
As it is; not as it seemes:
And, she takes no comfort in
Sweetest pleasure, sower'd with Sinn.
By her selfe, she hath such care,
That her actions decent are.
For, were she in secret hid,
None might see her what she did.
Shee would doe, as if for spies,
Euery wall were sticke with eyes.
And be chary of her honour,
Cause the heauens do looke vpon her,
And, oh what had power to moue,
Flames of Lust, or wanton loue,
So farre, to disparage vs,
If we all, were minded thus?
These, are Beauties that shall last,
When the Crimson blood shall waite;

K

And

THE MISTRESSE

And the shining Haire wax gray :
Or with age be worne away.
These, yeeld pleasures, such as might,
Be remembred with delight ;
When we gaspe our latest breath,
On the loathed bed of death.

Though discretely speake shee can,
Sheele be silent, rather than
Talke while others may be heard.
As if she did hate, or fear'd,
Their Condition ; who will force
All, to wait on their Discourse.
Reason hath on her bestowed
More of knowledge, then she owed
To that Sex : and *Grace* with it,
Doth aright her Practise fit.

Yet, hath *Fate* so framed her,
As she may at sometime, erre :
But, if ere her iudgement stray,
Tis that other women may,
Those much pleasing Beauties see,
Which in yeelding Natures be.
For, since no perfection can
Here on earth be found in *Man*,
Ther's more good in free submissions,
Then ther's ill in our transgressions.

Should

OF PHILARETE.

Should you heare her, once, contend,
In discourfing, to defend
(As ſhe can) a doubtfull Cauſe :
She ſuch ſtrong Poſitions drawes
From known Truths ; and doth apply,
Reaſons with ſuch Maieſtie :
As if ſhe did vndertake,
From ſome *Oracle* to ſpeake.
And you could not think, what might
Breed more loue, or more delight.

Yet, if you ſhould marke agen,
Her diſcreet behauiour, when
She finds Reaſon to repent
Some wrong-pleaded *Argument*.
She ſo temperatly lets all
Her miſ-held opinions fall ;
And, can with ſuch Mildneſſe bow :
As 'twill more enamour you,
Then her knowledge. For, there are
Pleaſing ſweets without compare
In ſuch yeeldings ; which doe prooue,
Wit, Humilitie, and Loue.
Yea, by thoſe miſtakings ; you
Her Condition ſo ſhall know,
(And the nature of her mind,
So vndoubtedly ſhall find)

K 2

As

THE MISTRESSE

As will make her, more endeared,
Then if she had neuer erred.

Farther ; that she nought may misse,
Which worth praise in woman, is :

This, vnto the rest I add.

If I wound, or sicknes, had ;

None should for my curing runne.

(No not to *Apollo's* sonne)

She, so well, the *Virtue* knowes,

Of each needfull Hearbe that growes ;

And so fitly, can apply,

Salues to euery Maladie :

That, if she, no succour gaue me,

Twere no meanes of *Art*, could saue me.

Should my Soule oppressed lye,

(Sunke with grieve and sorrow nigh)

She hath balme for minds distrest ;

And could ease my pained breast.

She so well knowes how to season,

Passionate discourse with Reason ;

And knowes how to sweeten it,

Both with so much loue and wit ;

That, it shall prepare the Sense.

To giue way with lesse offence.

For, greeued minds, can ill abide,

Counsell churlishly applid :

Which

OF PHILARETE.

Which, instead of comfortings ;
Desperation, often brings.

Bnt, harke *Nymphs* : me thinkes, I heare
Muficke, founding in mine eare.
Tis a *Lute* : And hee's the best
For a Voice, in all the *West*,
That doth touch it. And the Swaine,
I would haue you heare so faine,
That my *Song*, forbear will I,
To attend his melodie.

Hither comes he, day by day,
In these Groues to sing, and play.
And, in yonn close Arbor, He
Sitteth now, expecting me.
He, so bashfull is ; that mute
Will his Tougne be, and his *Lute*,
Should he happen to espie
This, vnlookt for Company.

If you, therefore list to heare him,
Let's with silence walke more neere him.
Twill be worth your paines (beleeue me)
(If a Voice, content may giue yee)
And, await you shall not long ;
For, He now begins a *Song*.

K 3

What

THE MISTRESSE

Sonnet. 1.

WHat is the cause, when elsewhere I resort,
I haue my Gestures, and Discourse more
And (if I please) can any Beauty Court, (free?
Yet stand so dull, and so demure by thee?
Why are my speeches broken, whilst I talke?
Why doe I feare almost thy hand to touch?
Why dare I not imbrace thee as we walk, (much?
Since, with the greatest Nymphs I've dar'd as
Ah! know that none of those I e're affected;
And therefore, vs'd a carelesse Courtship there:
Because, I neither their Disdainie respected,
Nor recon'd them, or their embraces deare.
But, louing Thee; my Loue hath found content;
And rich delights, in things indifferent.

Sonnet. 2.

WHy Couet I, thy blessed eyes to see;
Whose sweet aspect, may cheere the saddest
Why, when our bodies must diuided be, (mind?
Can I no howre of rest, or pleasure find?
Why doe I sleeping start, and waking mone,
To finde, that of my dreamed Hopes I misse?
Why

OF PHILARETE.

*Why, doe I often contemplate alone,
Of such a thing as thy Perfection is?
And wherefore, when we meet, doth Passion stop
My speechles Tongue, and leaue me in a panting?
Why, doth my heart o'rechargd with feare & hope
(In spight of Reason) almost droop to fainting?
Because, in Me thy excellencies mouing,
Haue drawne me to an Excellence in louing.*

Sonnet. 3

FAire, since thy Virtues my affections moue,
And I haue vowd, my purpose is to ioyne,
(In an eternall Band of chastest Loue)
Our Soules, to make a Mariage most diuine.
Why (thou maist thinke) then, seemeth he to prize,
An outward Beauties fading hew so much?
Why, doth he read such Lectures in mine eyes?
And often striue my tender palme to touch?
Oh pardon my presuming: For I sweare,
My Loue is soyled, with no lustfull spot: (peare,
Thy Soules perfections, through those vailes ap-
And I halfe faint, that I embrace them not.
No foule Desires, doth make thy touches sweet:
But, my Soule striueth, with thy Soule to meet.

K 4

Shall

THE MISTRESSE

Sonnet 4.

*SHall I wasting in Dispaire,
Dye because a Womans faire?
Or make pale my cheekes with care,
Cause anothers Rosie are?
Be shee fairer then the Day,
Or the Flowry Meads in May;
If She be not so to me,
What care I how faire shee be.*

*Should my heart be grioud or pin'd,
Cause I see a Woman kind?
Or a well disposed Nature,
Ioyned with a louely Feature?
Be shee meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-Doue, or Pelican:
If shee be not so me,
What care I, how kind she be.*

*Shall a Womans Virtues moue,
Me, to perish for her loue?
Or, her well-deseruing knowne,
Make me quite forget mine owne?*

Be

OF PHILARETE.

*Be shee with that Goodnesse blest,
Which may gaine her, name of Best :
If she be not such to me,
What care I, how good she be.*

*Cause her Fortune seemes too high,
Shall I play the foole, and dye ?
Those that beare a Noble minde,
Where they want of Riches find,
Thinke, what with them, they would doe,
That without them, dare to wooe.
And, vnlesse that mind I see,
What care I, though Great she be.*

*Great, or Good, or Kind, or Faire,
I will ne're the more dispaire,
If She loue me, this belecue ;
I will die, er'e she shall griene.
If she slight me, when I wooe ;
I can scorne, and let her goe.
For, if shee be not for me,
What care I, for whom she be.*

I wan-

THE MISTRESSE

Sonnet 5.

I Wandred out, awhile agone,
And went I know not whither :
But, there doe Beauties many a one,
Resort, and meet together.
And Cupids power will there be showne,
If euer you come thither.

For, like two Sunnes, two Beauties bright,
I shining saw together.
And, tempted by their double light,
My eyes I fixt on either :
Till both at once, so thral'd my sight,
I lou'd, and knew not whether.

Such equall sweet Venus gaue,
That I prefer'd not either.
And when for loue, I thought to craue,
I knew not well of whether.
For, one while, This, I wisht to haue,
And then, I That, had leifer.

A

OF PHILARETE.

*A Louer of the curiouſt Eye,
Might haue been pleaſd in either.
And ſo, I muſt confeſſe, might I,
Had they not been together.
Now, both muſt loue, or both denie,
In one, enioy I neither.*

*But yet at laſt I ſcap't the ſmart,
I feard, at comming hither.
For, ſeeing my diuided heart,
I chuſing, knew not whether.
Loue angry grew, and did depart;
And now, I care for neither.*

SEe; theſe Trees ſo ill did hide vs,
That the Shepheard hath eſpide vs :
And (as iealous of his cunning)
All in haſt away is rnnning.
To entreat him backe againe,
Would be labour ſpent in vaine.
You may therefore, now, betake ye
To the Muſicke I can make ye;
Who, doe purpoſe my Inuention,
Shall purſue my firſt Intention.

For ;

THE MISTRESSE

For, in *Her* (whose worth I tell)
Many excellences dwell,
Yet vnmention'd : whose perfections
Worthy are of best affections.

That, which is so rare to find,
Both in Man, and Womankind :
That ; whose absence *Loue* defaceth,
And both Sexes more disgraceth,
Then the spight of furrowed *Age*,
*Sicknesse*s, or *Sorrowes* rage :
That's the Iewell so diuine,
Which doth on her Forehead shine.
And, therewith endowed is *Shee*,
In an excellent degree.

CONSTANCY (I meane) the purest
Of all *Beauties* ; and the furest.
For, who e're doth that possesse,
Hath an endlesse Louelineffe.

All Afflictions, Labours, Crosses,
All our Dangers, Wounds, and losses,
Games of Pleasure, we can make,
For that matchlesse *Womans* sake ;
In whose brest that Virtue bideth :
And we ioy what e're betideth.

Most deiected *Hearts* it gladdeth :
Twenty thousand glories addeth

Vnto

OF PHILARETE.

Vnto *Beauties* brightest *Ray* :
And preferues it from decay.
Tis the *Salt*, that's made to season,
Beautie, for the vse of *Reason*.
Tis the Vernish, and the Oyling,
Keeps her Colours fresh, from spoiling.
Tis an Excellence, whereby
Age, though ioy'n'd with *Pouertie*,
Hath more deare Affection wonne,
Then fresh *Youth*, and *Wealth* haue done.
Tis a Louelineffe, endearing
Beauties, scarce worth note, appearing ;
Whil'st a fairer fickle *Dame*,
Nothing gaines, but scorne and shame.
Further ; tis a *Beautie*, such
As I can nor praise too much,
Nor frame *Measures*, to expresse.
No ; nor any man, vnlesse
He, who (more then all men crost)
Finds it in that *Woman* lost ;
On whose Faith, he would haue pawnd
Life, and all he could commaund.
Such a Man may by that Misse
Make vs know how deare it is ;
When, o're-charg'd with Griefe, he shall
Sigh, and breake his heart withall.

This

THE MISTRESSE

This is that *Perfection*, which
In her fauour makes me rich.
All whose *Beauties* (nam'd before)
Else, would but torment me more :
And, in hauing this, I find,
(What e're haps) a quiet mind :
Yea, tis that, which I doe prize,
Farre aboue her Lips, her Eyes :
Or, that generall Beauty, whence
Shines each feuerall Excellence.

For, alas ! what gaind hath he,
Who may clip the fairest *Shee*
(That the name of *Woman* beares)
If, vnhappy, he feares,
Any others Worth, may win,
What he thought his owne had bin ?
Him, Base-minded deeme I should,
Who (although he were in Hold,
Wrapt in chaines) would not disdaine,
Loue with her to entertaine
That both daughter to a *Peere*,
And most rich and louely were ;
When a brainelesse *Gull* shall dare,
In her, fauours with him share :
Or, the Action of a *Player*,
Robb him of a Hope so faire.

This

THE MISTRESSE

This, I dread not : For, I know,
Strained gestures, painted show,
Shamelesse boastings, borrowed Iests,
Female Looks, gay-plumed Crests,
Vowes nor protestations vaine,
(Wherwith fooles are made so vaine)
Moue her can ; faue to contemne,
Or perhaps, to laugh at them.

Neither can I doubt, or feare,
Time shall either change or weare
This her *Virtue* : Or, impaire
That which makes her Soule, so faire.
In which *Trust*, great Comforts are,
Which, the feare of losse, would marr.

Nor hath this my rare *Hope* stood,
So much, in her being good ;
(With her loue to blessed Things)
As in her acknowledgings,
From a higher Power to haue them ;
And her loue, to *Him*, that gaue them.
For, although to haue a mind
Naturally to Good inclin'd,
(And to loue it) would assure
Reason, that it might endure.
Yet (since Man was first vniust)
Ther's no warrant for such *Trust*.

Virtues

THE MISTRESSE

Virtues, that most wonder winn,
Would conuerted be to Sin ;
If their flourishing began,
From no better Root, then *Man*.
Our best *Virtues*, when they are
Of themselues, we may compare,
To the beautie of a Flower,
That is blasted in an howre :
And, which growing to be fuller,
Turnes into some loathed Colour.
But, those being freely giuen,
And confirm'd in vs from Heauen ;
Haue a promise on them past :
And for euermore shall last ;
Diamond-like, their lustre clearing,
More and more, by vse and wearing.

But, if this rare *Worth* I praise,
Should by *Fates* permission, raise
Passions in some gentle Brest,
That distemper may his rest ;
(And be Author of such Treason,
As might nigh endanger Reason)
Or, inforce his tongue to craue,
What another man must haue.
Marke, in such a Streight as this,
How discreet her dealing is.

Shee,

OF PHILARETE.

Shee, is nothing of their humours,
Who, their honor build on Rumours,
And, had rather priuat sporting,
Then allow of open courting :
Nor of theirs, that would seeme holy,
By diuulging others folly.
Farther is she from their guife,
That delight to Tyrannize,
Or make boastings, in espying,
Others for their fauours dying.

Shee, a spirit doth possesse
So repleat with Noblenesse,
That, if shee be there beloued,
Where she ought not to be moued,
Equally, to loue againe :
Shee, doth so well entertaine
That affection ; as ther's none
Can suppose it, ill bestowne.

From deluding, she is free :
From disdaine, as farre is shee :
And so feelingly beares part,
Of what paines anothers heart ;
That no curse, of scorned dutie,
Shall draw vengeance on her *Beautie*.
Rather, with so tender feare,
Of her Honour, and their care,

L

Shee

THE MISTRESSSE

Shee is toucht ; that neither shall,
Wrong vnto her selfe, befall ;
(By the fauour she doth shew)
Nor will shee neglect them so ;
As may iust occasion giue,
Any way to make them grieue.

Hope, she will not let them see,
Least they should presuming be ;
And aspire to that, which none,
Euer must enioy but One.
From *Dispaire*, shee keepes them to ;
Fearing, they might hap to doe,
Either through *Loues* indiscretions,
(Or much ouer stirred passions)
What, might with their hurt & shame,
Into question call her name.
And a scandall on her bring,
Who is iust in euery thing.
Shee hath mark't how others runne ;
And by them hath learn'd to shunne,
Both their fault, who (ouerwise)
Erre, by being too precise :
And their folly that o're kind,
Are to all complaints inclind.
For, her wit hath found the way,
How a while to hold them play ;

And

OF PHILARETE.

And, that inconuenience shunne,
Whereinto, both seeme to runne ;
By allowing them a scope,
Iust betwixt *Dispaire*, and *Hope*.
Where confin'd, and reaching neither,
They doe take a part in either :
Till, long liuing in suspence,
(Tyr'd by her indifference)
Time, at last, their *Passion* weares ;
Passions wearing, *Reason* cleares ;
Reason giues their *Iudgement* light ;
Iudgement bringeth all to right.
So, their *Hope* appearing vaine,
They become themselues againe.
And, with high applauses, fit,
For such *Virtue*, with such *Wit* ;
They, that seruice, onely profer,
Shee may take, and they may offer.

Yet, this course she neuer proues ;
Saue with those, whose virtuous Loues,
Vse the noblest meanes of gaining,
Fauours, worthy the obtaining.
And, if such should chance to erre,
(Either 'gainst themselues, or her)
In some ouer-sights, when they,
Are through *Passion* led astray.

L 2

She

THE MISTRESSE

Shee, so well mans frailtie knowes,
With the Darts that *Beautie* throwes ;
As she will not adding terror,
Breake the heart for one poore error.
Rather (if still good they be)
Twentie remedies hath she,
Gently to apply, where *Sense*
Hath inuaded *Reasons* Fence ;
And, without or wound, or scarre,
Turnes to Peace, a lawlesse Warre.

But, to those whose baser fires,
Breath out smoke of such desires,
As may dimm with vnpure steames,
Any part of *Beauties* beames.
Shee, will daigne no milder way,
Those foule burnings to allay ;
Saue, with such extreme neglect,
As shall worke her wisht effect.

And, to vse so sharpe a cure,
Shees not oft constrained, sure.
Cause, vpon her forehead, still
Goodnesse fits, so fear'd of *Ill* :
That the scorne, and high disdaines,
Wherewithall she entertaines,
Those loth'd glaunces ; giueth ending,
To such flamings in the tynding :

That

OF PHILARETE.

That their cooled Hopes, needs must
Freeze Desires, in heat of *Lust*.

Tis a power that neuer lies,
In the fair'st immodest eyes.
VVantons ; tis not your sweet eyings,
Forced Passions, fained Dyings,
Gestures temptings, Teares beguilings,
Dancings, Singings, Kissings, Smilings ;
Nor those painted sweets, with which,
You vnwary men bewitch :
(All vnited, nor afunder)

That can compasse such a wonder.
Or, to winn you loue preuailes,
Where her mouing *Virtues*, failes.

Beauties, tis not all those Features,
Placed in the fairest Creatures ;
Though their best they should discouer,
That can tempt from *Her*, a Louer.
Tis not, those soft-snowie Brests,
Where *Loue* rockt in pleasure, rests ;
(And by their continuall motions,
Draweth hearts to vaine deuotions)
Nor the *Nectar* that we sip
From a hony-dropping *Lip* :
Nor those *Eyes*, whence *Beauties* Launces,
Wound the heart, with wanton glances :

L 3

Nor

THE MISTRESSE

Nor, those fought *Delights*, that lye
In *Loues* hidden Treasurie :
That, can liking gaine, where she,
Will the best beloued be.

For, should those who thinke they may,
Draw my loue from her away ;
Bring forth all their female Graces,
Wrapt me, in their close embraces ;
Practise all the Art they may ;
Weepe, or sing, or kisse, or pray,
And with sighs and looks come woe me,
When they soonest may vndoe me :
One poore thought of *Her*, would arme me
So, as *Circe* could not harme me.
Since beside those Excellences,
Wherewith, others please the *Senses* ;
She, whom I haue prized so,
Yeilds delights, for *Reason* to.
Who could Dote on thing so common,
As mere outward-handosome *Woman* ?
Those halfe-beauties, only winne
Foolles, to let affection in.
Vulger wits, from Reason shaken,
Are with such impostures taken :
And, with all their Art in Loue,
Wantons, can but *Wantons* moue.

But

OF PHILARETE.

But, when vnto those, are Ioind,
Those things which adorne the *Mind* :
None, their excellences see,
But they straight enthralled be.
Fooles, and wifemen, worst and best,
Subiect are to Loues Arrest.
For, when *Virtue* wooes a Louer,
Shee's an vnresisted mooouer :
That will haue no kind of Nay,
And in Loue brookes no delay.

She, can make the Sensuall *Wights*,
To restraine their Appetites.
And, (her beautie when they see)
Spight of *Vice*, in Loue to be :
Yea (although themselues be bad)
Praise the good they neuer had.
She, hath to her seruice brought,
Those, that Her, haue set at nought ;
And can fayre enough appeare,
To enflame the most seueare.

She, hath oft allured out,
The religiously deuout,
From their Cloysters, & their Vowes ;
To embrace what *She* allowes :
And, to such contentments come,
As blind zeale had bard them from.

L 4

While

THE MISTRESSE

While (her lawes mis-vnderstood)
They did ill for loue of Good.

Where I finde true worth to be,
Sweetest are their lipps to me :
And embraces tempt me to,
More then outward *Beauties* doe.
That my firme beleefe is this :
If euer I doe amisse ;
Seeming-Good, the bayt will lay,
That to ill shall me betray :
Since, where shewes of Goodnesse are,
I am oft emboldned there,
Freedomes so permit, and vse ;
Which, I else-where doe refuse :
For because I thinke they meane,
To allow no deed vncleane.

Yet, where two, loue *Virtue* shall,
Both at once, they feldome fall.
For, when one hath thoughts of ill,
Tother helps exile them still.

My faire *Virtues* powre is this.
And, that powre the Beauty is,
Which doth make *Her*, here exprest,
Equally both *Faire*, and *Blest*.

This, was that contenting *Grace*,
Which affection made me place,

With

OF PHILARETE.

With so deare respect, that neuer
Can it faile ; but, last for euer.

This ; a Seruant made me sworne,
Who before time, held in scorne ;
To yeeld Vassilage, or Duty,
Though, vnto the *Queene of Beauty*.
Yet, that I her Seruant am,
It shall more be to my fame ;
Then to owne these *Woods* and *Downes* :
Or be Lord of fiftie Townes.
And my *Mistresse* to be deem'd,
Shall more honor be esteem'd ;
Then those Titles to acquire,
Which most women, most desire.
Yea, when you a woman shall,
Countesse, or a *Dutchesse* call ;
That respect it shall not moue,
Neither gaine her halfe such loue,
As to say, *Loe, this is she*,
That supposed is to be,
Mistresse to PHILARETE.
And, that louelie Nymph, which he,
In a Pastorall *Poem* fam'd,
And FAIRE-VIRTE, there hath nam'd.
Yea, some Ladies (tenne to one)
If not many (now vnknowne)

May

THE MISTRESSE

Will be very well apaid,
When by chance, She heares it said
Shee, that *Faire-one* is ; whom I,
Here haue prais'd, concealedly.

And, though now this Ages pride,
May so braue a *Hope* deride.
Yet, when all their Glories passe
As the thiug that neuer was ;
(And on Monuments appeare,
That, they ere had breathing here)
Who enuy it : Shee shall thriue
In her Fame. And honor'd liue,
Whilst *Great-Brittaines* Shepheards, sing
English, in their Sonnetting.
And, who ere in future dayes,
Shall bestow the vtmost praife,
On his *Loue* ; that any Man,
Attribute to Creature can.
Twill be this ; that he hath dared,
His, and Mine to haue compared.

Oh / what starres did shine on me,
When her Eyes I first did see ?
And how good was their aspect,
When we first did both affect ?
For, I neuer since to changing
Was enclind, or thought of ranging.

Me,

OF PHILARETE.

Me, so oft my *Fancy* drew,
Here and there, that I nere knew
Where to place *Desire*, before,
So, that range it might no more.
But, as he that passeth by,
Where in all her iollitie,
Floras riches in a row,
Doth in seemely order grow :
And a thousand Flowers stand,
Bending as to kisse his hand ;
Out of which delightfull store,
One he may take ; and no more.
Long he pausing, doubteth whether,
Of those faire ones he should gather.
First, the *Primrose* Courts his eyes ;
Then, the *Cowslip* he espies ;
Next, the *Pansy* seemes to wooe him ;
Then, *Carnations* bow vnto him :
Which, whil'ft that enamour'd *Swaine*
From the stalke intends to straine,
(As halfe fearing to be feene)
Prettily her leaues betweene
Peepes the *Violet* : pale, to see,
That her *Virtues* sleighted be.
Which, so much his liking winnes,
That, to ceaze her, he beginnes.

Yet

THE MISTRESSE

Yet, before he stoopt so low,
He, his wanton eye did throw
On a *Stemm* that grew more high,
And the *Rose* did there espie :
Who, beside her pretious sent
(To procure his eyes content)
Did display her goodly Brest ;
Where he found at full exprest,
All the Good, that *Nature* showers
On a thousand other *Flowers*.
Wherewith he, affected, takes it ;
His beloued Flowre he makes it.
And, without desire of more,
Walkes through all, he saw before.

So, I wandring, but erewhile,
Through the *Garden* of this *Ile*,
Saw rich *Beauties* (I confesse)
And in number, numberlesse.
Yea, so differing louely to,
That, I had a world to doe,
Ere I could fet vp my rest,
Where to chuse ; and chuse the best.

One I saw, whose *Haire* excelled,
On anothers *Brow* there dwelled,
Such a Maieftie : it seemed,
Shee, was best to be esteemed.

This

OF PHILARETE.

This, had with her Speeches won me,
That, with Silence, had vndone me.
On her Lips, the *Graces* hung ;
Tother, charm'd me with her tongue.
In her *Eyes*, a third did beare,
That, which did anew insnare.
Then a fourth did fairer show ;
Yet, wherein I did not know.
Onely this perceiued I,
Somewhat pleas'd my *Fantafie*.
Now, the *Wealth* I most esteemed ;
Honour then, I better deemed.
Next, the loue of *Beautie* ceazd me,
And, then *Virtue* better pleas'd me.
Iuno's loue, I nought esteem'd,
Whilst a *Venus* fairer seem'd.
Nay, both could not Me suffice ;
Whilst a *Pallas* was more wife.
Though I found enough in One,
To content, if still alone.

Amarillis, I did wooe ;
And I courted *Phillis* to.
Daphne, for her loue I chofe ;
Cloris for that Damaske Rofe,
In her Cheeke, I held as deare ;
Yea, a thousand likt, welneere.

And,

THE MISTRESSE

And, in loue with altogether,
Feared the enioying either ;
Cause, to be of one posselt,
Bar'd the hope of all the rest.

Thus I fondly far'd, till *Fate*,
Which (I must confesse in that
Did a greater fauour to me,
Then the world can malice doe me)
Shew'd to me that matchlesse *Flowre*,
Subiect for this *Song* of our.
Whose perfection, hauing eied,
Reason instantly espied ;
That, *Desire* (which rang'd abroad)
There, would find a *Period*.
And no maruell, if it might :
For, it there hath all delight ;
And in her hath *Nature* placed,
What each feuerall faire one graced.

Nor am I, alone delighted,
With those *Graces* all vnited ;
Which the *Senses* eie, doth finde,
Scattered, throughout *Womankind*.
But, my *Reason* finds perfections,
To enflame my *Soules* affections.
Yea, such virtues she possesseth,
As with firmeſt pleasures bleſſeth :

And

THE MISTRESSE

And keepes found, that *Beauties* state,
Which would else grow ruinate.

In this *Flowre*, are sweets such store ;
I shall neuer, wish for more.
Nor be tempted out to stray,
For the fairest Budds in *May*.

Let who list (for me) aduance,
The admired *Flowres* of *France*,
Let who will ; praise, and behold,
The referued *Marigold*.

Let the sweetbreath't *Violet*, now,
Vnto whom she pleaseth, bow.
And the fairest *Lillie*, spread
Where she will, her golden head.
I haue such a *Flowre* to weare,
That for those I doe not care.

Neuer shall my *Fancie* range,
Nor once thinke againe of change :
Neuer will I ; (neuer more)
Greeue, or sigh, as heretofore :
Nor within the Lodgings lie,
Of *Dispaire*, or *Iealousie*.

Let the young and happy Swaines,
Playing on the *Britan* Plaines :
Court vnblamd, their Sheepherdeffes.
And with their gold-curled Tresses ;

Toy

THE MISTRESSE

Toy vnclenfur'd ; vntill I
Grutch at their prosperitie.

Let all *Times* ; both *Present*, *Past*,
And the *Age*, that shall be laſt,
Vaunt the *Beauties* they bring forth.
I haue found in One, ſuch worth :
That (content) I neither care,
What the beſt before me were :
Nor deſire to liue, and fee,
Who ſhall Faire hereafter be.
For, I know the hand of *Nature*,
Will not make a fairer Creature.

Which, becauſe ſucceeding Dayes,
Shall confeſſe ; and adde their praiſe,
In approuing, what my tongue,
Ere they had their being, ſung.
Once againe, come lend an eare,
And, a *Rapture* you ſhall heare,
(Though I taſt no *Theſpian* Spring)
Will amaze you, whiſt I ſing.
I doe feele new *Straines* inſpiring,
And to ſuch braue heights aſpiring,
That my *Muſe* will touch a *Key*,
Higher, then you heard to day.

I haue *Beauties* to vnfold,
That deſerue a Penn of Gold.

Sweets,

OF PHILARETE.

Sweets, that neuer dream'd of were.
Things vnknowne : and fuch, as Eare
Neuer heard a *Measure* found ;
Since the *Suune* first ran his *Round*.

When *Apelles* limb'd to life,
Loathed *Vulcans* louely wife.
With fuch *Beauties*, he did trim,
Each sweet Feature, and each Limbe :
And, fo curiously did place,
Euery well-becomming Grace.
That twas faid, e're he could draw
Such a *Peece* ; he naked faw
Many women in their Prime,
And the faireft of that Time.
From all which, he parts did take,
Which aright difposed, make
Perfect *Beautie*. So, when you
Know, what I haue yet to fhew :
It will feeme to paffe fo farre,
Thofe things which expreffed are.
That, you will fuppofe I'ue beene
Priuiledg'd ; where I haue feene,
All the *Good*, that's fpread in parts,
Through a thoufand womens hearts.
(With their fair'ft conditions lye,
Bare, without *Hypocrisie*)

M

And

THE MISTRESSE

And, that I, haue tooke from thence,
Each disperfed *Excellence*.

To expresse *Her*, who hath gained
More, then euer *One* obtained.

And yet soft, (I feare) in vaine,
I haue boasted fuch a *Straine*.

Apprehensions euer are
Greater, then expreffion farre.

And, my ftryuing to difclofe
What I know; hath made me lofe
My *Inuentions* better part :

And, my *Hopes* exceed my *Art*.

Speake I can; yet think I more,
Words compar'd with *Thoughts*, are poore.

And I find, had I begun,
Such a *Straine*; it would be done,
When we number all the fands,
Washt ore periur'd *Goodwins* lands.
For, of things, I fhould indite;
Which, I know, are infinite.

I doe yeeld, my *Thoughts* did clime,
Far aboue the powre of *Ryme*:
And no wonder, it is fo;
Since, there is no *Art* can fhew;
Red in Rofes, white in Snow;
Nor expresse how they doe grow.

Yea,

OF PHILARETE.

Yea, since Bird, Beast, Stone, and Tree,
(That inferior Creatures be)
Beauties haue, which we confesse,
Lines vnable to expresse :
They more hardly can enroule,
Those, that doe adorne a *Soule*.
But, suppose my *Measures* could,
Reach the height, I thought they would.
Now, relate, I would not tho ;
What did swell within me so.
For, if I should all discrie,
You would know asmuch as I :
And those Clownes, the *Muses* hate,
Would of things aboue them prate.
Or, with their prophaning eies,
Come to view those *Misteries*,
Whereof, (since they disesteem'd them)
Heauen, hath vnworthy deemd them.

And beside ; It seemes to me,
That your eares nigh tired be.
I perceiue ; the fire that charmeth,
And inspireth me ; scarce warmeth
Your chill harts. Nay sure ; were I
Melted into *Poesie*,
I should not a *Measure* hit,
(Though *Apollo* prompted it)

M 2

Which

THE MISTESSE .

Which should able be to leaue,
That in you, which I conceaue.

You are cold ; and here I may
Waft my vitall heat away,
E're you will be moou'd so much,
As to feele one perfect touch
Of those *Sweets*, which yet conceal'd
Swell my brest, to be reueal'd.

Now, my *Words*, I therefore cease :
That, my mounting *Thoughts*, in peace,
May alone, those pleasures share,
Whereof, *Lines* vnworthy are.
And so, you an end doe see
Of my *Song* ; though long it be.

NO fooner had the Shepheard *Philaret*,
To this *Description* his last period set :
But, instantly, descending from a Wood,
(Which, on a rising ground, adioyning stood)
A troupe of *Satyrs* to the view of all,
Came dauncing of a new-deuifed *Brall*.
The *Measures* they did pafe, by *Him*, were taught the ;
Who, to so rare a gentlenesse had brought them,
That he, had learnd their rudenessse an obseruing,
Of such respect vnto the well-deferuing,

As

OF PHILARETE.

As they became to no men else a terrour,
But such, as did persist in wilfull error:
And they, the Ladies made no whit affear'd, (scard.
Though since that time they some great men haue
Their Dance, the *Whipping of Abuse* they nam'd;
And, though the *Shepherd* since that, hath bin blam'd,
Yet, now tis daily seene in euery towne;
And ther's no *Countrie-Dance* thats better knowne:
Nor, that hath gain'd a greater commendation,
Mongst those that loue an honest recreation.

This *Scene* presented; from a Groue was heard,
A set of Viols; and, there was prepar'd
A Countrie Banquet, which this *Shepherd* made,
To entertaine the *Ladies*, in the shade.
And tis suppos'd, his *Song* prolonged was
Of purpose, that it might be brought to passe.
So well it was perform'd, that each one deem'd,
The Banquet might the Citie haue befeem'd.
Yet, better was their *Welcome*, then their *Fare*:
Which they perceiued, and the merrier were.

One *Beautie* tho, there fate amongst the rest;
That lookt as sad, as if her heart oppress'd
With Loue had bene. Whom *Philaret* beholding,
Sit so demurely, and her Armes enfolding.

Lady (quoth he) am I, or this poore cheere,
The cause that you so melancholy are?
For, if the Obiect of your thoughts be higher,
It fits nor me to know them; nor enquire,
But if from me it commeth, that offends,
I seeke the Cause, that I may make amends.

M 3

Kind

THE MISTRESS

Kind *Swaine* (said she) it is nor so, nor so.
No fault in you, nor in your Cheere I know.
Nor doe I thinke there is a Thought in me ;
That can too worthy of your knowledge be.
Nor haue I, many a day, more pleasure had,
Then here I find ; though I haue seemed sad.

My hart, is sometime heauy, when I smile ;
And when I greeue, I often sing the while.
Nor is it sadnesse, that doth me possesse,
But, rather, musing with much serioufnesse,
Vpon that multitude of sighs and teares ;
With those innumerable doubts and feares :
Through which, you passed ; ere you could acquire,
A settled *Hope* of gaining your Desire.
For, you dar'd loue a *Nymph*, so great, and faire,
As might haue brought a *Prince* vnto *Dispaire*.
And sure, the excellencie of your *Passions*,
Did then produce as excellent expressions.

If therefore, Me, the fute may well become ;
And, if to you it be not wearisome :
In name of all these *Ladies*, I entreat,
That, one of those sad *Straines* you would repeate,
Which you composd ; when greatest discontent
Vnfought-for helpe, to your Inuention lent.

Fayre *Nymph* (said *Philaret*) I will doe so.
For, though your *Shepherd*, doth no Courtship
He hath Humanitie. And, what's in me (know,
To doe you Seruice, may commanded be.

So, taking downe a *Lute*, that neere him hung,
He gaue't his *Boy*, who plaid ; whilst this, he sung.

Ah me.

OF PHILARETE.

Ah me !
Am I the Swaine,
That late from sorrow free,
Did all the cares on earth disdaine ?
And still vntoucht, as at some safer Games,
Plaid with the burning coals of Loue, & Beautis flames?
Wast I, could diue, & sould each passions secret depth at will;
And, frō those huge ouerwhelmings, rise, by help of Reason stil?
And am I now, oh heauens! for trying this in vaine,
So sunke, that I shall neuer rise againe?
Then let Dispaire, set Sorrows string,
For Strains that dolefulst be.
And I will sing,
Ah me.

But why,
Oh fatall Time !
Dost thou constrain that I,
Should perish, in my youths sweet prime?
I, but a while agoe (you cruell Powers)
In sight of Fortune, cropt contentmets sweetest flowers.
And yet, vnscorned, serue a gentle Nymph, the fairest Shee,
That euer was below'd of Man, or Eyes did euer see.
Yea, one, whose tender heart, would rue for my distresse;
Yet I, poore I; must perish nay-thelesse.
And (which much more augmets my care)
Vnmoaned I must dye:
And, no man er'e,
Know why.

M 4

Thy

THE MISTRESSE

*Thy leaue,
My dying Song,
Yet take, ere grieffe bereaue,
The breath which I enioy too long.
Tel thou that Fair-one this ; my soul prefers,
Her loue aboue my life, and that I died hers :
And let Him be, foreuer more, to her remembrance deare,
Who lou'd the very thought of Her, whilst he remained here.
And now, farewell thou Place, of my vnhappy birth ;
Where once I breathd the sweetest aire on earth.
Since me, my wonted ioyes forsake ;
And all my trust deceiue :
Of all, I take
My leaue.*

*Farewell,
Sweet Groues to you :
You Hills, that highest dwell ;
And all you humble Vales, adue.
You wanton Brookes, and solitary Rockes,
My deare companions all, and you, my tender flockes.
Farevvell my Pipe, and all those pleasing Songs, whose mousing straines
Delighted once the fairest Nymphes, that daunce vpon the Plaines.
You Discontents (whose deep, & ouer-deadly smart,
Haue, without pitie, broke the truest heart)
Sighs, Teares, and euery sad annoy,
That erst did with me dwell,
And all others Ioy,
Farewell.*

Adue,

OF PHILARETE.

Adue,
Faire Shepherdesses :
Let Garlands of sad Yewe,
Adorne your daintie golden Tresses.
I, that loud you ; and often with my Quill,
Made musick that delighted Fountain, Groue, & Hill:
I, whom you loued so; and with a sweet and chaste embrace,
(Yea, with a thousand rarer fauors) would vouchsaf to grace.
I, now must leaue you all alone, of Loue to plaine :
And neuer Pipe, nor neuer Sing againe.
I must, for euermore, bee gone ;
And therefore, bid I you,
And euery one,
Adue.

I dye !
For oh, I feele
Deaths horrors, drawing nie ;
And all this frame of Nature, reele.
My hopelesse heart, dispairing of reliefe,
Sinks, vnderneath the heauy weight of saddest grieffe.
Which, hath so ruthles torn, so rackt, so torturd' euery vaine ;
All comfort comes too late, to haue it euer cur'd againe.
My swimming head, begins to dance Deaths giddy round.
A shuddering chilnes doth each sence confound :
Benum'd, is my cold-sweating brow ;
A dimnesse shuts my eye ;
And now, oh now,
I die.

So

THE MISTRESSE

S O mouingly, these Lines He did expresse,
And, to a Tune so full of heauinesse,
As if indeed, his purpose had bin past,
To liue no longer then the Song did last.
Which in the *Nymphs*, such tender passion bred.
That some of them, did teares of pitty shed.

This, she perceiuing, who first craud the Song ;
Shepherd she said ; although it be no wrong,
Nor grieve to you, those passions to recall,
Which heretofore you haue beene paind withall,
But Comforts rather ; since they now, are ouer,
And you (it seemeth) an enioying *Louer*.
Yet, some young *Nymphs* among vs I doe see,
Who so much mooued with your passions be :
That if, my aime, I taken haue aright,
Their thoughts wil hardly, let them sleepe to night.

I dare not therefore, beg of you againe,
To sing another of the selfesame *Straine* :
For feare, it breed within them, more vnrest,
Then womens weakenesses, can well digest.
Yet, in your *Measures*, such content you haue ;
That, one *Song* more I will presume to craue.
And, if your Memorie preserues of those,
Which you of your Affections did compose,
Before you saw this *Mistresse* ; Let vs heare,
What kind of passions, then, within you were.

To which request, he instantly obaid ;
And, this ensuing *Song*, both sung and plaid.

Sonnet

OF PHILARETE.

Sonnet. 2

*Y*Ou gentle Nymphs, that on these meadows play
And oft relate the loves of Shepherds young:
Come, sit you downe; for, if you please to stay,
Now may you heare an uncouth Passion sung.

*A Lad there is, and I am that poore Groome;
That faine in loue, & cannot tell with whom.*

*Oh doe not smile at sorrow as a Iest;
With others cares good Natures mooued be:
And, I should weepe, if you had my vnrest.
Then, at my grieffe, how, can you merry be?*

*Ah, where is tender pitie now become?
I am in loue, and cannot tell with whom.*

*I, that haue oft the rarest features viewd,
And Beautie in her best perfection seene:
I, that haue laught at them that Loue pursude;
And euer free, from such affections beene.*

*Lo now at last, so cruell is my doome;
I am in loue, and cannot tell with whom.*

*My heart is full nigh bursting with desire,
Yet cannot find from whence these longings flow:*

My

THE MISTRESSE

*My brest doth burne, but she that lights the fire,
I neuer saw, nor can I come to know.*

*So great a blisse my fortune keepes my from.
That though I dearly loue ; I know not whō.*

*Ere I had twice foure Springs, renewed seene,
The force of Beautie I began to proue ;
And, ere I nine yeares old, had fully beene,
It taught me how to frame a Song of Loue.*

*And, little thought I, this day should haue come,
Before that I to loue, had found out whom.*

*For, on my Chinn, the mossy downe you see,
And, in my vaines, well-heated blood doth glow :
Of Summers I haue seene twice three times three,
And, fast, my youthfull time away doth goe.*

*That much I feare, I aged shall become :
And still complaine ; I loue I know not whom.*

*Oh ! why had I, a heart bestow'd on me,
To cherish deare affections, so enclind ?
Since, I am so vnhappy borne to be
No Obiect, for so true a Loue to find.*

*When I am dead, it will be mist of some :
Yet, now I liue ; I loue, I know not whom.*

I, to

OF PHILARETE.

*I, to a thousand beautilous Nymphs am knowne ;
A hundred Ladies fauours doe I weare :
I, with as many, halfe in loue am growne ;
Yet none of them (I find) can be my Deare.
Me thinks, I haue a Mistresse, yet to come ;
Which makes me sing; I loue I know not whom*

*There liues no Swaine doth stronger passion proue,
For her, whom most he couets to possesse ;
Then doth my heart, that being full of Loue,
Knowes not to whom, it may the same professe.
For, he that is despisd, hath sorrow, some :
But he hath more; that loues, and knowes not
(whom.*

*Knew I my Loue, as many others doe,
To some one obiet might my thoughts be bent :
So, they diuided should not wandring goe,
Vntill the Soules united force be spent.
As his, that seekes, and neuer finds a Home :
Such is my rest; that loue, & know not whom.*

*Those, whom the frownes of iealous friends diuide,
May liue to meet, and descant on their woe :
And he, hath gaine'd a Lady for his Bride,
That durst not woe her Mayd, a while agoe.
But*

THE MISTRESSE

*But oh ! what end vnto my Hopes can come?
That am in loue, and cannot tel with whom.*

*Poore Collin, grieues that he was late disdaind:
And Cloris, doth for Willy's absence pine.
Sad Thirfis, weeps, for his sicke Phæbe paind.
But, all their sorrowes cannot equall mine.
A greater care alas, on me is come:
I am in loue, and cannot tell with whom.*

*Narcissus-like, did I affect my shade;
Some shaddow yet, I had, to dote vpon.
Or, did I loue, some Image of the dead,
Whose substance had not breathed long agoe;
I might dispaire, and so an end would come;
But, oh, I loue ! and cannot tell you whom.*

*Once in a Dreame, me thought, my Loue I view'd;
But, neuer waking, could her face behold:
And doubtles, that Resemblance was but shew'd,
That more, my tyred heart torment it should.
For, since that time, more grieu'd I am become;
And more in loue ; I cannot tell with whom.
When*

THE MISTRESSE

*When on my bed at night, to rest I lye,
My watchfull eyes, with teares bedew my cheeke:
And then, oh would it once were day, I crie;
Yet when it comes, I am as far to seeke.
For, who can tell, though all the earth herome;
Or when, or where, to find hee knowes not
(whom?)*

*Oh! if she be among the beautilous traines,
Of all you Nymphs, that haunt the siluer Rills;
Or, if you know her, Ladies of the Plaines,
Or you, that haue your Bowers, on the Hills.
Tell if you can, who will my loue become:
Or I shal die, and neuer know for whom.*

THe *Ladies* smiled oft, when this they heard,
Because the Pafsion strange to them appeard.
And stranger was it; since, by his exprefion,
(As well as by his owne vnfaïn'd confefsion)
It feemed true. But, hauing fung it out:
And seeing, scarcely manners, they it thought
To vrge him farther, Thus to them he spake.
Faïre *Ladies*: for as much as doubt you make
To re-command me: Of mine owne accord,
Another *Straine*, I freely will afford.

It

THE MISTRESSE

It shall not be of *Loue*; nor any Song,
Which to the praise of *Beautie* doth belong.
But, that hereafter, when you hence are gone,
Your *Shepherd* may be sometime thought vpon.
To shew you also, what content the *Field*,
And louely *Groue*, to honest Minds may yeeld.
That you my humble *Fate*, may not despise;
When you returne vnto your braueries.
And not suppose, that in these homely Bowers,
I hugg my Fortune, cause I know not yours.
Such Lines Ile sing, as were composd, by me,
When some proud Courtiers, where I hap't to be,
Did (like themselues) of their owne glories prate:
As in contempt, of my more happy state.
And these they be. ———

Sonnet.

Lordly Gallants, tell mee this,
(Though my safe content you weigh not)
In your Greatnesse what one blisse,
Haue you gain'd, that I enioy not?
You haue Honors, you haue Wealth,
I haue Peace, and I haue Health:
All the day, I merry make,
And, at night, no care I take.

Bound

OF PHILARETE.

*Bound to none, my Fortunes be ;
This, or that mans fall, I feare not :
Him I loue, that loueth me ;
For the rest, a pinne I care not.*

*You are sad, when others chafe,
And grow merry as they laugh ;
I, that hate it, and am free,
Laugh and weepe, as pleaseth me.*

*You may boast of fauours showne,
Where your seruice is applied :
But, my pleasures are mine owne,
And to no mans humours tyed.
You oft flatter, soothe, and faine ;
I, such basenesse doe disdain :
And to none, be slaue I would,
Though my fetters might be gold.*

*By great Titles, some beleue,
Highest honours are attained ;
And yet Kings haue power to giue,
To their Fools, what these haue gained.
Where they fauour, there they may,
All their Names of Honour lay :
But, I looke not, rais'd to be,
Till mine owne wing, carrie me.*

N

Seeke

THE MISTESSE

*Seeke to raise your Titles higher,
They are Toyes not worth my sorrow :
Those that we to day admire,
Prooue the Ages scorne to morrow.
Take your Honors ; let me find,
Virtue, in a free-borne Mind :
This, the greatest Kings that be,
Cannot giue, nor take from me.*

*Though I vainly doe not vaunt,
Large demesnes, to feed my pleasure :
I haue fauours where you want,
That would buy respect with treasure.
You haue lands lie here, and there ;
But my wealth is euery where :
And, this, addeth to my store :
Fortune, cannot make me poore.*

*Say, you purchase with your pelfe,
Some respect, where you importune.
Those may loue me for my selfe,
That regard you for your Fortune.
Rich, or borne of high degree,
Fooles, as well as you may bee :
But, that Peace, in which I liue,
No Discant, nor Wealth can giue.*

If

OF PHILARETE.

*If you boast, that you may gaine,
The respect of high-borne Beauties :
Know, I neuer wooed in vaine,
Nor preferred scorned Duties.*

*Shee I loue, hath all delight ;
Rose-red, with Lillie-white :
And, who er'e your Mistresse be,
Flesh and Blood as good as Shee.*

*Note, of Me, was neuer tooke,
For my Woman-like perfections :
But, so like a man, I looke,
It hath gaind me best Affections.
For my loue, as many showers
Haue been wept, as haue for yours.
And, yet none doth me condemne
For Abuse, or scorning them.*

*Though of Dainties, you haue store,
To delight a choyser Pallat :
Yet your taste is pleas'd no more,
Then is mine in one poore Sallat.
You to please your Senses, feed ;
But, I eat, good Blood to breed.
And am most delighted than,
When I spend it like a man.*

N 2

Though

THE MISTESSE

*Though you Lord it ouer me,
You in vaine thereof haue braued :
For, those Lusts my Seruants be,
Whereunto your minds are flaued.
To your selues you wise appeare :
But alas, deceiu'd you are.
You doe foolishh me esteeme,
And are that, which I doe seeme.*

*When your faults I open lay,
You are moou'd, and madd with vexing ;
But, you ne're could doe or say,
Ought to driue me to perplexing.
Therefore, my despised power
Greater is, by farre, then your.
And, what er'e you thinke of me,
In your mindes, you poorer be.*

*You are pleased, more or lesse,
As men well or ill report you ;
And, shew discontentednesse,
When the Times forbear to court you.
That, in which my pleasures be,
No man can diuide from me.
And, my Care, it addes not to
What-so, others say, or doe.*

Be

OF PHILARETE.

*Be not proud, because you view,
You by thousands are attended :
For alas, it is not You,
But your Fortune, tha's be-friended.
Where I show of loue haue got,
Such a danger feare I not.
Since, they nought can seeke of me ;
But, for loue, belou'd to be.*

*When your Hearts haue euery thing,
You, are pleasantly disposed :
But, I can both laugh and sing,
Though my Foes haue me enclosed.
Yea, when dangers me doe hemm,
I delight in scorning them,
More then you, in your renowne ;
Or a King can in his Crowne.*

*You doe brauely domineere,
Whilst the Sunne vpon you shineth.
Yet, if any storme appeare,
Basely then, your mind declineth.
But, or shine, or raine, or Blow,
I, my Resolutions know.
Liuing, Dying, Thrall, or Free,
At one height my Mind shall be.*

N 3

In

THE MISTRESSE

*When in thraldome, I haue laine,
Me, not worth your thought you prized.
But, your malice was in vaine,
For, your fauours, I despised.
And, how ere you value me,
I, with praise, shall thought on be ;
VVhen the world esteemes you not,
And your Names shall be forgot.*

*In these thoughts my riches are,
Now, though poore or meane you deeme me ;
I am pleas'd, and doe not care,
How the Times, or you esteeme me.
For, those Toyes that make you gay,
Are but Play-games for a day.
And, when Nature craues her due ;
I, as braue shall be, as you.*

Here *Philaret* did giue his Song an ending,
To which the *Nymphs*, so seriously attending,
About him fate ; as if they had supposed,
He still had somewhat more, to be disclosed.
And, well they knew not ; whether did belong,
Most praise vnto the *Shepherd*, or his *Song*.

For,

OF PHILARETE.

For, though (they must confesse) they often heare,
Those *Layes*, which much more deeply learned are:
Yet, when they well considerd of the *Place*,
With how vnlikely (in their thought) it was,
To giue them hope of hearing such a *Straine* ;
Or, that so young, and so obscure a *Swaine*,
Should, such a matchlesse *Beauties* fauour get,
And know her worth so well, to sing of it.
They wondred at it. And some thus surmizd,
That *Hee* a greater man was, so disguis'd :
Or else, that *Shee*, whom he so much had prais'd
Some *Goddesse* was : that those his *Measures* rais'd,
Of purpose, to that rare-attained height,
In *Enui's* and presuming *Art's* despight.

But, whilst they musing, with these lues, bethought
Which way, out of this *Shepherd* to haue wrought,
What *Nymph* this *Fair-one* was ; and where she liu'd.
Loe, at that very instant there arriu'd
Three men, that by their *Habits* Courtiers seem'd :
For (though obscure) by some he is esteem'd
Among the greatest : who do not contemne
In his retyred walkes, to visit him.
And there they tast those pleasures of the mind,
Which they, can nor in *Court*, nor *Citie* find. (him,
Some news or message, these new guests had brought
And, to make hast away (it seemes) besought him.
For, instantly he rose : And that his nurture,
Might not be taxed by a rude departure,
Himselfe excusing, he those *Nymphs* did pray :
His noble Friends might bring them on their way :

N 4

Who

THE MISTRESSE

Who, as it seemes (he said) were therefore come ;
That they might wait vpon them to their home.
So, with their fauour, he departed thence :
And (as they thought) to meet her *Excellence*,
Of whom he sung. Yet many deeme that this,
But an *Idea* of a MISTRESSE is.
Because to none, he yet had dauid the telling,
Her proper *Name*; nor shewn her place of *Dwelling*.

When he was gone : a *Lady* from among
Those *Nymphs*; tooke vp his Lute, & sung this Song.

The Nymphs Song.

GEntle Swaine, good speed befall thee ;
And in Loue still prosper thou :
Fu ure Times shall happy call thee,
Though, thou lie neglected, now.
Virtues Louers, shall commend thee ;
And perpetuall Fame, attend thee.

*Happy are these woody Mountaines,
In whose shaddowes thou doest hide :*

And

OF PHILARETE.

*And as happy, are those Fountaines,
By whose murmures thou doest bide.*

*For, Contents are here excelling;
More, then in a Princes dwelling.*

*These thy Flocks doe clothing bring thee,
And thy food, out of the Fields :
Pretty Songs, the Birds doe sing thee ;
Sweet perfumes the Meddowe yeelds :*

*And, what more is worth the seeing ?
Heauen and Earth thy prospect being ?*

*None comes hither, who denies thee,
Thy Contentments (for despight)
Neither any that enuies thee,
That, wherein thou doest delight.*

*But, all happy things are meant thee :
And what euer may content thee.*

*Thy Affection Reason measures ;
And distempers none it feeds :
Still, so harmelesse are thy pleasures,
That no others grieve it breeds.*

And

THE MISTRESSE

*And, if night, beget thee sorrow ;
Seldome stayes it, till the morrow.*

*Why doe foolish men so vainely,
Seeke contentment in their store ?
Since they may perceiue so plainly,
Thou art rich, in being poore ?
And that they are vext about it ;
Whilst thou merry art without it.*

*VVhy are idle braines deuising,
How high Titles may be gaind ?
Since, by those poore toyes despising,
Thou hast higher things obtaind ?
For the man who scornes to craue them,
Greater is, then they that haue them.*

*If all men could tast that sweetnesse,
Thou dost in thy meannesse know ;
Kings would be to seeke, where Greatnesse,
And their honours to bestow.
For, it such content would breed them ;
As they would not thinke they need them.*

*And, if those who so aspiring,
To the Court-preferments bee ;*

Knew

OF PHILARETE.

*Knew how worthy the desiring;
Those things are, enjoyed by thee.
Wealth and Titles, would hereafter :
Subjects be, for scorne and laughter.*

*He that Courtly stiles affected,
Should a May-Lords honour haue.
He that heaps of wealth collected,
Should be counted as a slaue.
And the man with few'st things cumbred,
VVith the Noblest should be numbred.*

*Thou, their folly hast discerned,
That neglect thy mind, and thee ;
And to slight them, thou hast learned,
Of what Title er'e they be.
That ; no more with thee, obtaineth ;
Then with them, thy meannes gaineth.*

*All their Riches, Honours, Pleasures ;
Poore vnworthy trifles seeme ;
(If compared with thy Treasures)
And, doe merit no esteeme.
For, they true contents prouide thee ;
And from them can none diuide thee.
VVhether*

THE MISTRESSE

*Whether thrall'd, or exil'd ;
Whether poore or rich thou be :
Whether praised, or reuil'd ;
Not a rush, it is to thee.*

*This, nor that, thy rest doth win thee :
But, the mind, which is within thee.*

*Then, oh why, so madly dote we,
On those things, that vs ore-lode ?
Why, no more, their vainnesse note we ;
But still make of them a God ?
For, alas ! they still deceiue vs ;
And, in greatest need they leaue vs.*

*Therefore, haue the Fates provided,
Well (thou happy Swaine) for thee :
That mayst, here, so farre diuided,
From the worlds distractions be.
Thee, distemper let them neuer ;
But, in peace continue euer.*

*In these lonely Groues, enioy thou,
That contentment here begun :
And, thy houres, so pleas'd, employ thou,
Till the latest glasse bee run.*

From

OF PHILARETE.

*From a Fortune so assured :
By no temptings be allured.*

*Much good doo't them with their glories,
Who in Courts of Princes dwell.
We haue read in Antique stories,
How some rose, and how they fell.
And tis worthy well the heeding ;
Ther's like End, wher's like proceeding.*

*Be thou, still, in thy affection,
To thy Noble Mistresse, true :
Let her (neuer-matcht) perfection,
Be the same, vnto thy view.
And, let neuer other Beautie,
Make thee faile, in Loue, or Dutie.*

*For, if thou shalt not estranged
From thy Course professed, be.
But remaine for aye vnchanged ;
Nothing shall haue power on thee.
Those that sleight thee now, shall loue thee,
And, in spight of spight, approue thee.*

So,

THE MISTRESSE

*So those Vertues now neglected,
To be more esteem'd, will come :
Yea, those Toyes so much affected,
Many shall be wooed from.
And, the golden Age (deplored)
Shall, by some, be thought restored.*

Thus sang the *Nymph* : so rarely-well inspired,
That all the hearers, her braue *Strains* admired.
And, as I heard, by some that there attended,
When this her *Song* was finisht, all was ended.

A



A Postscript.

I F any Carpe, for that, my younger Times,
Brought forth such idle fruit, as these slight
It is no matter ; so they doe not sweare, (*Rymes*,
That they, so ill imployed, neuer were.
Whilst their *Desires* (perhaps) they loofelier spent ;
I gaue my heats of Youth, this better vent.
And, oft by writing thus, the bloud haue tam'd ;
Which some, with reading wanton *Layes* inflam'd.
Nor care I, though their Censure some haue past,
Because my *Songs* exceed the Fidlers Last.
For, doe they thinke, that I will make my *Measures*,
The longer, or the shorter, for their pleasures ?
Or mayme, or Curtolize my free Inuention ;
Because, Fooles weary are, of their attention.
No ; let them know, who do their length contemn,
I make to please my felse, and not for them.





*A Miscelany of Epigrams,
Sonnets, Epitaphs, and such other
Verses, as were found written, with the
Poeme, a foregoing.*

*Of the Inuention of the nine
Muses.*

THE Acts of Ages past, doth *Clio* write.
The Tragœdie's, *Melpomenes* delight.
Thalia, is with Comedies contented.
Euterpe, first, the Shepheards Pipe inuented.
Terpsicore, doth Song, and Lute applie.
Dauncing *Erato* found Geometry.
Calliope, on louing Verses dwels.
The secrets of the Starres, *Vrania* tells.
Polymnia, with choyce words, the speech doth trim.
And great *Apollo* shares with all of them.
Those thrice three *Feminines*, we *Muses* call;
But that one *Masculine* is worth them all.

O

Of

Of the Labours of
Hercules.

F^Irst, he the strong *Nemean* Lyon slew :
The many-headed *Hydra* next ore-threw.
The *Eremanthian* Bore he thirdly foyles :
Then of his golden Hornes the *Stagge* he spoyles.
The foule *Stymphalian* Birds he fifthly frayd :
Next, he the Queene of *Amazons* ore-swayd.
Then clenfd *Ægeas* Stalls, with filth so full :
And eighthly, tamed the vntamed Bull.
He flew proud *Diomedes* with his Horfes.
From triple *Gerion* his rich Heard he forces.
He flew the *Dragon* for the fruite of gold :
And made blacke *Cerberus* the day behold.
These were his twelue stout *Labours*. And they say,
With fifty Virgins in one night he lay.
If true it be ; tis thought he labourd more
In that one act, then in the twelue before.

Being left by a Gentleman in his
Dining-roome, where was nothing
but a Map of *England* to entertaine
him, he thus turned it into
Verse.

F^Aire *England* in the bosome of the Seas,
Amid her two and fiftie *Prouinces*,

Sits

Sits like a glorious *Empresse* ; whose rich Throne,
Great *Nymphes* of honor come to wayt vpon.

First, in the height of brauery appeares
Kent, *East* and *South*, and *Middle-Saxon* Shires :
Next, *Surry*, *Barkshire*, and *Southampton* get,
With *Dorset*, *VVilton*, and rich *Sommerfet*.
Then *Deuon*, with the *Cornish* Promontory :
Gloster and *VVorster*, faire *Sabrinas* glory.
Then *Salope*, *Suffolke*, *Northfolke* large and faire,
Oxford and *Cambridge*, that thrice learned paire.
Then *Lincolne*, *Darby*, *Yorkeshire*, *Nottingham*,
Northampton, *VVarwick*, *Stafford*, *Buckingham*.
Chester and *Lancaster* (with Heards well stord)
Huntingdon, *Hartford*, *Rutland*, *Hereford*.
Then Princely *Durham*, *Bedford*, *Leister* ; and
Northumber, *Cumber* and cold *VWestmerland*.

Braue English shires ; with whom lou'd equally
Welch *Munmouth*, *Radnor*, and *Mountgomery*,
Adde all the glory (to her *Traine*) they can :
So doth *Glamorgan*, *Brecknock*, *Cardigan*,
Caernaruan, *Denbigh*, *Merioneth-shire*,
With *Anglesey* (which ore the sea doth reare
Her lofty head And with the first, though last,
Flint, *Pembroke* and *Carmarthen* might be plact.
For all of these (vnto their power) maintaine
Their Mistrisse *England* with a royall *Traine*.
Yea, for *Supporters* at each hand, hath she
The *VVight* and *Man*, that two braue Ilands be.

From these, I to the *Scottish Nymphes* had iorny'd,
But that my Friend was backe againe returned,

O 2

Who

Who hauing kindly brought me to his home,
Alone did leaue me in his *Dining Rome*:
Where I was faine (and glad I had the hap)
To begg an entertainment of his Map.



An Epitaph vpon the Right
Vertuous Lady, the Lady
SCOTT.

LET none suppose this Relique of the *Iust*,
Was here wrapt vp, to perish in the dust.
No, like best *Fruits*, her time she fully stood:
Then being growne in *Faith*, and ripe in *Good*;
(With stedfast hope, that shee another day, (lay.
Should rise with *Christ*) with *Death* here downe she
And, that each part, which *Her*, in life had grac't,
Preferu'd might be, and meet againe at last:
The *Poore*, the *World*, the *Heauens*, and the *Graue*:
Her *Almes*, her *Praise*, her *Soule*, her *Body* haue.

An

*An Epitaph vpon a Woman,
and her Child, buried together
in the same Graue.*

BENEATH this Marble Stone doth lye,
The Subiect of Deaths Tyranny.
A Mother : who in this close Tombe,
Sleepes with the issue of her wombe.
Though cruelly enclinde was he ;
And with the fruit shooke downe the Tree.
Yet was his cruelty in vaine.
For, Tree, and Fruit, shall spring againe.

A Christmas Carroll.

SO, now is come our ioyfulst Feast ;
Let euery man be iolly.
Each Roome, with Yuie leaues is drest,
And euery Post, with Holly.
Though some Churles at our mirth repine,
Round your forheads Garlands twine,
Drowne sorrow in a Cup of Wine.
And let vs all be merry.

O 3

Now,

*Now, all our Neighbours Chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their Ouens, they with bakt-meats choke,
And all their Spits are turning.*

*Without the doore, let sorrow lie :
And, if for cold, it hap to die,
Weele bury't in a Christmas Pye.
And euermore be merry.*

*Now, euery Lad is wondrous trimm,
And no man minds his Labour.
Our Laffes haue provided them,
A Bag-pipe, and a Tabor.*

*Youngmen, and Mayds, and Girles & Boyes,
Giue life, to one anothers Ioyes :
And, you anon shall by their noyse,
Perceiue that they are merry.*

*Ranke Misers now, doe sparing shun :
Their Hall of Musicke foundeth :
And, Dogs, thence with whole shoulders run,
So, all things there aboundeth.
The Countrey-folke, themselues aduance ;
For Crowdy-Mutton's come out of France :
And Iack shall pipe, and Iyll shall daunce,
And all the Towne be merry.*

Ned

Ned Swash hath fetcht his Bands from pawne,
And all his best Apparell.

Brisk Nell hath bought a Ruffe of Lawne,
With droppings of the Barrell.

And those that hardly all the yeare
Had Bread to eat, or Raggs to weare,
Will haue both Clothes, and daintie fare :
And all the day be merry.

Now poore men to the Iustices,
With Capons make their arrants,
And if they hap to faile of these,
They plague them with their Warrants.

But now they feed them with good cheere,
And what they want, they take in Beere :
For, Christmas comes but once a yeare :
And then they shall be merry.

Good Farmours, in the Countrey, nurse
The poore, that else were vndone.
Some Land lords, spend their money worse.
On Lust, and Pride at London.

There, the Roysters they doe play ;
Drabb and Dice their Landt away,
Which may be ours, another day :
And therefore lets be merry.

O 4

The

*The Clyent now his fuit forbearres,
The Prisoners heart is eased,
The Debtor drinks away his cares,
And, for the time is pleased.
 Though others Purfes be more fat,
 Why should we pine or griue at that;
 Hang forrow, care will kill a Cat.
And therefore lets be merry.*

*Harke, how the Wagges, abrode doe call
Each other foorth to rambling.
Anon, youle see them in the Hall,
For Nutts, and Apples scambling.
 Harke, how the Roofes with laughters found!
 Annon they'l thinke the house goes round:
 For, they the Sellars depth haue found.
And, there they will be merry.*

*The VVenches with their Waffell-Bowles,
About the Streets are finging:
The Boyes are come to catch the Owles,
The Wild-mare, in is bringing.
 Our Kitchin-Boy hath broke his Boxe,
 And, to the dealing of the Oxe,
 Our honeft neighbours come by flocks,
And, here, they will be merry.*

Now,

*Now Kings and Queenes, poore Sheep-cotes haue,
And mate with euery body :
The honest, now, may play the knaue,
And wise men play at Noddy.
Some Youths will now a Mumming goe ;
Some others play at Rowland-hoe,
And, twenty other Gameboyes moe :
Because they will be merry.*

*Then wherefore in these merry daies,
Should we I pray, be duller ?
No ; let vs sing some Roundelayes,
To make our mirth the fuller.
And, whilest thus inspir'd we sing,
Let all the Streets with ecchoes ring :
Woods, and Hills, and euery thing,
Beare witnesse we are merry.*

*An Epitaph vpon the Porter
of a PRISON.*

Here lye the bones of him, that was of late,
A Churlish Porter of a Prison gate.

Death

Death many an euening at his lodging knockt,
 But could not take him, for the dore was lockt :
 Yet at a Tauerne late one night he found him,
 And getting him, into the feller, drownd him.
 On which, the world (that stil the worst is thinking)
 Reports abroad, that he was kild with drinking :
 Yet let no Prisoner, whether Thiefe or Debtor
 Reioyce, as if his fortune were the better ;
 Their sorrows likely to be nere the shorter,
 The *Warden* liues, though death hath took the *Porter*.

A Sonnet vpon a stolne

Kisse.

NOW gentle sleepe hath closd vp those eyes,
 Which waking, kept my boldest thoughts in
 And free accessse vnto that sweet lip, lies, (awe :
 From whence I long the rosie breath to draw.
 Me thinkes no wrong it were, if I should steale
 From those two melting Rubies, one poore kisse :
 None sees the theft, that would the thiefe reueale,
 Nor rob I her of ought, which she can misse :
 Nay, should I twenty kisses take away,
 There would be little signe I had done so :
 Why then should I this robbery delay ?
 Oh ! she may wake, and therewith angry grow.
 Well, if she do, Ile back restore that one,
 And twenty hundred thousand more for lone.

An

An Epitaph vpon Abram Good-
fellow, a common Alehouse-
hunter.

Beware, thou looke not who here vnder lies,
Vnlesse thou long to weepe away thine eyes.
This man (as sorrowfull report doth tell vs)
Was, when he liu'd, the Prince of all Goodfellows.
That day he dide, it cannot be belieu'd,
How out of reason, all the *Alewines* grieu'd,
And what abominable lamentation
They made at *Black-boy*, and at *Salutation* ;
They hould and cride, and euer more among,
This was the burthen of their wofull *Song* :
VVell, goe thy wayes, thy like hath neuer been,
Nor shall thy match againe be euer seene :
For out of doubt now thou art dead and gone,
Theres many a Tap house will be quite vndone,
And Death by taking thee, did them more skath,
Then yet the Ale-house *proiect* done them hath.

Loe, such a one but yesterday was he,
But now he much is alterd, you do see.
Since he came hither, he hath left his ryot,
Yea, changed both his company and dyet,
And now so ciuill lies ; that to your thinking,
He neither for an Ale-house cares, nor drinking.

An

*An Epitaph vpon a Gentlewoman,
who had fore-told the Time of
her death.*

HEr, who beneath this stone, confuming lyes,
For many Virtues we might memorize.
But, most of all, the praise deferueth shee,
In making of her *Words*, and *Deeds* agree.
For, shee so truely kept the *Word* shee spake,
As that with Death, she promise would not breake.
I shall (quoth she) be dead, before the midd
Of such a Month. And, as she said, she did.

*An Epitaph, on a Child, Sonne to
Sir W. H. Knight.*

HEre lyes, within a Cabinet of stone,
The deare remainder of a *Pretty-one*.
Who did in wit, his yeares so farre out-passe,
His parents Wonder, and their Ioy he was.
And, by his face, you might haue deemed him,
To be on earth some heavenly *Cherubim*.
Sixe yeares with life he labor'd. Then deceast,
To keepe the *Sabbath* of eternall rest.

So,

So ; that, which many thousand able men,
Are lab'ring for, till threescore yeares and ten.
This blessed *Childe* attained to, er'e seauen ;
And, now enioyes it with the Saints of Heauen.

A Song.

Now Young-man, *thy dayes and thy glories appeare,*
Like Sun-shine and blossomes in Spring of the yeare.
Thy vigour of body, thy spirits, thy wit,
Are perfect, and sound, and vntroubled yet.
Now then, oh, now then, if safetie thou loue.
Mind thou, oh mind thou, thy Maker aboue.

Mispend not a morning, so excellent cleare ;
Neuer (for euer) was happinesse here.
Thy noone-tyde of life hath but little delight,
And sorrowes on sorrowes will follow at night.
Now then, oh, now then, &c.
Mind thou, oh mind thou, &c.

That Strength, & those Beauties that grace thee to day,
To morrow, may perish, and vanish away.
Thy Wealth, or thy Pleasures, or Friends that now be,
May waste, or deceiue, or be traytors to thee.
Now then, oh now then, &c.
Mind thou, oh mind thou, &c.

Thy

*Thy ioynts are yet nimble, thy sinnewes vnslacke.
And marrow vnwasted, doth strengthen thy backe.
Thy Youth from diseases preserueth the braine ;
And blood with free passage, plumps eu'ry vaine.*

Now then, oh now then, &c.

Mind thou, oh mind thou, &c.

*But (trust me) it will not for euer be so ;
Those Armes that are mightie, shall feebler grow.
And those Legs, so proudly supporting thee, now,
With Age, or Discaſes, will stagger and bow.*

Now then, oh now then, &c.

Mind thou, oh mind thou, &c.

*Then, all those rare Features, now gracefull in thee ;
Shall (plough'd with Times furrowes) quite ruined be.
And they, who admired, and lou'd thee so much,
Shall loath, or forget thou hadst euer been such.*

Now then, oh now then, &c.

Mind thou, oh mind thou, &c.

*Those tresses of Haire, which thy youth doe adorne,
Will looke like the Meads in a Winterly morne.
And, where red and white intermixed did grow,
Dull paleneſſe, a deadly complexion will show.*

Now then, oh now then, &c.

Mind thou, oh mind thou, &c.

*That Forhead imperious, whereon we now view,
A ſmoothneſſe, and whiteneſſe enameld with blew ;*
Will

*Will loofe that perfection, which Youth now maintaines,
And change it for hollownesse, wrinkles, and stains.*

Now then, oh now then, &c.

Mind thou, oh mind thou, &c.

*Those Eares, thou with Musicke didst oft entertaine,
And charme with so many a delicate Straine ;
May misse of those pleasures, wherewith they are fed,
And neuer heare Song more, when youth is once fled.*

Now then, oh now then, &c.

Mind thou, oh mind thou, &c.

*Those Eyes, which so many, so much did admire,
And with strange affections set thousands on fire :
Shut vp in that darkenesse, which Age will constraine,
Shall neuer see mortall ; no, neuer againe.*

Now then, oh now then, &c.

Mind thou, oh mind thou, &c.

*Those Lips, whereon Beautie, so fully discloses,
The colour and sweetnesse of Rubies, and Roses ;
Instead of that hue, will gaslinesse weare,
And none shall belceue, what perfection was there.*

Now then, oh now then, &c.

*Thy Teeth, that stood firmly, like Pearles in a row,
Shall rotten, and scatterd disorderly grow :
The Mouth, whose proportion earths-wonder was thought,
Shall rob'd of that sweetnesse, be prized at nought.*

Now then, oh now then, &c.

That

*That Gate, and those Gestures, that win thee such grace,
Will turne to a feeble and staggering pace.
And thou, that or'e mountaines ranst nimbly to day,
Shalt stumble at euery rubb in the way.*

Now then, oh now then, &c.

Mind then, oh mind then, &c.

*By these imperfections, old age will preuaile,
Thy marrow, thy sinewes, and spirits will fayle.
And nothing is left thee, when those are once spent,
To giue, or thy selfe; or another, content.*

Now then, oh now then, &c.

Mind thou, oh mind thou, &c.

*Those Fancies that lull thee, with Dreames of delight,
Will trouble thy quiet, the comfortlesse night.
And thou, that now sleepest thy troubles away,
Shalt heare, how each Cockrell giues warning of day.*

Now then, oh now then, &c.

Mind thou, oh mind thou, &c.

*Then, Thou, that art yet vnto thousands so deare,
Of all shalt despisd, or neglected appeare.
Which, when thou perceiust (though now pleasant it be)
Thy life will be grievous and loathsome to thee.*

Now then, oh now then, &c.

Mind thou, oh mind thou, &c.

*That lust, which thy youth can so hardly forgoe,
Will leaue thee; and leaue thee, repentance, and woe.
And*

*And then, in thy folly no ioy thou canst haue,
Nor hope other rest, then a comfortlesse graue.*

Now then, oh now then, &c.

Mind thou, oh mind thou, &c.

*For, next shall thy Breath be quite taken away,
Thy Flesh turn'd to dust, and that dust turn'd to clay:
And, those thou hast loued, and share of thy store,
Shall leaue thee, forget thee, and mind thee no more.*

Now then, oh, now then, &c.

Mind thou, oh mind thou, &c.

*And yet, if in time thou remember not this,
The slenderest part of thy sorrow it is:
Thy Soule to a torture, more fearefull shall wend,
Hath euer, and euer, and neuer an end.*

Now then, oh, now then, if safetie thou loue.

Mind thou, oh mind thou, thy Maker aboue.

A Dreame.

W*Hen bright Phæbus at his rest,
Was reposed in the West,
And the cherefull day-light gone,
Drew vnwelcome darknesse on;
Night, her blacknesse, wrapt about me,
And, within, 'twas as without me.*

. P

There-

*Therefore, on my tumbled bedd,
Downe I laid my troubled head:
Where, mine eyes inur'd to care,
Seldome vsd to slumbring were.
Yet, or'etyr'd of late, with weeping;
Then, by chance, they fell a sleeping.*

*But, such Visions me diseas'd,
As in vaine, that sleepe I ceaz'd:
For, I sleeping Fancies had,
VVhich, yet waking, make me sad.
Some, can sleepe away their sorrow;
But, mine doubles, euery morrow.*

*Walking to a pleasant Groue,
(VVhere, I vsd to thinke of Loue)
I, me thought, a place did view,
VVherein Flora's riches grew.
Primerose, Hyacinth, and Lillies,
Cowslips, Vy'lets, Daffodillies.*

*There, a Fountaine, close beside,
I, a matchlesse Beautie spide.
So she lay, as if she slept:
But, much grieffe, her waking kept.*

And

*And, she had no softer pillow,
Then the hard root of a Willow.*

*Downe her Cheekes, the teares did flow,
(Which a greeued heart did show)
Her faire eyes, the earth beholding,
And, her armes themselues enfolding;
Shee, her passion to betoken,
Sigh'd, as if her heart were broken.*

*So much grieffe, me thought she shew'd,
That my sorrow it renew'd:
But, when neerer her I went,
It encreast my discontent.
For a gentle Nymph shee prooued,
Who, me (long vnknowne) had loued.*

*Streight, on me shee fixt her looke;
Which, a deepe impression tooke.
And, of all that liue (quoth shee)
Thou art welcommest to me.
Then (misdoubting to be blamed)
Thus, she spake, as halfe ashamed.*

*Thee, vnknowne, I long affected,
And, as long, in vaine expected.*

P 2

For

*For, I had a hopefull thought,
Thou wouldst craue, what others sought;
And I, for thy sake, haue stayd,
Many wanton Springs, a Maid.*

*Still, when any wooed me,
They renewd, the thought of thee:
And, in hope thou wouldst haue tride
Their Affections, I denide.
But, a Louer, forc't vpon me,
By my Friends, hath now vndone me.*

*What, I waking dar'd not show,
In a Dreame, thou now doest know:
But, to better my estate;
Now, alas, it is too late.
And, I both awake, and sleeping,
Now, consume my Youth in weeping.*

*Somewhat then, I would haue sayd;
But, replyings were denayd.
For, me thought, when speake I would,
Not a word bring foorth I could.
And, as I a kisse was taking;
That I lost to, by awaking.*

Cer-

Certaine Verses written to his
louing Friend, vpon his
departure.

SWift *Time*, that will by no entreaty stay,
Is now gone by, and summons me away.
And, what my griefe, denies my tongue to doe,
My true affection driues my pen vnto.
Deare Heart ; that day, and that sad houre is come,
In which, thy face, I must be banisht from :
And goe to liue, where (peraduenture) we
Hereafter must, for aye, deuided be.

For, twixt our bodies, which now close are met,
A thousand Hills and Vallies shall be set :
A thousand Groues, a thousand weeping Springs,
And many thousand other enuious things,
Which, when we are departed, keepe vs may,
From comming nearer, till our dying day.

So these our hands, which thus each other touch,
Shall neuer after this time doe so much.
Nor shall these eyes, which yet themselues delight,
(with mutuall gazing on each other light)
Be euer rayfed vp againe, so neare,
To view each other in their proper spheare.
Nor ere againe, through those their Christall orbes,
Reade what sad passion, our poore hearts disturbs.

Which when we think vpon, we scarce containe,
Their swelling Floud-gates ; but a pearly raine

P 3

Drops

Drops frō thofe plenteous Springs : & forth are ſent
 From thofe ſad dungeons, where our harts are pent,
 So many ſighes ; that, in our parting, now,
 A ſtorme of Paſſions we muſt venture through.
 Whoſe fury, I would ſtay to ſee ore-paſt
 Before I went, in ſpight of all my haſt,
 But that, I view ſome tokens, which fore-tell,
 That by delay, the Flouds will higher ſwell ;
 And, whilſt to be diuided, we are loth,
 With ſome worſe perill, ouerwhelme vs both.

Oh ! rather let vs wifely vndergoe
 A ſorrow, that will daily leſſer grow ;
 Then venture on a pleaſing miſchiefe, which
 Will vnawares, our honeſt hearts bewitch :
 And bring vs to ſuch paſſe (at laſt) that we
 Shall nere perceiue it, till vndone we be.

I find your loue ; and ſo the ſame approue,
 That I ſhall euer loue you, for that loue.
 And, am ſo couetous of ſuch deare pelfe,
 That, for it, I could giue away my ſelfe.
 And yet, I rather would go pine, and die,
 For want thereof ; then liue till you, or I,
 Should giue, or take, one dram of that delight
 Which is anothers ; and ſo, marre out-right
 Our moſt vnſtaind affection : which, hath yet
 No inclination vnto ill, in it.

Nay (though it more vnſufferable were)
 I would, eu'n that iuſt liberty forbear
 Which honeſt frienſhip is allow'd to take :
 If I perceiu'd, it me vnapt did make,

To

To master my affections : or to goe
On those affaires, that Reason calls me to.

Those Parents that discreet in louing be,
When on their new-borne child a Wen they see,
Which may (perchance) in aftertime, disgrace
The sweete proportion of a louely face :
(Although it wound their soules to heare the mone,
And see the tortures of their *pritty-one*)
To weepe a little, rather are content,
Whilst he endures the Surgeons Instrument ;
Then suffer that foule blemish there, to spread ;
Vntill his face be quite disfigured.

So, we betwixt whose soules, there is begot
That sweet Babe, Friendship ; must beware, no spot
Through our indulgent indiscretion grow,
That may the beauty of our loue ore-throw :
Let's rather beare a little discontent ;
And learne of Reason, those things to preuent
Which marre affection. That our friendship may
Wax firmer, and more louely eu'ry Day.

There is, indeed, to gentle hearts, no smarting,
That is more torment to them, then departing
From those they loue. And doubtlesse, if that we
Were so vnited, as the married be ;
Our bodies at our parture, would be so,
As if each of them did a soule forgoe.

But, in our flesh ; we are, and must remaine
Perpetuall strangers : and our selues containe
From that embrace, which marriage loue allowes :
Or else, I iniure virtue ; you, your vows.

P 4

And

And, for a short vnworthy pleasure, marre
Those rich contentments, which eternall are.
Of which, I am in hope, that, alwaies we
Should in each others prefence guiltlesse be.
But in our absence (sure I am) we shall
Not onely still be innocent of all,
That simple folly, and that ouer-fight,
To which, our many frailties tempt vs might :
But, by this meanes shall also scape the blot,
Wherwith il tounge our names would seek to spot.

Which if you feare, and would auoyd the wrongs
That may befall you by malicious tongues,
Then seeke my absence : for I haue in that
Vnto my friends, been too vnfortunate :
Yet, as I loue *faire-virtue*, there is no man
Ere heard me boast the fauours of a woman
To her dishonour ; neither (by my soule)
Was I ere guiltie of an Act so foule,
As some imagine. Neither doe I know
That woman yet, with whom I might be so ;
For neuer kindnesse to me were show'd,
Which I dar'd thinke, for euill end bestow'd.
Nor euer, to this present houre, did I
Turne friendship, fauour, opportunitie ;
(Or ought vouchsafte me) thereby to acquire
Those wicked ends which wantons doe desire.
For, whensoever lust begun to flame,
It was extinguisht, by true loue, and shame.

But, what would this my innocence preuaile,
When your faire Name, *detraction* should assayle ?

And

And how abhord should I hereafter be,
If you should suffer infamy by me ?
You feare it not one halfe so much you say,
As you are loth I should depart away :
And hap what will, you thinke to be content,
Whilst I am here ; and you still innocent.
Indeed, those friends approue I not, which may
By euery slanderous tongue be talkt away :
But yet, I like not him that will not striue,
As much as in him lyeth, free to liue,
From giuing iust occasions of offence :
For, else he vainely braggs of innocence.
And so doe we, vnlesse, that without blame
We purpose with our loue, to keepe our fame.

Then, let vs pleased part ; and though the dearenes
Of our affection, couets both a nearenes
In *mind* and *body* ; let vs willingly
Beget a Virtue of necesitie.
And, since we must compelled be to liue,
By time and place diuided ; let vs striue
In the despight of time and distance, so
That loue of virtue may more perfect grow :
And that this seperation, we lament,
May make our meeting fuller of content.

Betwixt our bodies (this Ile not deny)
There is a deare respectiue sympathy ;
Which makes vs mutually both ioy, and grieue
As there is cause. And farther, I belieue,
That our contentment is imperfect, till
They haue each other in possession still :

But

But, that which in vs two, I *Loue*, dare name,
Is twixt our Soules ; and such a powerfull flame,
As nothing shall extinguish nor obscure,
Whilst their eternall substance, doth endure :
No, not our absence ; nor that mightie space,
Betwixt my home, and your abiding place.

For, ere your Eyes, my eyes had euer seene ;
When many thousand furlongs lay betweene,
Our vnknowne bodies : And before that you
Had seene my face, or thought the same to view,
You most entirely loued me (you say) (way,
Which shewes ; our soules had then found out the
To know each other : And vnseene of vs,
To make our bodies meet vnthought of, thus.

Then ; much lesse now, shall hill, or dale, or groue,
Or, that great tract of ground which must remoue
My body from you : there, my foule confine,
To keepe it backe from yours ; or yours from mine.
Nay, being more acquainted then they were,
And actiue spirits, that can any where
Within a moment meet. They to and fro,
Will euery minute to each other go
And, we shall loue, with that deare loue, wherein
Will neither be offence, nor cause of sinne.

Yea, whereas carnall loue, is euer colder,
As youth decays ; and as the flesh growes older :
And, when the body is dissolued, must
Be buried with obliuion in the dust.
We, then shall dearer grow : and this our loue,
Which now imperfect is, shall perfect proue.

For,

For, theres no mortall power can rob true Friends,
Of that which noblest Amitie attends.
Nor any seperation that is able,
To make the virtuous *Louers* miserable.
Since, when disasters threaten most deiection,
Their, *Goodnesse* maketh strongest their affection.
And, that which works in others loues, deniall ;
In them, more noble makes it, by the triall.

Tis true ; that whē we part, we know not whether
These bodies shall, for euer, meet together ;
As you haue said. Yet, wherefore should we grieve,
Since, we a better meeting doe belieue ?
If we did also know, that when we die,
This loue, should perish euerlastingly.
And that we must as brutish creatures do,
Lose with our bodies, all our dearness to :
Our seperation, then, a sorrow were,
Which mortall heart had neuer power to beare.
And we should faint and die, to thinke vpon
The passions would be felt, when I were gone.
But, seeing in the soule, our loue is plac't ;
And (seeing) soules of death shall neuer tast :
No Death can end our loue. Nay ; when we dye,
Our soules (that now in chaines and fetters lie)
Shall meet more freely, to partake that ioy,
Compar'd to which, our friendship's but a toy.
And, for each bitterness, in this our loue,
We shall a thousand sweet contentments proue.

Meane while ; we, that (together liuing) may
Through humane weaknesse be led astray :

And

(And vnawares, make that affection foule,
 Which virtue yet keeps blamelesse in the foule)
 By Absence shall preferued be, as cleane,
 As to be kept (in our best thoughts) wee meane.
 And, in our Prayers for each other, shall
 Giue, and receiue more kindnesse, then all
 The world can yeeld vs. And, when other men
 Whose loue is carnall, are tormented, when
 Death calls them hence : because they robbed be
 Of all their hope (for euermore) to see
 The obiekt of their Loue : we shall auoid,
 That bitter anguish wherewith they are cloyd.
 And, whensoever it happens, thou, or I,
 Shall feele the time approaching vs to dye ;
 It shall not grieue vs at our latest breath,
 To mind each other on the bed of death :
 (Because of any ouersight, or sinne,
 Whereof we guiltie in our soules haue bin)
 Nor will death feare vs, cause we shall perceiue
 That these contentments, which we had not leaue
 To take now we are liuing ; shall be gaind,
 When our imprison'd soules shall be vnchaind.
 Nay rather wish to dye, we might possesse
 The sweet fruition of that happinesse,
 Which we shall then receiue, in the perfection
 Of Him, that is the fulnesse of Affection.
 If Time preuented not, I had in store
 To comfort thee, so many Reasons more,
 That thou wouldst leaue to grieue ; although we
 Each others persons neuer more behold. (should
 But,

But, there is hope. And then, that know you may,
True *Friends* can in their absence find the way.
To compasse their contentments, whom they loue :
You shall ere long, the powre it hath, approue.
Meane while, you still are deare : yea, liue or dye,
My soule shall loue you euerlastingly.
And howsoere, there seeme such cause of sorrow ;
Yet, those that part, and thinke to meet to morrow,
Death may diuide to night ; And, as before,
Their *Feare* was lesse, their *Griefe* will be the more.
Since therefore, whether far I liue, or nigh,
There is in meeting an vncertaintie.
Let vs, for that which surest is, prouide.
Part like those Friends, whom nothing can diuide :
And, since we Louers first became, that we,
Might to our power each others comfort be :
Let's not the sweetnesse of our loue destroy ;
But, turne these weepings into teares of ioy.
On which condition, I doe giue thee, this ;
To be both *Mine*, and *Sorrowes* parting-kisse.

PHIL'ARETE.

FINIS.



The Stationers Postscript.

T *Here bee three or foure Songs in this Poeme
aforegoing, which were stollen from the Au-
thour, and heeretofore impertinently imprinted in
an imperfect and erronious Copie, foolishly intituled
His Workes; which the Stationer hath there
falsely affirmed to bee Corrected and Augmented
for his owne Aduantage; and without the said Au-
thours knowledge, or respect to his credit. If ther-
fore you haue seene them formerly in those counter-
fet Impressions, let it not be offensive that you finde
them againe in their proper places; and in the
Poeme to which they appertaine.*

Vale.

I. M.





